

Australian

PENTHOUSE

FOR
SUBSCRIBERS
ONLY

JUNE 1986

EXCLUSIVE:
INDIA'S SIKH
TERROR PLOT

AUSTRALIA'S
TEN WORST
CARS:
ARE YOU
DRIVING ONE
OF THEM?

AMAZING
AEROBATICS
WITH THE
RAAF
ROULETTES

SEX IN JAPAN:
BEYOND THE
BIZARRE

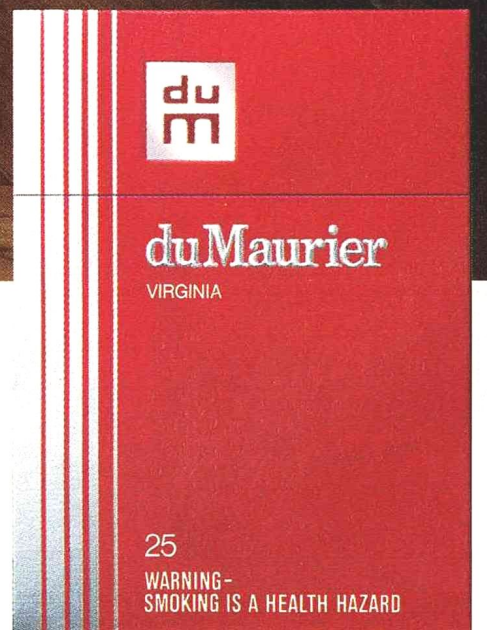
BLACK LABEL
E D I T I O N





We du.

du you du Maurier?



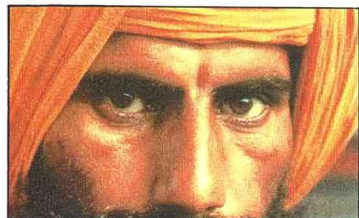
New du Maurier. Distinctively milder.

Australian PENTHOUSE

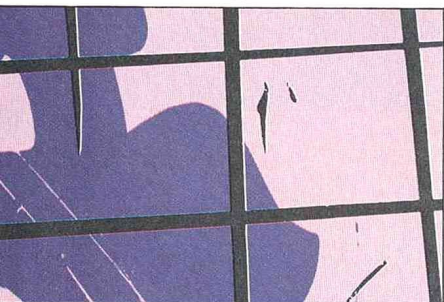
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 6/June 1986



Sky Jinks



The Sikh Terror Plot



Sex In Japan



Pet Of The Month

REGULARS

CONTENTS		PAGE
COVER	By Nick Brokensha	
HOUSECALL		4
FEEDBACK		6
FORUM		9
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Graeme Sims	23
SOUNDS	Edited by Jeremy Cook	24
FILM	Edited by C.J. Mackay	26
SEX	Ian Freckleton	28
LIQUOR	Eric Hansen	30
TRAVEL	Edited by Fred Baker	32
QUIZ/HOW INTUITIVE ARE YOU?		109
LOOSE ENDS	Edited by C.J. Mackay	139

FEATURES

THE SIKH TERROR PLOT	Frank Camper	36
FERAL MAN	Frank Robson	54
SEX IN JAPAN	T.D. Allman	74
SKY JINKS	Peter McKay	80
GUYS AND DOLLS	Cartoons by Luciano	89
DEREK LLEWELLYN-JONES INTERVIEW	C.J. Mackay	102
WORST WHEELS OF THE EIGHTIES	Motoring by Peter McKay	112
SEXUAL SURGERY/SEALED SECTION	Dr Carl	121

PICTORIALS

PICTURESQUE/DOMINIQUE	Hank Londoner	44
MELTDOWN/KRISTINA	Nick Brokensha	59
HEAVEN SENT/PAULINE	Stephen Hicks	92
NIGHT IN AMOUR	Earl Miller	129

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144 Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Limited. Original Copyright (1982). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia \$3.95. *Recommended and maximum price only. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong. ISSN 0158-0655

EXPECTATIONS OF PLEASURE.



AB4180/85 UDG204

SUNNY DAY. SCENT OF GRASS. TINKLE OF ICE.
AND THE UNMISTAKABLE TASTE OF GORDON'S.

Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

EDITOR

Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL

Art Director: Doug Finley; Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter, John Elliot; Copy Editor: Graeme Sims; Assistant Art Directors: Joanne Morris, Linda Margolin; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Contributing Editors: Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, Adrian Tame, Jeremy Cook, Fred Baker; Office Manager: Julie Mitchell; Typesetting: Love Computer Typesetting.

ADVERTISING

Marketing Manager: Max Press, Tel. (02) 929 6144; P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Advertising Director: Howard Jenkins; NSW Advertising Manager: Deborah Spicer; Advertising Traffic Manager: Jill Van Der Horn; Victorian Advertising Manager: Kieran Brazil, 153 Park St. South Melbourne 3205. Tel (03) 690 7606; SA: Krystyna Benson, Admedia Group Pty Ltd, 24 Kensington Street, Rose Park, SA, 5067. Tel. (08) 332 8144. Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069. Tel. (07) 202 6813; WA: Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 284 Stirling Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel. (09) 328 9833. NZ: John Scull, International Media Representation, P.O. Box 37-094 Parnell, Auckland, Tel. 793 178; Japan: Banco Media Services, Dai-ichi Nisawa Building, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-chome Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101. Tel. 252 2721. Telex: J25472 (BMSINC)

PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS

Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd; Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Art Director International: Joe Brooks; Managing Editor: Claudia Valentino; Executive Editor: Peter Bloch; Graphics Director: Frank DeVino

ADMINISTRATIVE

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Senior Vice President/Production Director: John Evans; Senior Vice President/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Foreign Editions Manager: Eriko Kusomoto.

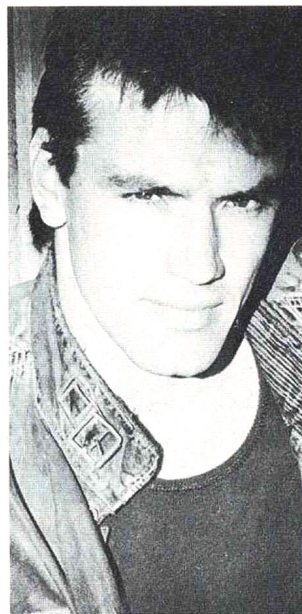
EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. Tel. (213) 824-9831.

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; Spain: Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; United Kingdom: Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

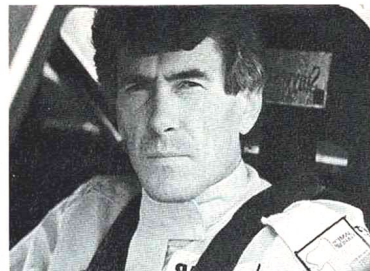
JUNE



GRAHAM MONRO



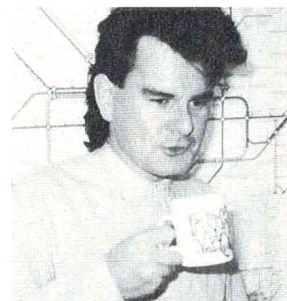
C.J. MACKAY



PETER MCKAY



FRANK ROBSON



MARK TREMLETT

HOUSECALL

WORST WHEELS OF THE EIGHTIES

Penthouse Motoring Editor Peter McKay has compiled his ultimate blacklist: the ten worst cars to roll off the production line this decade. The line-up of lamentable lemons includes some ritzy machines that have induced besotted executives to part with their annual salaries, only to wind up with oil on their faces. All the featured cars have a proven ability to dismay, anger and frustrate their owners. They're automotive jokes which are only funny if you don't happen to be driving one of them. So cross your fingers, turn to page 112 — and be prepared for a rude shock.

FERAL MAN

Ever wondered what you'd be doing now if you hadn't decided, back in 1968, that being a truly committed hippie was about as exciting as farting in the bath? Frank Robson has, so he ventured into the rainforests of far north Queensland with photographer Arthur Mostead to document the bizarre lifestyle of the people who time forgot. The enlightening results are presented on page 54.

SEX IN JAPAN

Devilish clever, these Japanese. They're world leaders in technology, business — and prostitution. No matter how outlandish your fantasy, there's a place in Tokyo that will make it real — for a price. T. D. Allman provides an insightful commentary on the ins and outs of the amazing Japanese sex circuit, beginning on page 74 with an illustration by Mark Tremlett.

SKY JINKS

The real high flyers of the RAAF are the Roulettes — an elite band of aerobatic pi-

lots who stretch the limits of faith in their fellow airman. Photographer Graham Monro and writer Peter McKay team up to produce a scintillating pictorial tribute to the supreme skyjocks. Turn to page 80.

DEREK LLEWELLYN-JONES

Australia's best-known gynaecologist has done more in the past 30 years to combat sexual ignorance than any man in Australia — perhaps even the world. In conversation with Senior Editor C.J. Mackay, Llewellyn-Jones gives his authoritative views on sex education, contemporary morality, abortion, sexually transmitted diseases, contraception and medical ethics. Graeme Davey shot the photo on page 102.

THE SIKH TERROR PLOT

Last year the FBI arrested several Sikh terrorists who were allegedly trying to kill the Indian Prime Minister. A world-wide furor ensued when it emerged that the Sikhs had been trained in a mercenary school in Alabama, USA. In the first of a two-part Penthouse exclusive, Frank Camper, the former spook who runs the training camp, reveals the incredible story behind the capture of the desperate Sikhs. Forget Le Carre and Ludlum; this is the real thing. Turn to page 36.

PET OF THE MONTH

Sydney's Kristina Dwyer, beautifully photographed by Nick Brokensha, brings a blast of body heat to the centre pages of our June issue. Just out of a finishing school in the bleak north of England, 19-year-old Kristina gets top marks for her finish when she steps on to the dance floor at Sydney's top nightspots.



If you were going out with her tonight,
what would you wear?

It's an aftershave as individual as you are.
As individual as she wants you to be.
When you know what women like, you'll
PARTAGE® wear Partage.

by FABERGÉ.

AFTERSHAVE FOR MEN — WHO KNOW WHAT WOMEN LIKE.

Also available — Partage Face Saving Moisturiser, Close Shave Formula, Superior Cleansing Bar, Deodorant, Anti Perspirant and Talc.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

No fantasy

Your article in March *Penthouse* on Fantasy Island made me sick for a special reason: I know where it was. Obviously legal reasons were what prevented you from publishing its whereabouts and the people responsible, but dammit, that place should be blown wide open. That place is the reason why my guts churn with buried hate and humiliation to this day. For it was no fantasy for me; it was the blackest nightmare conceivable.

I admit I'm disappointed in you, *Penthouse*. There is scum walking the streets today — and who sit behind fat desks — who deserve to pay in blood for what went on there. They know who they are, but this country deserves to know what animals it harbors. — *Name and address withheld*

Semen for sale

Your March article *Desperately Seeking Semen* caught my attention; the thought of being a father of thousands with no cares or responsibility appealed to me greatly. I made a few enquiries and went ahead. But there were problems.

Donating semen is not like donating blood. It involves the public admission that one masturbates into bottles, a practice associated with any number of deviant activities. I arrived at the clinic and found myself ushered into a cubby hole reminiscent of a sleazy motel room. My efforts at self-arousal turned into an episode of self-flagellation instead of the usual inspired rise to orgasm I enjoy. However, I was eventually able to whip up a storm.

While I was in the milking room I could hear a doctor next door interviewing prospective implantees and their husbands. I could hear everything they said so no doubt they could hear my heavy breathing and subsequent gasp of surprise. And then I had to parade past them to get out — *no way*. For 15 minutes I was trapped in this tiny room with my millions of potential future Australians staling in my little bottle.

With such a substantial demand, the whole operation should be moved to more conducive surroundings. Skilled female operators should be available to do the milking, transforming this guilt-ridden ordeal into something pleasurable.

Then there is the mercenary side of it. Twenty dollars is quite inadequate. After all, there's four nights of abstinence involved,



Rosie ... a cork popper

having to tell your loved one that you have a headache or whatever. Further payment would go some way towards offsetting the cost of the "I still love you" flowers and dinner when it's all over.

The present system of obtaining donors is only going to attract students, dole bludgers and sundry wimps — not the real Australian men who feel they have a genuine contribution to make. — *Name and address withheld*

Cover me

Upon buying the March edition of *Australian Penthouse*, I had trouble getting past the cover. The picture of Rosie Kosman grabs you by the balls. A very special woman, that one. — *B.R., Liverpool, NSW*

Hooked on junk

Thought I'd drop you a short note regarding Glenn A. Baker's story *Pop Schlock* in March *Penthouse*. As a long-time fan of bad music I found it terrific; I tip my hat to Baker for his consummate knowledge of such utterly worthless crap.

However, I would like to point out three classic shockers that he overlooked. These are Classy Freddie Blassie's "Pencil Neck Geek", The Breakers' "Surfin' Tragedy" and my all-time bad taste favorite "Boogie Woogie Amputee" by Barnes & Barnes. Like Jimmy Cross' *Baby*, they're all worth digging up. — *Roger Addison, Marrickville, NSW*

Pacific specifics

I was stunned to read — in the article *The Commodore Kid* in January *Penthouse* — the town of Belmont described as "an Australian urban desert of the ugliest kind; a grubby bulge in the Pacific Highway 20kms south of Newcastle." This and other phrases grossly misrepresent Belmont. I don't believe the author has ever been there.

I have never met anyone who did not consider Belmont a very pretty place. It is situated between the Pacific Ocean and Lake Macquarie, and includes a sizeable lagoon, many trees and attractive buildings — as well as the Pacific Highway. The suggestion by Paul Mann that an ugly environment has helped prompt a young man to take to car stealing in a big way is very naive sociology and reflects no credit on the author or on *Penthouse*. — *Don Bowman MP, Member for Swansea, NSW*

Day of reckoning

What an interesting read your March interview with Mark Day, publisher of *Truth*, made — and what an insight his frank comments were. Whether or not some sort of industry code exists I don't know, but there never seems to be much information published about Australia's media magnates: personal details — the sort of things highlighted in the gutter press that make some people's lives a misery.

It would be fascinating, for my money, to see some kind of rival scandal war break out between the Packers and Murdochs of the country. There's got to be some dirt that will reveal more clearly why it is that rich men like to control the media, and how they can involve themselves editorially when it suits.

Great reading, great magazine. There's no other magazine that would have cut so close to the bone in this country. — *C. Bates, Darlinghurst, NSW*

Rosie the riveter

The March 1986 issue of *Australian Penthouse* was simply great — one of the most entertaining magazines I've picked up for as long as I care to remember. To all those involved in its assemblage I offer my congratulations, especially photographer Jeremy Taylor for his brilliant pictorial of *Pet Of The Month* Rosie Kosman. All in all, she's enough to make a guy pop his cork. — *W. Post, Edwardstown, SA* 

FREEZE A FOOTBALL TEAM

At last there's a camera with a program designed specifically for sports action.

The Ricoh XR-20 SP.

SP stands for 'Speed Program.' You just dial it on the shutter speed control for high speed action or long lens work and your Ricoh XR-20 SP does the rest. Automatically varies the shutter speed between 1/250 and 1/2000 of a second, according to light levels. So every shot is pin sharp. Every action frozen.

The Ricoh XR-20 SP is complemented with a comprehensive range of flash guns, Rikenon lens and power winders, so if you're looking for a camera for shooting action, the Ricoh XR-20 SP will stop you in your tracks.



RICOH
AFFORDABLE EXCELLENCE

THIRD DIMENSION

RASP 4225

Play Black



John Player Special 25s.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Early bird

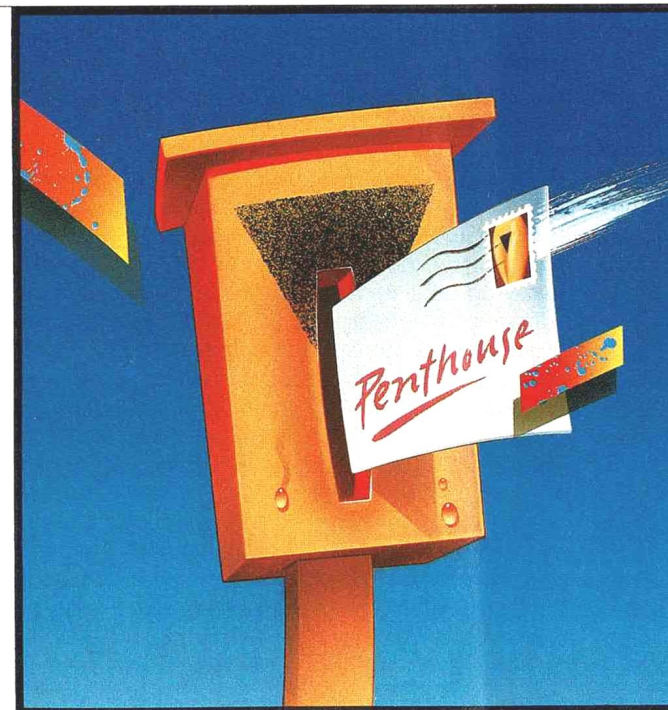
I am a student at a major university and I have never been into voyeurism, but an experience I had recently has changed my opinion.

I live in an on-campus, males-only college. One night at about five in the morning, after a heavy night of beer drinking, I woke up and found I needed to go to the toilet. I was half asleep and barely noticed that when I reached the amenities block one of the showers was running and the room was half-full of steam. It was only when I heard several moans come from the recess that I woke up completely. Fortunately the steam in the room gave me some cover.

The shower curtain was partly open, and I caught a glimpse of my resident cohort, Brian. Then I caught a glimpse of his girlfriend, a short brunette who owned a magnificent set of breasts. When I saw Brian run his hand down her erect right nipple, I knew I couldn't leave.

I settled myself down into the shadows as his hand slowly moved down. He played with her belly button for a moment and then continued his descent. As he reached for her snatch, he lowered his face until he was eye-level with those voluptuous tits. Her eyes followed him down until he licked her right nipple; then she threw her head back and moaned. At the same moment, I saw his forefinger extend and then slowly rise up between her thighs. He drew it out again, and I could see it shimmer in the moonlight with her love juice. My cock was already hard, but when she put her hands on his head and pushed it between her legs, it grew another inch. I was breathing so hard that it echoed through the bathroom, but fortunately her moans were the only things that could be heard above the running water. She grew tense and barely contained a scream as she shoved his head into her pussy and she reached her climax, her dark hair waving about and her glistening arms tense against Brian's head.

After her orgasm, which sent thrills through my cock, Brian raised his head and washed the shimmering love juices from his face in the shower stream. I would have given anything to have been in his



place. In the meantime, Brian's girlfriend had sunk to her knees out of exhaustion, and she reached for something to steady herself. What she grasped was Brian's erection. I developed more respect for Brian as I noticed the size of his love pump, which his girlfriend proceeded to stroke. It was his turn to moan as she took it in her mouth and began to move her head back and forth. I noticed my mouth was dry, and several seconds later I noticed that hers wasn't.

Brian threw his head back as he came. He tried to grasp the walls for support, but they were almost as slick as the lovers' bodies. She couldn't take his whole load, and his dick squirted out of her mouth, covering her face with cream that began to drip down between her breasts. The pressure in my cock was now so bad that it poked up through the elastic in my briefs.

As I looked down at my dick, I heard Brian tell her, in between his gasps, that they should head back to his room to continue. I panicked at the thought of being caught. I hurriedly crawled back to the bathroom door and ran back to my room. The sheer ecstasy as I took my lovelife into my own hands indicated to me that a new erotic dimension had been opened. — *Name and address withheld*

We deliver

I've worked at a pizza establishment for

the past two years. Since I'm close to completing my university studies, I've become increasingly jealous of all those people who write to Forum and are lucky enough to have had a sexual experience at their place of work. This jealousy, however, ended quickly on an otherwise dull Tuesday night.

Since Tuesday nights are so slow, only one person is needed to work, and luckily this Tuesday night it was me. Only 20 minutes away from closing, I began to clean the place and put things away. All those who had stayed to dine had left, and the place was empty except for myself. There was only one pizza left to be picked up, and it was under the name "Julia." As I started to put the sauce away, a stunning brunette walked through the doors, causing me

to nearly splash the sauce all over the counter and floor. Luckily I was able to set it down before a minor catastrophe could occur. She stepped up to the counter with a smile on her face that nearly caused the clock to stop and the ovens to overheat an additional ten degrees.

She asked for the pizza for Julia. I brought it over to her and told her the price. Reaching into her purse, she suddenly yelled a loud "shit", and her smile unfortunately faded. She said that she had left her money back at her flat, which was a 20-minute walk back.

My first thought was to just give it to her for free, but I decided to play it out just a little and see what would happen. I asked her how she expected to pay me, and all of a sudden her knockout smile appeared, along with a sudden bulge in my pants. "I have ways," she said, and she quickly stepped around the counter. It seemed as if my dream was to turn into reality.

With professional ease, she unzipped my pants and let my powerhouse pepperoni fall into the open. She mentioned something about my hammer rising a lot faster than pizza dough before she began to slowly lick the head of my cock. Her tongue darted around the top of my penis as she played with my balls. She then engulfed my cock almost entirely — quite a feat, considering its eight-inch length. I let her lips work away at me for a while, but

FORUM

pulled out as I felt the mass explosion near-
ing. I wanted to make sure that this wom-
an paid the full price for that pizza.

I took her by the hand and brought her
into the back room, where the dough is
made. We both stripped, and I nearly blew
my wad as her breasts popped loose from
her bra. They were creamy white, slightly
larger than normal size, and just begging
to be sucked on. She smiled seductively
at me as she took off her panties, reveal-
ing a wet, succulent pussy. As I ap-
proached her I grasped a tit in each hand
and began to squeeze them. I bent my
head down and nibbled and licked at her
nipples. She moaned and begged for more
delight.

While I left my hands to play with her
bountiful breasts, I moved my face down
toward her dripping delight. I playfully
nipped at the hairs around her opening un-
til she finally begged me to enter her with
my tongue. Not being one to disobey an
order, I shot my tongue around the walls
of her cavern. I took my hands from her
breasts and latched on to her firm behind.
The sound her arse made slapping against
my hands turned me on even more, and
I buried my face even deeper into her
pussy. After a while the softness of her wet
snatch caused my massive hard-on to
ache, and I knew that it was zero hour. As

I slowly stood up, I let my steamy sausage
rub along her inner thigh. She uttered,
"Fuck me," as my cock reached its desti-
nation. I gave her a deep and lasting kiss
as I squeezed her tits together and play-
fully rubbed the head of my cock around
the outside of her begging pussy.

"Not here," I said, though I wanted noth-
ing more than to enter her that very se-
cond. I led her to an adjacent room where
bags of flour were stacked and could act
as something of a bed. Hoping to make this
homemade bed a little softer, I broke open
a few of the bags and dumped the flour
on to the bed. She pulled me on to the
stack by my cock and forced her mouth
to mine. Our tongues mixed with each
other as we rolled around on the flour bed.
I gave her arse a playful slap and laughed
as the flour rose into the air. Thinking it fun-
ny, Julia gave me a slap as well. She start-
ed to giggle, but it soon turned into a moan
as I guided my missile into her warm and
inviting pussy. Moving my face down, I
once again found her jutting breasts. I
licked and played with them as I pumped
furiously in and out of her dripping crevice.
Her panting became louder while the slap-
ping of our skin increased in speed. Mov-
ing my tongue up toward her face, I licked
and sucked her neck and eventually found
her pouting lips. I buried my tongue in her
mouth. Our kissing reached a sensual fren-
zy as I felt my load building to an uncon-
trollable level. With one mighty and

resounding pump, I made an eruption that
would put any volcano to shame. My moan
mixed with her sudden scream, indicating
that she was having an orgasm.

After our ecstasy subsided, we looked
down at each other and laughed, since we
were both as white as ghosts. After we
quickly towelled down and dressed, I told
Julia the pizza was now rightfully hers. She
thanked me with a long tongue kiss and
left with her pizza.

Now every time that I see a pizza or-
dered for "Julia", I laugh to myself and find
it impossible to stop my cock from rising.
All in all, it was a very saucy and spicy ex-
perience. — *Name and address withheld*

Lay away

I'm a sales rep in my mid-thirties, not bad
looking, and quasi-married (my wife and
I have been separated for months). I do
well with women, but this particular en-
counter was right out of a wet dream.

I had decided to spend a couple of days
calling on accounts in the eastern part of
the state, doing the usual PR work to
generate some new business. One of my
favorite clients in that area is a living,
breathing fantasy named Annie. She's a
27-year-old beauty with big brown eyes, a
gorgeous smile, and the kind of personal-
ity one immediately likes. The crowning
glory of this sensual embodiment is a long
dark mane of tresses flowing down to her
waist. The fact that she is happily married
has never stopped me from screwing her
a thousand times in my mind.

I let her know I was going to be in town
and casually asked her out for drinks.
Naturally, my fantasies were in high gear
when she agreed, but I promised myself
I'd keep my feelings in check. She had
never tried to hide her devotion to her hus-
band, and I didn't want to read the wrong
signals into the evening. She's a very open,
outgoing woman, and her interest could
well have been simply business.

Our schedules weren't working out, so
I changed my plans and stayed in town an
extra day just to see her. We finally met at
a local lounge, and she looked absolutely
beautiful, even after working all day. I
fought to keep my hopes down, though,
because halfway through her first drink she
went to the phonebox to call her husband.
When she returned, we settled into a
relaxed conversation, which, as the hours
passed, grew more and more intimate. By
this point, I was quite sure that she wasn't
opposed to a little extra-marital activity, and
I was ready to do anything to get this gor-
geous creature into my bed. With my cock
and my heart both pounding, fully pre-
pared to counter any excuse, I led the con-
versation around to going back to my
place. I nearly climaxed on the spot when
she smiled and said okay.

I usually stay with my brother when I'm
in this particular city and, fortunately, his
place was only a few blocks away. We got
there around 10pm, and the first thing

Annie did was call home again to say she'd
be late. I couldn't believe what I was hear-
ing, but I sure wasn't about to argue.

As the tentative nature of the moment
faded into a warm embrace, fantasy came
to life. Our tongues sparred as we explored
every curve and swell of each other's
body, and I was completely lost in my
dream of actually being with her. Her body
turned out to be even better than I'd im-
agined. Her breasts were perfectly propor-
tioned and capped with sensitive nipples
which grew tight and hard under my ton-
gue. A thick, dark bush of neatly trimmed
hair surrounded her pussy, and the tan
lines of her bikini accentuated her pleas-
ure zones, making them seem like easy tar-
gets for my affection.

We finally settled into a sixty-nine that
was out of this world. I couldn't get enough
of her sweet pussy as I inhaled her musky
scent. I teased and sucked her hard clit,
and plunged my tongue as deep inside her
as it would reach while she squirmed
against my mouth. Our lust seemed to feed
on itself as we went at each other like two
hungry puppies.

The more I turned her on, the more ex-
cited I got, and I swear my cock was big-
ger and harder than it's ever been before.
I was so intent on giving her the maximum
pleasure with my fingers and tongue that
I lost count of the times I held back my own
orgasm. But I wasn't being left out by any
means. Annie is one of those women who
really gets off on sucking cock, and the
practiced co-ordination between her mouth
and hands was incredible. Keeping my
shaft wet with her saliva, she stroked it
steadily as she lightly tongued around the
head, slowly torturing me before sucking
my whole cock down her throat. She
worked my cock like no woman I've ever
known, and her groans of pleasure were
driving me crazy.

We ate each other like this for at least 30
minutes, and I knew I couldn't hold back
much longer. Annie expertly sensed it, too,
and locked her lips around my swollen
bulb as she began pumping me into her
mouth faster and faster. With her head bob-
bing over my cock at an unbelievable tem-
po, she made noises like she was begging
for my come, which began rising through
my shaft in waves. The intensity nearly
made me pass out as she milked every last
ounce of my load from my prick, never
missing a drop. Moaning like she'd never
tasted anything so sweet, she held my cock
gently in her mouth until all spasms had
subsided, then licked me clean from root
to tip. We rested briefly in each other's
arms before facing the reality that she had
to leave.

I've never known anyone quite like An-
nie. She explained that she and her hus-
band don't place restrictions on each
other's pleasure, preferring to share rather
than stifle. And she made it clear that she
wouldn't keep anything from him about our
evening together, or any other such even-

ings we may have in the future. They both
enjoy *Penthouse*, so I hope you'll print this
as my tribute to a very unique, beautiful
lady, and as my way of saying thanks to
a man I've never met, but certainly envy
and admire. — *Name and address
withheld*

Gifted student

I am a 28-year-old teaching assistant at
a university. Last summer I had an unfor-
gettable experience with one of my form-
er students which I would like to share with
other *Penthouse* readers. From the first day
of class, I knew that Amy had something
in store for me. She always sat in the very
first row, always had a big smile when I
looked her way, and she frequently wore
brief running clothes that did little to hide
her lean, taut body.

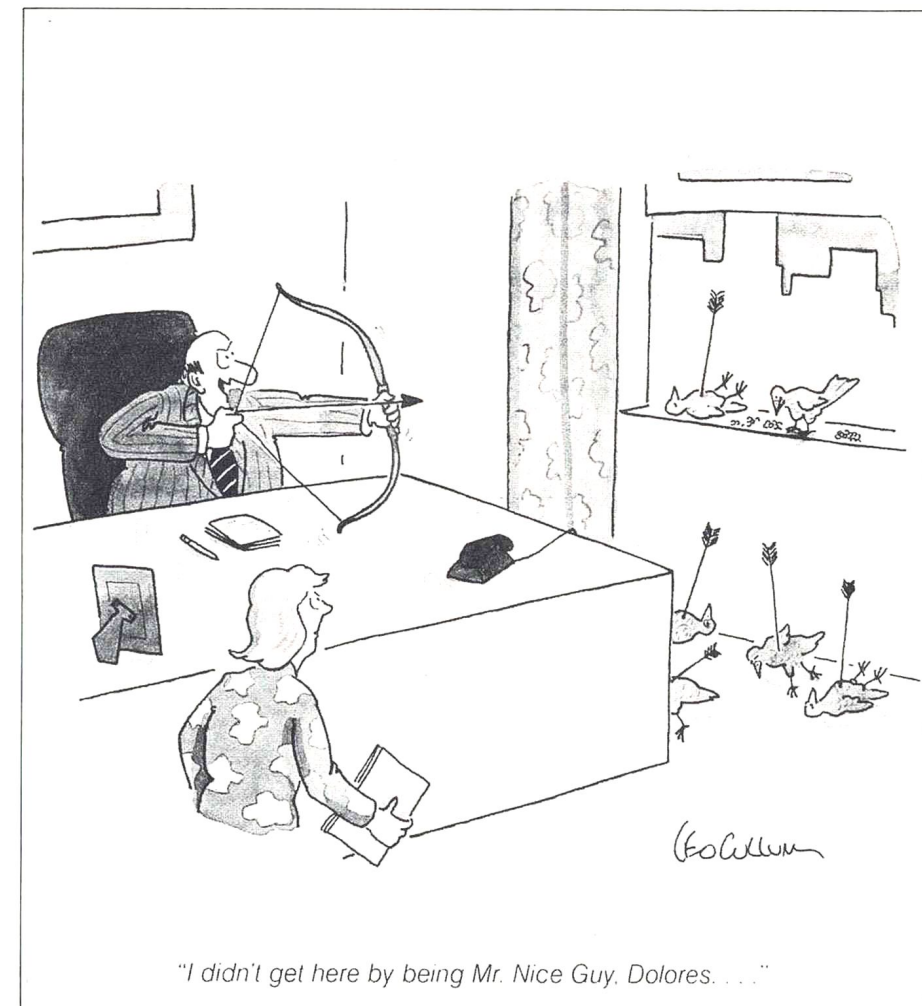
Our natural "friendship" began to get
really interesting only after the second
semester closed — and I didn't have to
worry about mixing academics with pleas-
ure. After the final exam and a big hug,
Amy said that she would like to see me
sometime for an outing "or something", so
the first chance I had I called her up and
we went hiking in the nearby mountains.
As we sat down for a breather along the
trail, our lips and tongues automatically met
in a passionate embrace, and my hand
found its way to her small, firm breasts. It
was clear we wanted each other badly.

The following week the consummation

of our relationship occurred when Amy in-
vited me over mid-afternoon to chat. My
cock immediately hardened and my heart
pumped madly as I drove to her house. We
sat together on the couch, and before long
I began to undo her blouse as we looked
into each other's eyes, smiling devilishly,
anticipating the pleasure which we were
soon to share.

I undid her black-lace bra and sucked
her nipples, taking practically an entire
breast into my hungry mouth. I savored
each breast, and then gradually began to
untie her sexy wraparound shorts. Amy
smiled as I undid them, which told me that
she was mine. She wore a pair of black-
lace panties that matched her bra but did
little to hide the short dark pubic hair un-
derneath them. She removed my shirt and
shorts, and we embraced grinding our still-
clothed crotches together like two animals
in heat.

She lay back on the couch and with her
eyes invited me to remove her panties. For
me there is nothing quite as exciting as slid-
ing a girl's panties off her bottom for the
first time, exposing her bush and rear. This
time was no exception; Amy's pussy hair
was trimmed very short, and her cleft
stared at me invitingly. Immediately my ton-
gue was lapping up beads of love potion
which dripped from her pussy lips as she
wrapped her long, taut, athletic legs
around my neck. After a good while of cun-
niligus, I rose somewhat and mounted this



Many low profile tyres are all show and no go. The Bridgestone Eager S330 and the Bridgestone S311 are two notable exceptions.



Bridgestone Eager S330.

This ultra-low 50 series steel belted radial tyre has been specifically engineered for customised street performance cars.

It is rated for speeds up to 210km/h, which means the competition doesn't rate a second thought.

The superiority of the Eager is due to Bridgestone's patented Superfiller, a super hard rubber sandwiched into the tyre bead.

This results in a wide flat tread, a rigid bead and a flexible sidewall: the perfect combination for a high performance tyre.

The wide flat tread gets a firmer grip on the road, the rigid bead transmits that grip to the car and the flexible sidewalls absorb shocks that would normally lift the tread off the road.

The aggressive tread pattern with its big thirsty grooves delivers precise handling and outstanding performance at all times.

Wet or dry, Eager leaves all the competition standing still.

Bridgestone S311.

This low profile 60 series tyre is rated for speeds up to 210km/h.

Developed through intensive testing on irregular surface highways,

the S311 incorporates Bridgestone's exclusive Superfiller construction, for outstanding grip in both wet and dry conditions.

lettering, depending on how high or low a profile you wish to maintain.

A different breed of tyre.

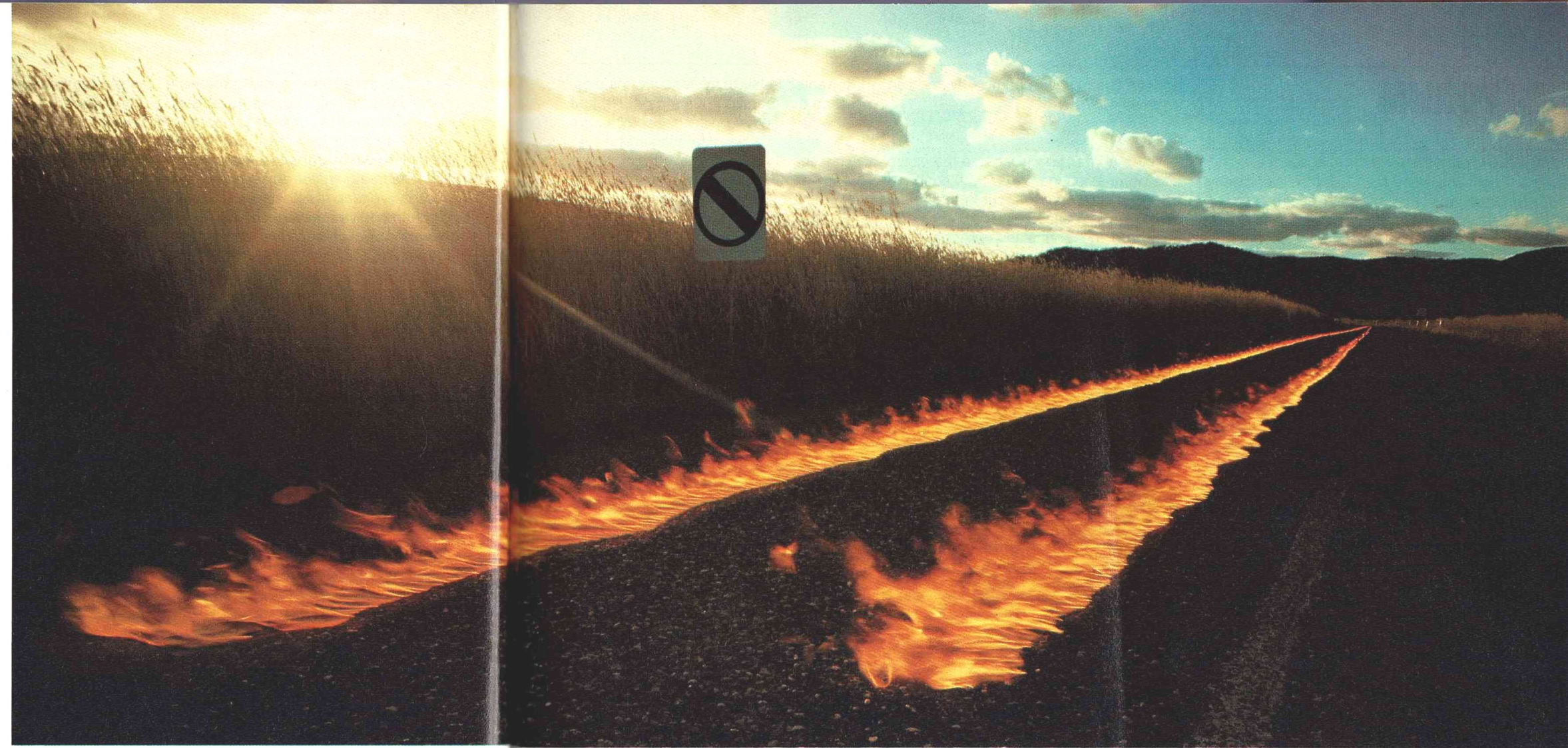
Bridgestone high performance steel radials are the most technically advanced on the road today.

Whether you drive a European thoroughbred, a new breed sports coupe or a locally built muscle car, there

is a Bridgestone tyre to help you to appreciate your car's capabilities to the utmost.

BAL 4006

BRIDGESTONE



Are your tyres flat out keeping up with your engine?

The low profile and wide track tread increases control and gives exceptional handling stability and responsive steering, especially in the fast lane.

You have a choice of dramatic white or plain black raised sidewall

FORUM

young nymph, giving her only an inch of cock at a time and not fully penetrating her tight pussy until some minutes later. By this time we were wild with desire, and we rammed our pubic mounds together madly. We came together in waves of passion, and eventually collapsed from exhaustion in each other's arms.

After a few minutes of rest, my cock needed Amy's pussy again, and I rolled over on to her and penetrated her to the hilt. We fucked madly until I once again pumped my come into her. As we rested again — me with my eyes closed — I could sense movement on Amy's part, and all of a sudden felt warm lips and a tongue caressing my growing cock. I braced for yet another unforgettable experience as Amy slowly sucked me sweetly, concentrating on my cock's head, and occasionally jacking it gently in order to tease me to orgasm. When it finally arrived, my breathing was so heavy that I came close to passing out. Amy sucked and swallowed each drop of come that I pumped through her beautiful lips, and then moved up to kiss me deeply and passionately, ending our lovemaking session for that afternoon. We repeated our encounters several times until Amy finished her degree and moved on to new horizons. I shall never forget this beautiful gift from heaven who miraculously

appeared in my classroom. — *Name and address withheld*

Obsession

About a year ago I became the victim of obscene phone calls. My husband works nights, so from about 7pm on I am alone in the house. One evening when I answered the phone this strange voice said, "I want to fuck you, Ann." I was so shocked I couldn't speak or do anything.

I slammed the phone down and sat there trembling. I thought about calling my husband, or the police, but couldn't bring myself to telling anyone what had been said to me: About half an hour later the phone rang again. When I answered it the same voice said, "I want you to suck my cock till I come in your mouth, Ann."

The fact that he knew my name terrified me. The phone rang several times. I was afraid to answer it. The next day two friends called and told me they had tried to call the previous evening but didn't get an answer. That evening when the phone rang I was afraid to answer, and afraid not to.

For about a week he called two or three times each evening. Each call would be an obscene remark, usually different, before I could hang up on him. Then the calls stopped for about two weeks. I had just started to relax when he called again.

This time it was different. When I answered he begged me not to hang up. He promised not to say anything dirty, but he

just wanted to talk to me for a few minutes. I asked the meaning of the calls. He told me he had seen me in the city and thought I was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He said I turned him on so much he had to follow me home, and that he got a hard-on every time he even thought of me.

He promised he would never approach me, or harm me in any way. When I asked how he got my name and number he told me he had taken a letter from my box long enough to get my name, then found my number in the directory. I told him I still didn't understand what he got out of the calls.

He told me he was very ugly and he didn't stand a chance with a woman like me. I am attractive and I have a nice figure, but I had never considered myself as a "sex symbol." I was no longer frightened. He said my voice was as sexy as my figure. I felt complimented, and a little sorry for him.

He told me he had parked near my house and waited for hours, hoping to catch a glimpse of me, and a couple of times he had followed me again. He went on to say he sometimes parked outside the house when he knew I would be getting ready for bed, and watched the bedroom window. He said that even though he could never see more than a shadow, it turned him on just to know I was undressing.

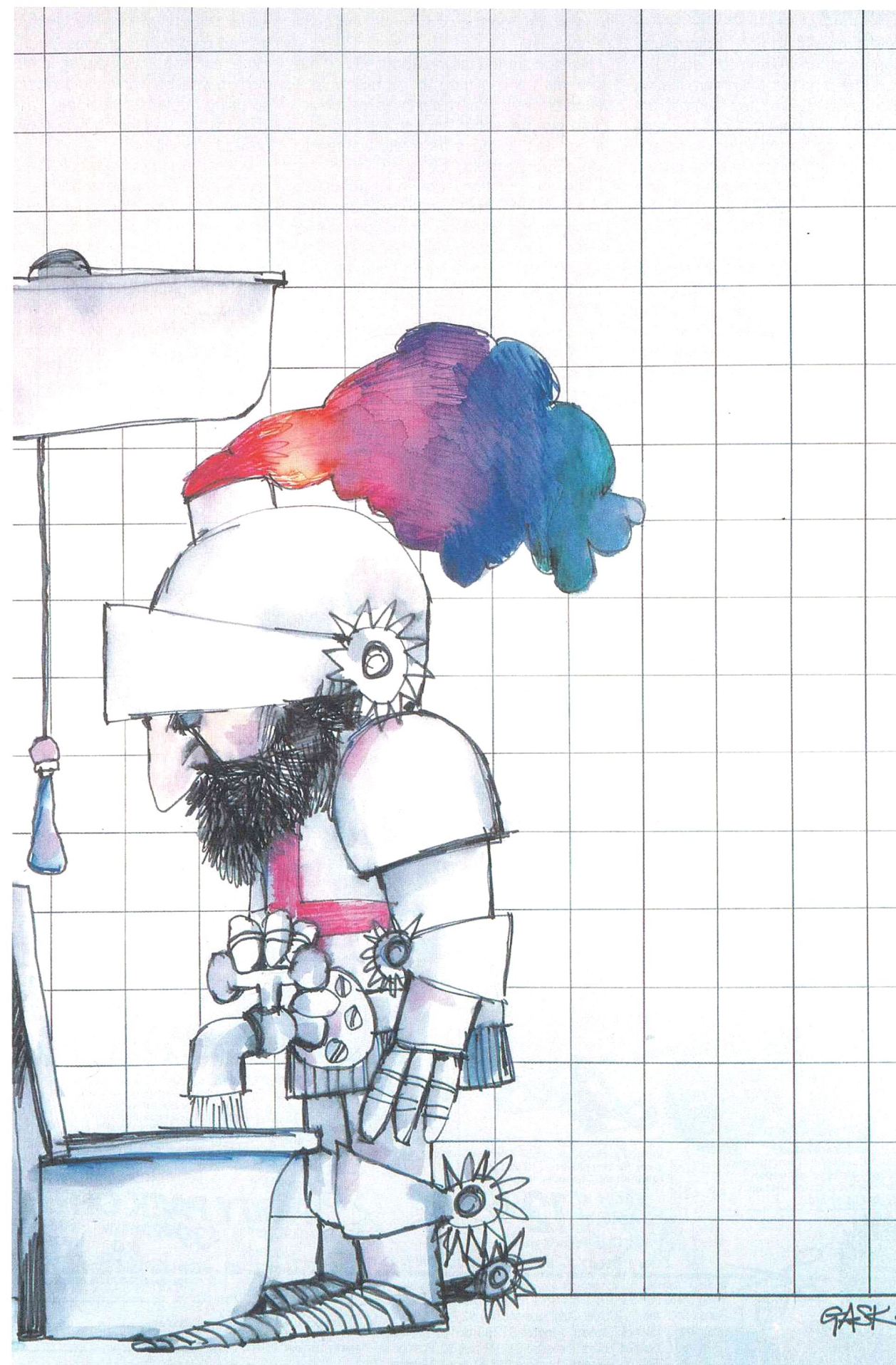
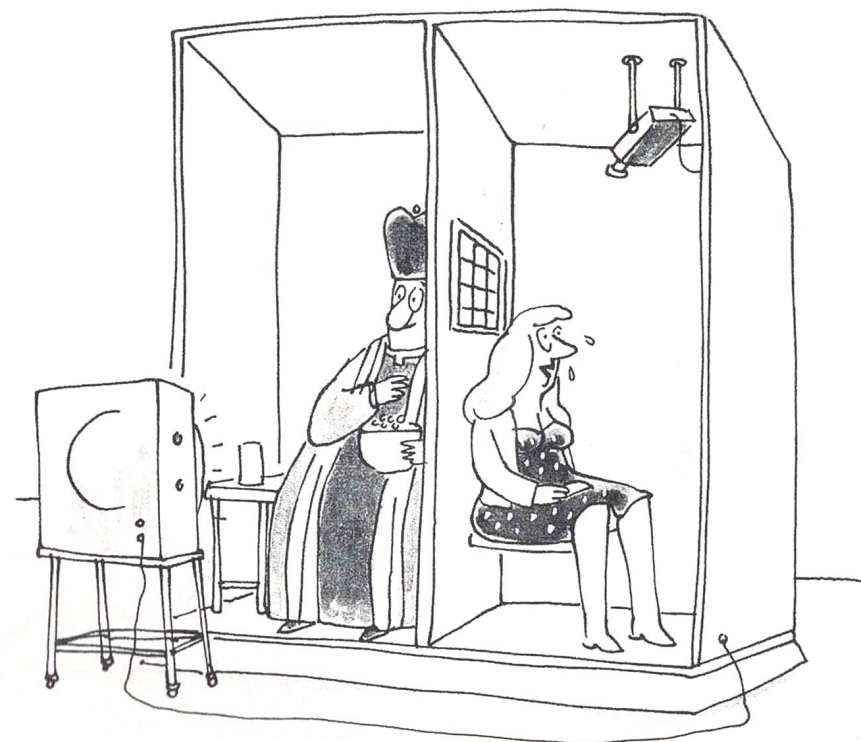
The man told me he would give anything just to see me naked one time. He asked if I ever let other men screw me, and seemed even more turned on when I said no. He asked if I could leave the curtains open when I undressed for bed, and I told him absolutely not!

The man then described the bush right outside my bedroom window. He told me he would be hiding there when I went to bed that night. He said I could call the police and have him arrested; it would be worth the risk just to have the chance to catch a glimpse of me naked. Then he hung up.

I don't know how many times I reached for the phone to call the police, but I knew I couldn't do it. I had a drink, then went into the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed, staring at the window. I knew he was outside, and I knew I was going to give him what he asked for.

When I got up the nerve I opened the curtains and stood before the window, slowly unbuttoning my blouse. After I took my blouse off I turned to let him see me slide the zipper of my skirt and slip out of it. I turned away from the window to let him watch me unhook my brassiere, then faced him again when I let it fall away from my tits.

I glanced down and saw my nipples were standing out long and hard. Without thinking, I cupped a tit in each hand and flicked my fingertips over my nipples, then I slipped out of my panties and stood before him completely naked. I took my time parading before him to give him a com-



FORUM

plete view of my naked body before turning out the light and going to bed.

I always sleep naked. I lay there feeling myself up. It had really turned me on to undress before a complete stranger, perhaps because I was sure it would never go any further. About half an hour later he called, as I was expecting. He kept thanking me for the display, and telling me I was even more beautiful naked than he had imagined.

I said I didn't think it was very fair that he knew my name, but I didn't know his. The man introduced himself as Tony. I shocked myself when I asked him what he thought about while watching me undress, thereby inviting him to make this an ob-scene call.

He told me it had really turned him on to watch me playing with myself, and how he wanted to suck my tits and feel me up. He asked if I was playing with myself while we talked. I think it was rather obvious. Tony told me he wanted to eat me and described putting his face between my legs and licking my pussy until I couldn't stand it any longer.

He then described how he wanted to ease his big cock all the way up and fuck me very slow, making it last as long as he could. I asked Tony how much he would give me. When he told me ten inches I said

I didn't think I could possibly take something that big. He told me what he wanted most was to feel me coming with his cock in my pussy.

He then started talking about having me suck his cock. I tried to picture what it would be like to have his prick in my mouth. I told him he would have to tell me what to do, and asked if he really wanted to come in my mouth.

The conversation went on for almost an hour. Near the end I agreed to undress for him again the following night. Tony asked if I ever wore a suspender belt and stockings. When I told him I didn't own one, he said that would be the sexiest sight in the world.

About an hour later Tony called again, this time just long enough to tell me he had left something for me at the door. I found an envelope that had been slipped under the door. Inside was \$100 and the word "please" scribbled on a piece of paper.

The next morning I took the money in to the city and bought a black suspender belt, a couple pairs of stockings, bikini pants and a very sexy black lace bra. I also bought a sheer white blouse. That night when I went into the bedroom to do my striptease I started out by easing my skirt up to adjust my stockings, and show him what I was wearing. I really took my time undressing until I was naked except for my suspender belt, stockings and high heels, then I spent some time parading back and

forth before the window.

Our phone conversation was even wilder. I told him I felt like a whore since he had paid for my clothes, and I found it rather exciting. I was joining in more, asking him what he wanted to do to me. I started using the terms "fuck me" and "suck your cock", and letting him know when I brought myself off.

A few days later Tony called me just after dark to tell me he had left something for me at the door. I found a package waiting for me, and inside was a long, rubber cock, with a note saying that with this I would have something from him inside of me. That night when I finished undressing I stood before the window and worked the rubber cock up my pussy. I then lay down on the bed and let him watch me fucking myself with the dildo.

Over the next few weeks I came to look forward to doing my strip and the phone calls. It reached the point where I would get so hot during the day thinking about it that I would have to play with myself. Although it was still fantasy, I knew I wanted him to really screw me, and to experience everything we had talked about. This desire quickly grew into an absolute need.

One night when Tony called I told him I wouldn't talk to him. I told him when I went into the bedroom the next night the light would be off, and the front door open. I told him to come into the house. He would find

me standing beside the bed, and I wanted him to undress me.

There was silence for a minute. I actually think he was crying. He told me he couldn't possibly undress me and leave. I reminded him of all the times he had said he wanted to suck my tits and feel me up. I expected him to do just that, and then I expected him to make love to me. I told him it would be just the one time, and that would be the end of our affair. I told Tony I wanted him to be the first man to eat me, and for his to be the first cock I sucked. For that one night I wanted him to give me everything we had talked about, then I hung up.

The next day really dragged by! At last I opened the front door, went into the bedroom and turned out the light. I stood waiting beside the bed for several minutes. At first I was afraid he wasn't going to go through with it. Then I heard the front door open and close. It was very dark, and I sensed more than saw him move into the bedroom. His hands slowly opened my blouse. I wasn't wearing a brassiere. His hands cupped my tits, his fingers very lightly teasing my hard nipples.

I drew his face to my tits. He took a hard nipple in his mouth and sucked me while he took off my skirt, then my panties. When he started feeling me up I thought I would go out of my mind. Tony eased away from me and I heard the rustle of clothing being taken off. I reached for him, both hands closing around his hard cock, and it was every bit as big as he had promised.

I knelt before him and started stroking his prick all over with my tits, flicking the head back and forth across the nipples as we had often discussed. It felt even more exciting than I had dreamed. When I took his cock in my mouth I loved the taste. Tony was guiding my head in a bobbing motion, sliding his prick in and out between my lips while I sucked and licked it.

Even more exciting was his response to my sucking his cock. I was taking it as deep in my mouth as I could, until the head was banging against the back of my throat. I swallowed and took the head slightly into my throat a couple of times, but started to gag. I didn't stop until he was coming in my mouth. His cream really flooded my mouth. I drank most of it, but a little ran over my lips and cheeks.

Tony lay me back on the bed, spread my legs and went down on me. I loved the feeling of his hot tongue darting over my clitoris and lapping inside my pussy. I threw my legs over his shoulders, and soon he had me writhing all over the bed, begging him to put it in me.

I pulled him up between my legs and guided his prick to my pussy. As thick as it was, I was so wet he slipped right in me. I started coming as soon as he entered me. I felt his cock slowly easing deeper and deeper into my cunt, my orgasm growing stronger with every inch I took. My legs were kicking out in the air, then locking

around his waist as I tried to draw him all the way in me.

He stopped with about two or three inches to go until I begged him to make me take it all the way. It hurt when he hit bottom, but it was a kind of pain I loved! Tony held still in me until my orgasm passed, then he started to fuck me in long, gentle thrusts, and I was coming up to meet every stroke.

The idea of having a complete stranger inside of me was incredibly exciting. He went on screwing me very slow. I knew he was trying to make it last, but I was begging him to fuck me as hard as he could, and telling him I was going to come again. The pace picked up until he was lunging at me. On each stroke it felt like his cock would drive all the way through me. When he withdrew it felt like he was turning me inside out.

I made it again, then a third and fourth time before I felt that last fantastic lunge. I was coming with him, feeling his cock jerking and twitching deep inside of me, and then I could actually feel him coming in me. When it was over I wouldn't let him out of me at first. When I did I took his cock straight into my mouth to lap the juices from it.

We lay together resting. While he was dressing I asked him to call me as soon as he could. This time it was my turn to rave on. I told him now that I knew what it was like to really be screwed I would need

much more. I told Tony I wanted to see him. We talked it over, and I agreed it was exciting not knowing who was screwing me, but we both agreed it would be exciting to have the light on.

We came to a different agreement. First, I would give a sign when I wanted him to come in and screw me. At times he would blindfold me, then turn on the light. At other times he would wear a mask.

Now for about eight months Tony has been screwing me at least once a week, and I still have not seen his face.

He has bought me sexy clothes and sex toys. He also introduced me to *Penthouse*. After reading some of the letters in the Forum I don't feel my own experience is quite so "far out" as I believed at first. I hope Tony will read this and understand how much I enjoy having him. — Mrs A.H. Hurstville, NSW

Plain perfect

I am writing this letter in the hope that my fellow males won't overlook the average-looking woman in their search for the perfect lover — as I have done in the past. I am tall and slim, and have a muscular, tanned body. I have been to bed with a number of women, some as good-looking as any of the women who've appeared in *Penthouse*. While several of these ladies "made the Earth move" for me, none ever came close to the woman I'm going to describe.

GE3809

Madame Michelle
Games for Grown-Ups!

STARKERS
 The sizzling new adult card game — so simple to play — so outrageously naughty! Definitely the hottest card game in town!

Lovers
 The world's biggest-selling X-rated game! An intimate sex game for two players — if you get to finish we'll be most surprised!

Swingers
 A swinging party game for liberated couples. For 2-8 players. Strictly for adults only — every player wins a prize!

NUDO
 It's hilarious — its scandalous — an adult party game for two or more very liberated players. Let the dice lead you and your friends through stripper's corner — to oral nook — to deviate's square!

Special PARTY PACK OFFER
 Buy all 4 games for only **\$39.99** postage paid. Save **\$20** nearly.

EACH GAME \$12.99
 plus \$2 postage & packaging

DON'T DELAY — RUSH THIS COUPON N-O-W!

24 Hour Service - For convenience you can order these items by telephone. Simply phone Brisbane (07) 376 4745 & advise details of your credit card. Please send me () Colour Catalogue-enclose \$2 Post & Handling

() Sets of "Starkers" I enclose \$12.99 plus \$2 Postage.
 () Sets of "Lovers" I enclose \$12.99 plus \$2 Postage.
 () Sets of "Swingers" I enclose \$12.99 plus \$2 Postage.
 () Sets of "Nudo" I enclose \$12.99 plus \$2 Postage.
 () One of each game - I enclose \$39.99 plus \$2 Postage.

Or charge my credit card (All major cards accepted.)
☐ Bankcard ☐ Visa ☐ Diners Card No. _____
☐ Mastercard ☐ Am. Express. Signature _____
 I certify I am over 18 years of age. Signature _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 P/Code _____

WARNING!
 Do not order these games if live nudity offends.

MAIL COUPON TO:
Madame Michelle
 P.O. Box 199, DARRA, QLD. 4076
 (3/18 Spine Street, Sumner Park, Brisbane Qld 4074)



DIRECT INJECTION TURBO: WHAT A CHARGE!

AT LAST THE LEGEND GOES TURBO.

In the world's toughest terrain, Toyota LandCruiser has built a legendary reputation for awesome off-road ability and total reliability.

Now, another legend begins with the introduction of the LandCruiser Direct Injection Turbo wagons.

With over 30% more power and torque, these LandCruisers give you power to spare for heavy towing and safer overtaking. Yet your overall fuel economy can actually improve.

ADVANCED ENGINE TECHNOLOGY.

The secret is advanced engine technology. By combining the power advantages of turbocharging with the

reliable efficiency of the direct injection diesel engine, these LandCruisers give you the best of both worlds.

DIRECT INJECTION: WHAT A CHARGE!

Some of the extra power and economy is a benefit of direct injection. Because fuel is injected directly into the main combustion chamber on top of each piston (instead of being sprayed into an auxiliary combustion chamber), thermal efficiency is much higher than ordinary diesels. Reduced heat loss also means instant starting and better fuel economy.

POWERFUL PERFORMANCE

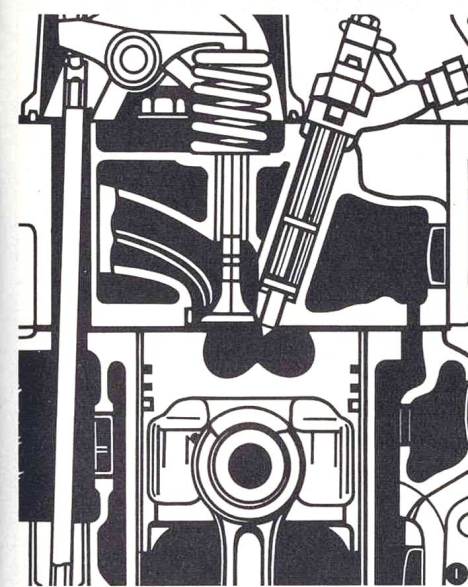
The compact, lightweight turbocharger uses exhaust gases to spin a compressor up to 110,000 rpm,

raising intake air pressure for increased power output. Protected from over-boost by a wastegate system, the turbo is water cooled for long and reliable life.

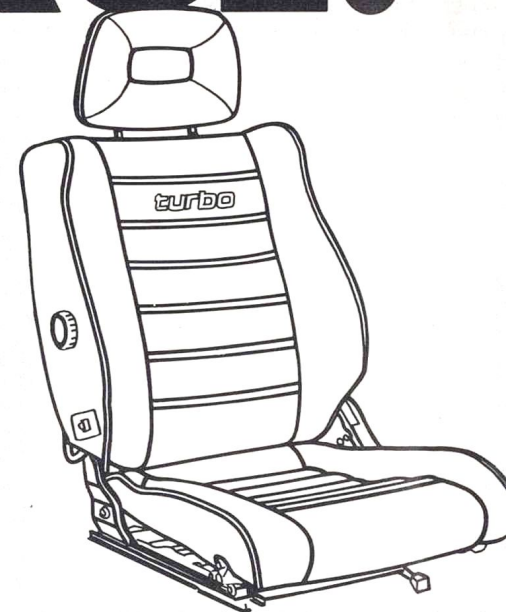
Dozens of detailed refinements have been made under the bonnet to cope with the increased power, including a stronger crankshaft, a revised head gasket and a special cam profile for more power off the line.

FOUR TURBO WAGONS.

There are four LandCruiser Turbo wagons to choose from. The high roof Sahara (in manual or auto) and the standard roof Station Wagon (in manual or auto). All are deluxe specification, with a catalogue of comfort and convenience features to match their power, reliability and



DIRECT INJECTION. Fuel is injected directly into the specially shaped, piston top combustion chamber, minimising heat losses and increasing power and fuel efficiency.



7 WAY SPORTS SEAT (Sahara Turbo Auto). Fully adjustable for total driving comfort. Includes push button, pneumatic lumbar support plus see-through head restraints and net type map pockets.

off-road performance. Including a 7-way adjustable sports seat and a bi-amp, five-speaker stereo system in the Sahara Turbo auto model.

You'll also find two special child restraint anchorages are exclusive safety features in all four wagons.

TAKE A TURBO TEST DRIVE.

Until you see them, you won't appreciate the detailed changes that make these LandCruiser Turbos the best in their class.

Until you sit behind the wheel you won't know the feeling of control.

Until you take a test drive you won't believe how much Direct Injection Turbo will add to your driving enjoyment.

What a charge!

See your Toyota dealer soon.



TOYOTA
Oh what a feeling!

FORUM

I am an engineering student, and to pay my expenses I work part-time for a local engineering consulting firm. Patty, one of the girls in the office, has always been very outgoing, and tends to talk a great deal about her home life with those of us in the office she is friendly with. Her husband's job requires him to be out of town quite often, and even when he is home he rarely pays much attention to her sexually. She often expresses her resentment of this and many times says that she suspects he's cheating on her while he's away.

The main problem with Patty's looks is not her face, which is cute. Her body has always been somewhat fat, but she at least is a very clean and neat-looking person. When she became pregnant she naturally became fatter.

One Friday, she came to work more depressed than we had ever seen her. With a little coaxing, she related to us that her husband had left that morning on a two-week trip and had not even kissed her goodbye. What was worse, her husband had left some boxes in the garage that needed to be unpacked (they had just moved into a new house) and she was afraid to move them, since she was already six months along. Feeling sorry for her, I offered to come over and help her with the boxes after I ate dinner. She offered to

cook me a steak dinner as a reward for being so nice, and I gladly accepted. At 7 o'clock I was treated to a fantastic meal, complete with wine, candlelight, and chocolate mousse for dessert. When we had finished, I went to the garage and fetched the cartons she said she needed to unpack.

We then settled down in the living room with some wine, music, and conversation. She thanked me for brightening up her evening, and I told her I was the one who should be thanking her. She started saying again how badly she felt about herself. Even her sister had told her that with the way she looks she couldn't see what her husband saw in her. I told her that I thought she was sexy and that pregnancy really agreed with her. With that, she came over and sat on my lap and said, "Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?" The next thing I knew we were French kissing, and my hand was sliding up her leg to her crotch. I started rubbing her hot snatch and she began to moan as I moved my mouth to her ear and her neck, flicking my tongue over her pale, smooth skin. She whispered, "Let's go to the bedroom," and I followed without hesitation. She sat at the edge of the bed and started stripping me, freeing the considerable erection I had developed. My cock was average-sized, nothing awe-inspiring, but when she saw it she acted as if it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She started

licking and sucking my shaft and balls, and rubbed my cock over her face.

After ten minutes or so she started to settle down, so I pushed her back on the bed and started to remove her garments, all but her pantyhose. I sucked on each of her small tits until the nipples were as hard as steel. I then ran my tongue down her swollen belly to her navel, then to her feet, which I began to kiss through the nylon fabric covering them. I rubbed her legs, bum and pussy through the hose while I kissed my way back up her cunt. As I pressed my mouth harder and harder to her wet bush, her sighs turned to moans. With one quick motion I peeled off her stockings and buried my tongue deep inside her love box.

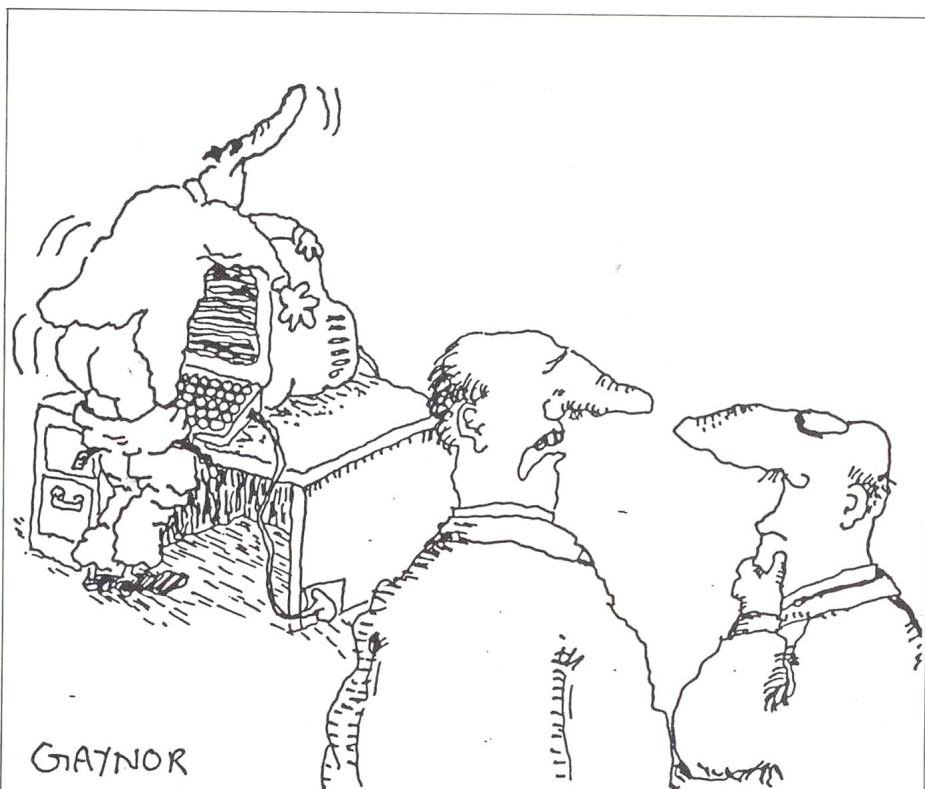
She started yelping sounds of ecstasy and grabbed my head, burying it in her nest. I stuck several fingers inside her and began to suck her clit, which caused her to bounce wildly up and down on the bed. I finger-fucked her as I sucked her pussy, and soon she was screaming at the top of her lungs and crying as she climaxed.

When she recovered, she told me that it had been a long time since she had had an orgasm, and that she never experienced one like that.

Since I still had an erection, I asked her if she would like to make love also. She responded by guiding my cock to her waiting hole. I wanted to be certain that we did not injure her baby, so I had her get on the floor on all fours. I entered her from behind, then had her lean back against me in an upright position. I pushed her legs tightly together and moved mine outside of them. As I pumped in and out of her, this caused my balls to brush back and forth against the bottoms of her feet. As I kissed and licked the back of her neck, I reached around and caressed her bulging belly. In no time I was coming in great spurts, letting out a few yells of my own. I withdrew, exhausted, and as I caressed her tears away, I told her I never had a lover who satisfied me as she just had. We put out the light, climbed under the covers and kissed and fondled each other until morning.

Around three in the afternoon I finally got dressed and left, but that was by no means our last encounter. We managed to get together for repeat performances as often as we could, and after her baby was born, things really began to heat up.

Since she no longer has to worry about her pregnancy, she has become the dominant partner. She screws with such intensity that on several occasions I have come close to passing out. She says she no longer tries to coax her husband to have sex with her, and I have stopped seeing other women — no-one can satisfy me like Patty. When I become qualified, I plan on moving away, but maybe not alone. The moral of the story: "Remember, beauty is only skin deep." — Name and address withheld ☐



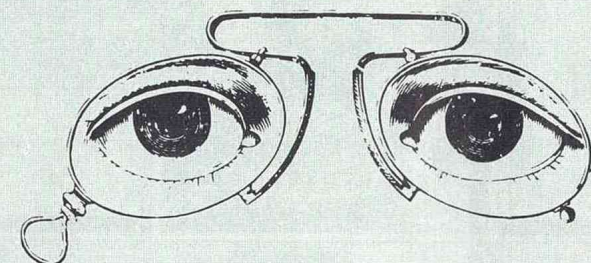
"Replacing the typing pool with technology has had its drawbacks."





**We know, you only buy it
for the articles inside.**

HKH 0149 AB 4981/85 Foster Nunn Loveder



VIEW FROM THE TOP

HOSE REPOSE

BY GRAEME SIMS

It was the ultimate statement of a broken man. Banished by the mis-
sus from the house, as usual, for the ritual Saturday afternoon ladies'
card game, he felt the torment rising as cackle after cackle would float
to his ears as he tended the vegetable patch in the garden's farthest
reaches. He was to crack under the pressure, each gale of giggles
scratching at his resistance like fingernails across a blackboard. He head-
ed back to the house, his mind made up.

As the ladies were dealing their third hand, he was adjusting the nozzle
of the hose for maximum concentration of firepower. And as the bid-
ding was completed his face appeared at the kitchen window and he
directed the jet of water inside. The ladies scattered wildly, shrieking
in outrage, caught by surprise. The cards were ruined, the tea-cake sod-
den, the hairdos dishevelled. Back and forth he sprayed in defiance,
ruthlessly cornering each biddy in turn, until at last a huge grin spread
across his face.

The ensuing bunfight did not even rate a mention as the old-timer
related the story of his moment of triumph to me in a Cairns pub a few
years ago. The memory of the mischievous twinkle in his eye as he
spoke, though, came back to me as I rinsed my car recently — hose
in hand. The Hills Hoist may symbolise the suburban push in Australia,
but the garden hose is the more ubiquitous and enduring object. Whether

your hose clicks or snaps or
screws, whether it's holed or
cracked or mended, whether
it's rolled or hurled, it has a tale
to tell. What thoughts have
flashed across brains in those
therapeutic garden-watering
moments? What green-eyed
monsters have surfaced as
cars are doused weekend after
weekend across the nation?
Too lurid to tell, that's for sure,
but the hose knows.

Hose memories: waiting with
another adolescent cohort be-
hind the front fence for Sophie
McKinnon to walk past on her
way home from school on a hot
summer's afternoon. As she
skipped past, her taunting
brown legs achingly revealed
beneath her mini school uni-
form, I quickly turned on the
tap full bore while Hainsey hit
her squarely with a blast. Her
dress clinging to her develop-
ing form, nipples instantly at at-

tention with shock, it is amongst my earliest wildly erotic recollections
— especially those shrieks: music to our naughty ears.

Or hysterical cries from the neighbors. Rushing across to investigate
the commotion, I saw tears streaming down the face of the boy from
the house there. His dog, Snoopy, was dying, he wailed — and there
was Snoopy hammer and tongs on the job of the corgi from three doors
up, just half his size and inseparable by lashing boots, large as life. The
grandfather came quietly to the rescue, avoiding the mashing mongrel
teeth by driving a solid jet up Snoop's arse from a safe distance.

Or there's the scene of my old man outraged and stampeding down
the hallway bright and early on a Saturday morning, cursing and mut-
tering, at a loss as to why anyone would cynically knife his prized new
hose in the middle of a Friday night. Of course, he had failed to make
the connection with that other Australian institution, though one which
is of more relevance to youth: the Orchy bottle bong, of which a section
of hose is an integral part. I didn't have the heart to tell him he was
the victim of the local dope-heads.

Or there's the scene of visiting a household of mates further on in
life, walking around the back of their place on a hungover Saturday morn-
ing to find them in classic pose, hose in hand, with the jet aimed at the
laden clothesline. They were a gang switched on to drip-dry clothing.

I was fool enough to ask them
what they were doing.

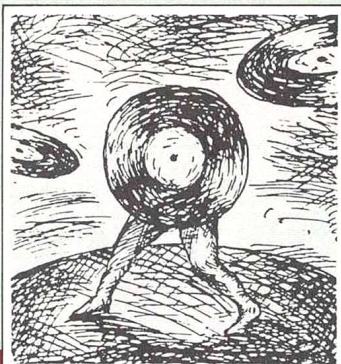
"The ironing," was the seri-
ous reply.

Granted, it may look like one
of the most innocuous items of
household paraphernalia, but
there is a hose in every garden.
And somehow its very banali-
ty — and its cool, refreshing
purpose — associates it with
any number of stupid episodes.
All the while it remains absent
of any sinister connotations.
Even childish attempts at
Chinese water torture retain a
certain charm in retrospect. As
the Cairns old-timer pointed out
to me, some people might have
blown away that card game
once and for all with a shot-
gun.

His message: "Discover the
garden hose." For you don't
just need a sense of humor in
this life. You need a sense of
the ridiculous.

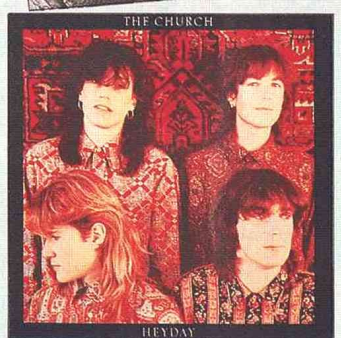
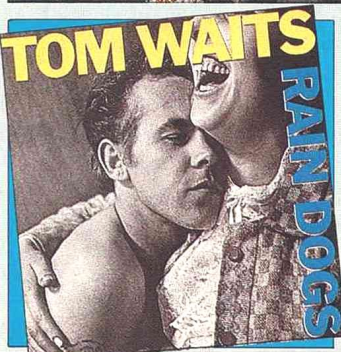
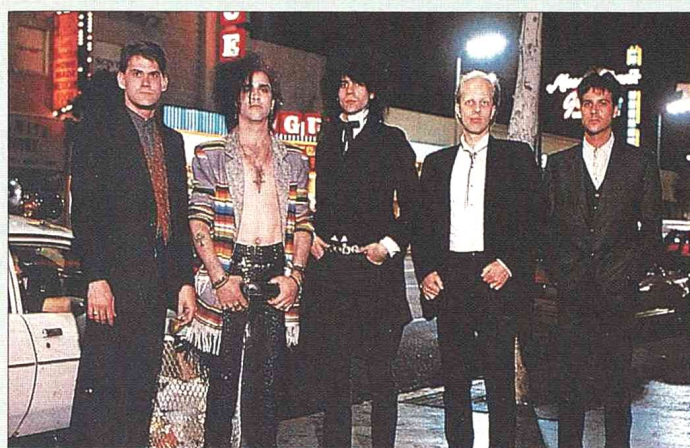


Illustration by Graham Rendoth



SOUNDS

DOWNTOWN SOUNDS



Above: Wall Of Voodoo; Left: Tom Waits', The Church's latest

new" as they mix up elements of folk, Cajun, hymns and country rock. Their humor allows them pragmatic solutions to problems that often lead other songwriters to histrionics — "though the pain is deep I know I'll fall asleep, and wake up in tomorrow's light."

A much more recent arrival to the ranks of recorded folk is **Suzanne Vega** (A&M), starring the lady herself. This 25-year-old New Yorker shares similarities in style with Laurie Anderson and from another era Joni Mitchell, with delicate delivery of her direct, vulnerable observations.

The Staple Singers — Pop Staple and his three daughters — are now into their fourth decade playing together. *Are You Ready* (Private I/CBS) is their second album since emerging from semi-retirement in late 1984. They again give new life to a Talking Heads song ("Life During Wartime") and David Byrne helps out on guitar on another track. This is finger lickin' good pop-gospel for the heart and the feet, and "that ain't no foolin around."

Stewart Copeland (ex-Police drummer) has made his own pilgrimage to Africa as *The Rhyth-*

matist (A&M). He doesn't exactly come in sackcloth; in fact he's rather chicly clad in black with a film crew and familiar studio technology. Vocals are handled by Ray Lema, ex-director of the Zairian Ballet, whom Copeland found in Paris. The record has none of the steely-eyed plagiarism of Malcolm McLaren's journeys to South Africa that earned that man the title of the Great White Exploiter. Copeland's "what I played on my holidays" is really a sympathetic blend of his own musical leanings and the African environment it was recorded in.

Level 42 have achieved a rare blend of instrumental dexterity with strongly melodic songs that warrant understanding the words. Stylistically they chart the syncopated waters of jazz-funk in a pop boat. *World Machine* (Polydor) is their second studio album and shows how their songs blossom more under the restraints of the studio, as opposed to the free-for-all on their live album.

Shakatak is another British band that attempts to work a similar *City Rhythm* (Polydor), but they lack the punch of stablemates Level 42, the fashion magazine chic of Sade, or the equally chic sense of nostalgia of the Style Council. No strong points being made here — it's archetypal lift music.

Quando Quango from Manchester drag us back out of the cocktail bar and on to the dancefloor with their *Pigs And Battleships* (FACT 110). They manage to inject their disco funk with sensibility and a healthy sense of humor through their casual chants and plain-speak lyrics.

Okay strawheads, here's some music that soundtracked some of the formative years in Australian surfing. *The History Of Australian Surfing* (CBS) compiled by Nat Young has tracks like "Bombora", "Murphie the Surfie" and "The Real Thing" as well as names like Tully and Taman Shud to whisk you back to summers past. — *Jeremy Cook*



CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION
Please mail by 30th June, 1986.

PEN 3/HB

NO
POSTAGE STAMP REQUIRED

Please enrol me as a Charter Subscriber to Great Historic Banknotes of the World. I prefer to pay the issue price of \$29 (subject only to significant changes in rates of customs duties or sales taxes), plus \$1 postage and handling, for each monthly shipment of two banknotes, for the initial thirty-six month period, as I have indicated below:

☐ DIRECTLY. I need send no money now. Please invoice me prior to the despatch of each monthly shipment of two banknotes.

☐ BY CREDIT CARD. Please charge my credit card after the despatch of each monthly shipment of two banknotes. (Please tick one).

☐ Bankcard ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa Expiry _____

No. _____

Signature _____
All orders are subject to acceptance.

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____
Please print clearly.

Address _____
Postcode _____

treasures. And even the sharpest collectors are learning how difficult it can be to discover the most desirable notes.

But now, there is another way. Because The Franklin Mint has brought together a panel of top authorities in the field, commissioning them to build an outstanding collection of great historic banknotes.

And you can become a Charter Subscriber to this collection — with the opportunity to acquire some crisp and beautiful notes so scarce that they may be available only to the very first Charter Subscribers.

But remember: the rarity factor means that even we cannot guarantee delivery of any specific banknote to every collector who subscribes.

Fascinating currency from distant times and far-off lands ... with every note a work of art

As you will discover when you read the special commentaries prepared by members of the advisory board to accompany

A protective transparent sleeve for every banknote and a handsome album to house the entire collection will be supplied to each Charter Subscriber at no additional charge.



the World

has its own exciting story offers wonderful examples ver's art, or fascinating e craftsmanship. Coats of l emblems. Invisible water-ow themselves only when d up to the light. Specially urity threads. Exquisitely llions ... scrolls ... rosettes. raved portraits. Symbolic rling patterns, weaving mysterious images in a of colours ...

Charter Subscriptions will be for a three year period. During that time Chartered Subscribers will be *guaranteed* the original issue price of just \$14.50 (subject only to significant changes in rates of customs duties or sales taxes) for each banknote, which will be sent at the rate of two per month. In addition, they will have the right to cancel at any time on thirty days' notice.

It must be re-emphasised, however, that this distinguished collection of Great Historic Banknotes of the World is available *exclusively* from Franklin Mint. To enter your Charter Subscription, and confirm your guaranteed issue price at the same time, you need send no payment now. Simply sign and return the attached application by 30th June, 1986.

© Franklin Mint Pty. Limited (Incorporated in Victoria),
742 Springvale Road, Mulgrave, Vic. 3170.
Phone: (03) 560 1711.



FILM

DOWN AND DIRTY

The words "erotica" and "America" hang together about as easily as "Veuve Cliquot" and "deep fried peanut butter and sardine sandwich." That is, abysmally. Name me five truly erotic American films and I'll send you a kewpie doll and a two-bob cigar. *Breathless* was a good one a few years back, but that was a copy of a European film, and those dirty Europeans have always been dab hands at erotic cinema. Perhaps that's why US director Adrian Lyne's latest film *9½ Weeks* has a decidedly European feel about it. This is an American attempt at *The Erotic Film*, and not a bad one it is too . . .

The *9½ Weeks* of the title refers to the duration of an obsessive love affair between a young, middle class woman and a mysterious sexual Svengali who seeks to awaken the depths of her passion through domination and degradation. Kim Basinger takes the role of Elizabeth, an attractive and relatively naive divorcee who works conscientiously at a New York art gallery. Mickey Rourke is John, the man who begins to cast his erotic spell over her from the moment the two first see each other. As their relationship begins to develop Elizabeth is drawn increasingly into the sexual power of her lover.

Adrian Lyne, a former TV commercial director, got to sit with the big boys after his last film *Flashdance* made a killing at the box

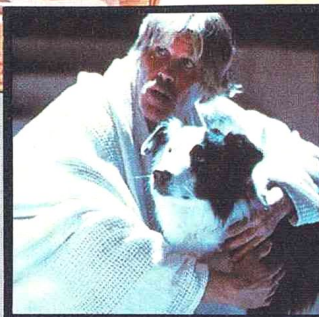


The high life and the low life in Beverly Hills

office. Now, that extended music video wasn't what you'd call the *New York Times*' Critics' Choice, but it sure looked pretty. And so does *9½ Weeks*, beautifully styled and photographed to evoke the strange sensuality of the relationship. A few scenes, however, are a little too close to *Flashdance* for critical comfort.

The storyline of *9½ Weeks* may be a little uneven and disjointed but the progression of events does achieve the desired erotic build.

Feminists take note that after Elizabeth's descent into sexual depravity — her obliteration of self to explore the boundaries of



arousal, her complete surrender to the whims of a man she has little knowledge of — she gets it together to give him the flick. Whew, we didn't torch our Berlei underwires for nothing, eh sisters? Seriously, *9½ Weeks*, though flawed, is an interesting and titillating film. Don't plan to go out for a couple of frames of tenpin bowls after the show. You'll find better things to do.

The song says nobody loves you when you're down and out but don't you believe it. Everyone loves the down and out bum in Paul Mazursky's *Down And Out In Beverly Hills*. Not that you'll believe for a minute the plot of this slick comedy, but good films divert and suspend the disbelief and *DAOIBH* does just that, tickling the fancy and the funnybone. But take a decko at the storyline . . .

A mangey dero whose equally mangey dog has deserted him decides to end it all in a backyard swimming pool owned by a fabulously *nouveau riche* Beverly

Hills couple who've made their fortune making and selling wire coathangers to hotel chains. Now the dero, Jerry (Nick Nolte), isn't just a job for Sard's Wonder Soap; he's more your phlegm gurgling, pants pissing, stinking job for a splash of kero and a match. And the Jewish couple Dave and Barbara Whiteman (Richard Dreyfuss and Bette Midler), aren't just a *bit* screwed up. He's uptight, hooked on hangers and screwing the maid because his wife is anorgasmic and changing her gurus as often as she picks up a new fur coat, which is every couple of weeks. Their kids, Jenny and Max haven't quite got it together either — she's anorexic and he's a teenage transvestite. Even their dog Matisse is in need of a doggy psychiatrist.

Jerry really has jumped in the deep end, but dad Dave Whiteman rescues the bum and amid howls of protest from his family has him deloused, coiffured, dressed in designer leisurewear and installed as a house guest. Here Jerry solves all their problems in between pissing on their lawn and they all live happily ever after.

Down And Out in Beverly Hills is a remake of a Fifties French film by Jean Renoir, but its theme travels perfectly to highlight the empty lifestyles of the new money cowboys of Rodeo Drive. Mazursky has succeeded in drawing uniformly good performances from his very interesting cast. But the real star, according to overseas media hoo-ha, is the mutt who plays Matisse. Everyone is apparently queuing up to hear his shaggy dog story, and he'll no doubt have his own chat show next. But two dogs played Matisse — Mike did the close-ups and a canine called Davey did the hard work in the action shots. Now Mike is gnawing on the eye fillet of celebrity and Davey is presumably back at the kennel crying into his Tuckerbox. Fate said "fetch" and Davey got the shitty end of the stick. That's showbiz. — C.J. Mackay

Basinger and Rourke in *9½ Weeks*



Bacardi rum. Sip it before you add the lemonade.



You'll discover the reason why any drink made with Bacardi rum tastes so good . . . it's the Bacardi. Smooth and subtle, Bacardi rum has a character all its own.

For a copy of the Bacardi rum Party Book with more than 80 recipes, write to: Bacardi rum Party Book, PO Box 498, Milsons Point, NSW 2061.

Get to know the real taste of Bacardi rum.



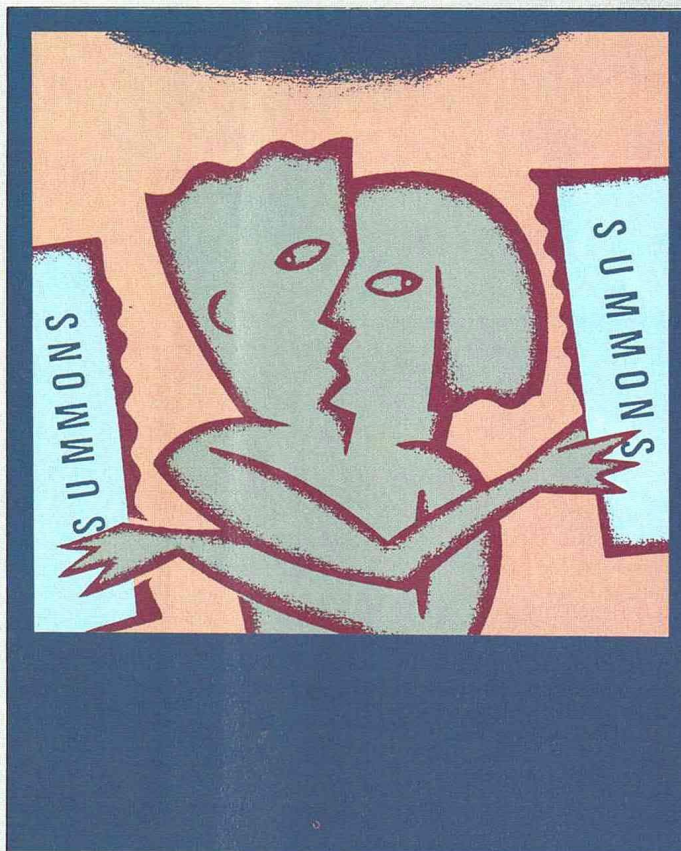
SEX

COMING CLEAN

Your mother probably told you that if you shared your misfortunes with someone else, the burden would be eased. The law is about to step in and create an exception to the rule: sexually transmitted diseases. The message is coming through with increasing clarity — either come clean or keep your bacteria to yourself.

Predictably, the ground has been broken in the States. In 1983 a Washington State judge awarded \$30,000 to a woman who contracted genital herpes from her husband. In January of the following year, an Iowa judge upped the ante to \$50,000 in the case of a woman who sued her ex-husband (oddly enough) for infecting her with the same disease. Many more suits have followed, and US insurance companies are filtering clients through a fine-toothed comb in an attempt to reduce the number of heavy payouts. The latest major suit was filed by a former gay partner of Rock Hudson who wants \$14 million in damages from the actor's estate because of the possibility that Hudson may have given him AIDS.

As yet there's no precedent for such actions in Australia or the UK, but it would seem that it's only a matter of time before husbands, wives and lovers who infect their partners with STDs will be hauled into the courts to account for themselves. Under certain circumstances these actions might succeed. The person who contracted the disease would have to show on the balance of probabilities that they were infected by the person being sued. Obviously this would depend on the victim's sexual mobility and would not always be easy to prove. As well, the victim would have to demonstrate that his or her partner could reasonably have foreseen that they might be passing on the disease during sex. Therefore the culprit would have to have been aware that they were contagious at the time — an important con-



sideration in the case of herpes, which is only contagious at certain ascertainable times. And this is complicated by the fact that some women infected with genital herpes will sometimes have no idea that they're in the middle of a contagious period.

There are a few more hurdles to be jumped after that. It would have to be shown that the victim did not consent to the possibility of contracting the disease and that the partner who already had it did not take reasonable precautions to avoid passing it on.

It's difficult to guess the amount of damages that might be awarded. Australian courts are more restrained than in the US when it comes to damages, but payments could at least run to tens of thousands — depending, of course, on

which disease is involved.

When money like that is up for grabs, someone in this country is bound to start the grabbing sooner or later. So if you happen to give your wife or girlfriend something she'll always remember you by, you could be in for a fascinating legal battle. Alternatively, if you find yourself on the receiving end, there's no need to take it lying down.

Passing on an STD could in certain cases have serious consequences under the criminal law. Under Californian law — not altogether different from the law in some parts of Australia — intentional infliction of serious bodily injury during rape carries an automatic increase in sentence of five years. So a convicted rapist might spend an extra five years be-

hind bars because of a jury's finding that he inflicted serious bodily injury by passing on herpes to his victim.

A recent US case, *People v Johnson*, might be an indicator of things to come. Tony Alphonso Johnson, a 23-year-old former security guard, was charged with rape and tried to use the fact that the victim contracted herpes as part of his defence. According to his version the woman, aged 47, offered him a ride and drove to a secluded spot where she complained of having been deprived of sex for months. She then suggested intercourse. Johnson testified she had only reported the rape out of a desire for revenge, since he had told her, when it was over: "By the way, I think I have herpes."

The victim's story was somewhat different... She claimed that Johnson had jumped into her car when she slowed for a traffic light, then sexually assaulted her before robbing her of \$6. A week later she learned she had genital herpes and became all the more determined to "have the bastard brought to justice." The jury convicted Johnson of a string of charges including kidnapping, rape and forcible oral copulation, and agreed with the prosecution's argument that giving a victim herpes should be regarded as inflicting "great bodily harm."

Under NSW law, in particular, the situation is not yet clear, but it may well be open to the courts to decide that sexual assault passes into the more serious category of rape if the attacker transmits an STD. In all states, though, it is certainly within the discretion of the judge to pass a longer sentence if he finds that the attacker realised there was a reasonable possibility of passing on herpes, AIDS, gonorrhoea or syphilis.

It's highly unlikely that we'll ever see a case where a rapist has contracted an STD as a result of his attack. If we did, it would be an open and shut case of natural justice. — Ian Freckleton

LEARN TO SPEAK POLAROID® AND WIN.

Often there are no exact words. But there is Polaroid instant photography.

Learn to speak with Polaroid pictures, and you will express yourself perfectly in a new language of colorful words.

What's more if you do it now, you could win one of five special edition Daihatsu Rocky's valued at around \$15,000.

Just buy a Polaroid 600 Series camera and film or a Twinpack of Type 600 or SX70 film and send us a beautiful Polaroid photograph with a clever caption and enter.

Your entry will be judged in the 'Learn to Speak Polaroid and Win' competition.

Full details on entry forms wherever Polaroid cameras and film are sold.



 **Polaroid. The universal language.**

Polaroid is the registered trademark of Polaroid Corp. Cambridge, Mass. U.S.A.
Ogilvy MPA 0023





LIQUOR

KAVA, THE NARCOTIC NECTAR OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Kava, the legendary drink of the South Pacific, is surrounded by mystery and taboo. It is not addictive, but when missionaries and colonial governments tried to suppress its use it became a symbol of pagan resistance. Women, upon penalty of death, have been prohibited from drinking it and on some islands only virgin, circumcised boys can prepare the kava. Some claim that it cures gonorrhoea, and according to one version of Melanesian folklore, the first kava root was found growing inside a woman's vagina.

I was introduced to the kava plant (*piper methysticum*) on Tanna, one of the small outer islands of Vanuatu. My travels took me to a small highland village called Middle Bush, where I was given a tour of the kava gardens of Chief Samson Kasso.

Kava bushes, explained the chief's son, take approximately five years to grow to maturity and reach a height of about two metres. Multiple stalks four centimetres in diameter and crowned with dense green leaves radiate from a cluster of twisted roots. These narcotic roots are sold as a cash crop, but are also used for peace offerings, ceremonial gift giving and sharing with friends. Eighty vatu (A\$1) buys a kilo of average quality kava; three kilos is enough for five men.

Within the cool green shade of the garden the chief's son pointed out the different types of kava and the many techniques of cul-

tivating the plant's roots. Thirteen types of kava are grown in Middle Bush, although one type is so powerful that it's no longer taken.

Before sunset, the chief, his son and I returned to the *yimwayim* (traditional dance ground), where a dozen older men had already gathered and were cutting and cleaning the kava roots. Young boys were busy chewing kava roots to a soft fibrous mush before neatly disgorging mouthfuls of the stuff on to saucer-sized leaves. It was not an appetising sight. Each sodden grey pile equalled one serving.

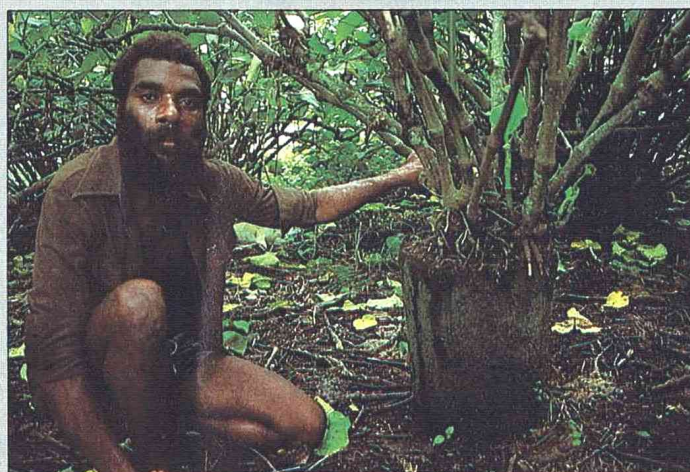
One of the boys mixed a pile of masticated kava with water then twisted it in a mat of coconut fibre.

He squeezed the resulting brown liquid into a half coconut shell cup.

Chief Samson Kasso did the honors. He drained the coconut shell cup in one quick motion. Then, turning his back to the rest of us, he sprayed some of the liquid into the air and uttered an invocation to the god Mwatiktik for good luck and good crops. A loud clear cry completed the ritual.

The cup was handed to me, but first it was touched to the ground to ensure that the strength of the kava stayed with the drinker. I looked into the coconut shell cup and held my breath. The first gulp was the worst: the taste was something akin to a mixture of muddy water and rotting vegetable matter.

Traditional Vanuatuan bar skills in kava's preparation



At the second gulp my mouth and throat went numb . . . by the third my legs were wobbling.

Within a couple of minutes conversation faded until the last whispered comments blended into one with the sounds of the chirping cicadas. The *yimwayim* was completely hushed. I had difficulty focusing my eyes and my body shuddered with each heartbeat, but despite my physical difficulties I was overwhelmed by an affinity for my fellow drinkers. In the

gathering darkness the men wandered off separately to abandon themselves to their kava dreams. The sensation of sitting perfectly still in the jungle twilight was utterly euphoric.

At the first sound of the truck I lost my sense of timelessness and fell into a panic. There was no way I was ready to leave, but in typical Western fashion I didn't want to keep the driver waiting.

He took one look at me and said: "You should sit down and listen to the kava." The jungle began to spin and the next moment I dropped to the ground as if felled by a pig club. I lay on the cool dirt for the next 30 minutes, unable to speak. There was no fear: I felt safe in the knowledge that I couldn't fall from where I was. As I lay there I realised why missionary opposition to kava drinking had been so strong . . . It produces a state of pure narcotic bliss.

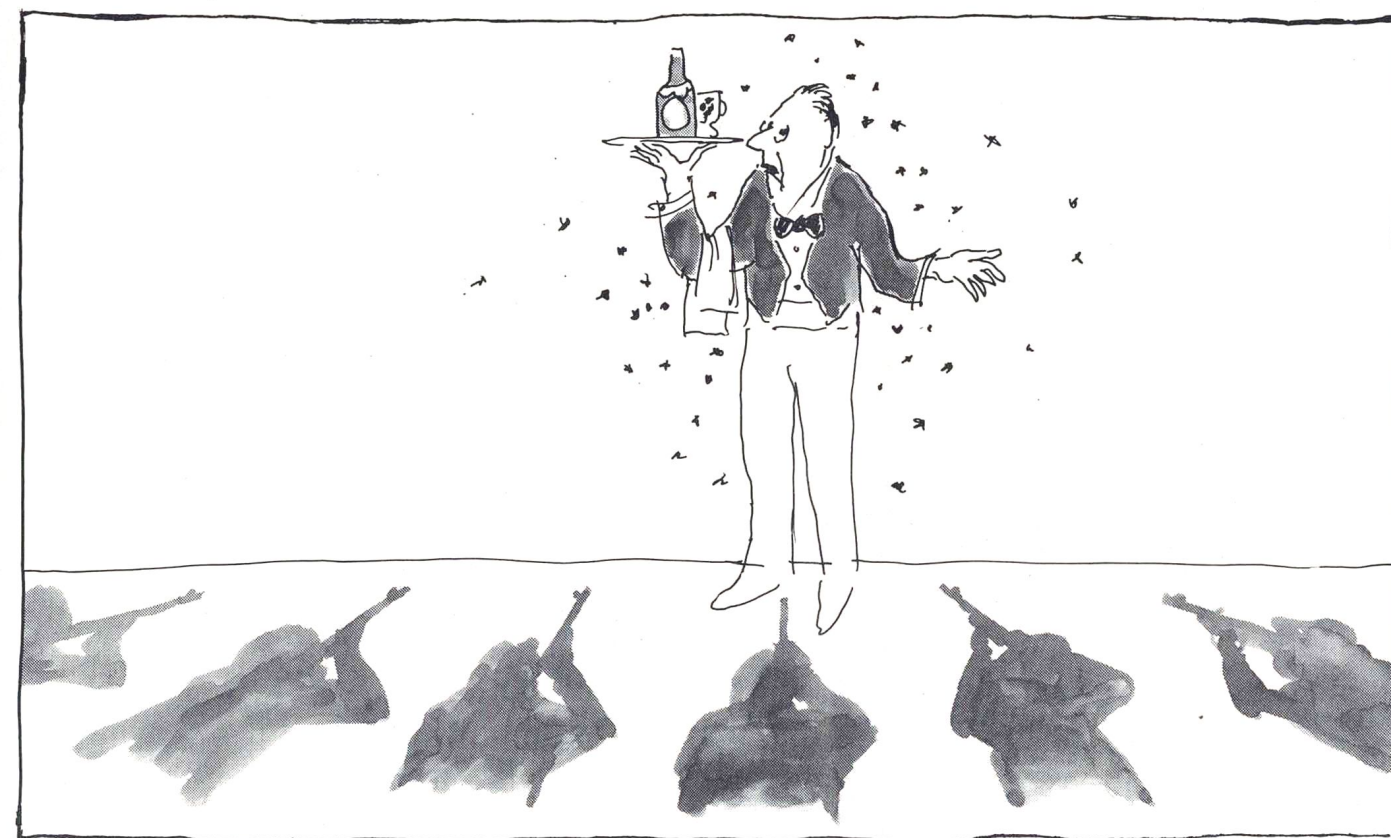
Some time later, escorted by three phantom shapes, I managed to walk to the truck. High speed night driving on the winding island roads and kava don't mix. Halfway back to the coast I stopped the truck and vomited. It was only then that I realised the effect of the kava was getting stronger.

Four hours later the dawn broke, and the kava was still speaking. Geckos chirped loudly on the ceiling of my bungalow as I lay flat on my back. I was covered in perspiration and laughing — adrift in a sea of mad wonderful visions.

The next morning, Chief Tom Numake found me gazing intently into a cup of cold tea. With feigned innocence he asked me how my trip to the kava garden had gone. Thumbing my badly rumpled notebook, I located my last entry: "Tonight we drank kava *do-dey*," it read.

Chief Tom giggled and replied: "Not *do-dey*. What you drank is called 'kava two day' . . . one of the strongest. If you took that one you will be drunk for two days."

Chief Tom spoke the truth. — Eric Hansen



"How was I supposed to know that real Irish Coffee is made with Irish Whiskey?"

It all started when I made a few Irish Coffees the same as I always had.

Black coffee, a dab of cream and a nip of Scotch. Served them to the party at table 12.

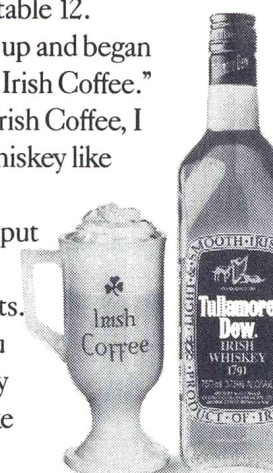
Then this big guy stood up and began abusing me. "That's not real Irish Coffee."

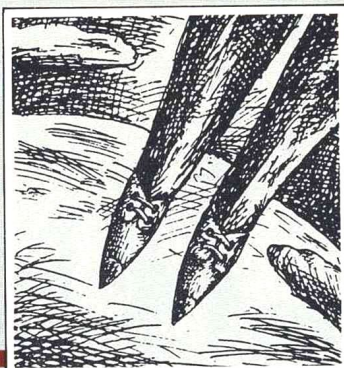
He says to make a true Irish Coffee, I should use a quality Irish Whiskey like Tullamore Dew.

Next thing, you want to put a blindfold on me and ask me do I have any last requests.

No one ever told me you make a true Irish Coffee only with a true Irish Whiskey, like Tullamore Dew.

True Irish Coffee is made with the true Irish Whiskey, Tullamore Dew.
Another fine product imported by Continental Seagram.





TRAVEL

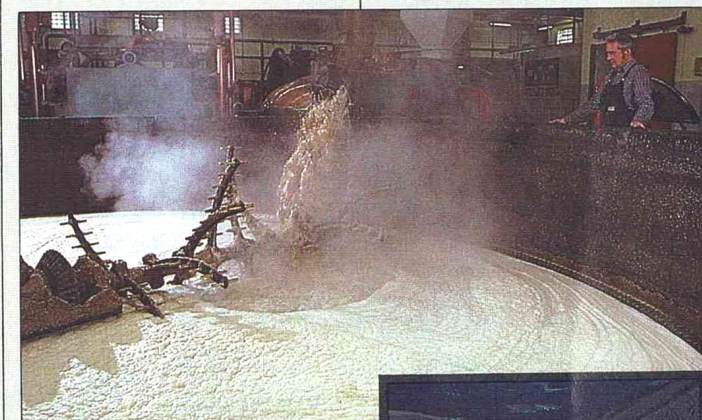
SCOTLAND'S WHISKY TRAIL



Most Australians have an ambition to see Britain, and many manage to achieve it. When they return, they're full of praise for England and Wales, but the way they carry on about Scotland you'd think they'd found a new planet.

They'll maugher on for hours about the scenery, the people, the good value and the local dialect, which they enthusiastically mispronounce in a way which sends expatriate Scots like myself lunging for the whisky bottle. And whisky is, as far as I'm concerned, one of the best reasons for visiting Scotland. Our enjoyment of anything — food, drink, cigars and sausages — is increased when we know more about how it got on to the plate or into the bottle. And so it is with Scotch whisky.

Until recently, it's been hard to get past the gateman at a distillery. For a number of good reasons,



they're well-guarded. Quite apart from the security angle, there's a carefully nourished mystique about just how whisky is made.

Now, however, a group of distilleries have combined to set up the world's first Whisky Trail in the north-east of Scotland. They all make single malts — the real stuff. The blended Scotch you swill with Coke or soda is merely another industrial product made in places which look like chemical refineries.

Each single malt, and there are more than 100 of them, has its own distinctive character, and it's only in the last 15 years or so that



The spirit of Scotland

they've been seen outside Scotland in any quantity. Because of their unique character, they have been steadily gaining in popularity, and since they're impossible to fake you can be certain that you're getting what you pay for. With some of the more famous brands you're never quite sure — not long ago an exporter was caught red-handed with a huge consignment of Johnnie Walker from the misty glens of Bulgaria.

At the distilleries you'll see how malt, yeast and pure mountain water are combined over a peat fire to produce something quite impossible to fake. On the way round, you'll see some quite breathtaking scenery and meet plenty of colorful characters. I strongly recommend driving your-

self around Scotland; you can get good-value fly/drive packages and stay at small hotels or really get to know the people through the ubiquitous bed and breakfast system. It's easy to book a place through one of the 35 local tourist boards that maintain information offices.

The Whisky Trail is a loop which you can join at any point. Coming from the north, through Grantown on Spey, you'd start with Tamdhu close to Upper Knockando, and move to Rothes, where the famous pale blonde Glen Grant is made. Next is Strathisla in the larger regional centre of Keith, a good overnight stop if you don't feel like doing the entire 100 or so kilometres in one day.

From Keith, you can move on to Dufftown and the Glenfiddich distillery, home of the most famous of all the malts. Your next stop is its closest rival, the Glenlivet, before you go to Marypark and the Glenfarclas distillery.

Surprisingly, in a country that seems to be increasingly dedicated to parting tourists from their dollars, it's all free, and you'll usually get a sample nip as well. Seasons and opening hours vary, so it's best to get the excellent leaflet put out by the British Tourist Authority at 171 Clarence Street, Sydney 2000.

If you can't afford to go to Scotland, you can follow your own whisky trail in Sydney. The Menzies Hotel has 17 bars, and one of them, the Highland Fling, stocks more than 70 single malts, as well as having one of the most attractive barmen in town.

Her name is Gloria, and she'll give you a card listing 40 brands; as you try each one, she initials it, and when the card is full she'll present you with a free bottle of your favorite brand.

But it might be wise to follow Gloria's advice not to try to fill the card in a single evening. You'll enjoy it more, and remember it much better, if you approach the task at a leisurely pace. — Fred Baker



The World's Best Radar Detectors Are Now Available In Australia!

If you follow motorsports and auto enthusiast magazines throughout the world, you've probably noticed that whenever the American press reviews radar detectors, one source is singled out time and time again: Cincinnati Microwave, makers of the ESCORT and PASSPORT radar warning receivers.

In The Beginning

About ten years ago, we were just a small group of engineers that also happened to be car enthusiasts. After evaluating all the radar detectors on the market, we decided that the only way we could have the best detector possible was to design and build it ourselves. Two years later, we introduced ESCORT.

Report Card

When *Car and Driver* first tested ESCORT in 1979, they were overwhelmed: "The ESCORT truly stood out from the rest...In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."

Our Secret

How did a small company come from nowhere to take such a lead? We had extensive background in military and communications electronics, which allowed us to design the first high performance dual band superheterodyne detector circuitry. But what was equally important was the fact that we were car enthusiasts. The detectors on the market at that time told you that radar was there, but nothing else.

All the Right Moves

We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

Car and Driver noticed. They said, "Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."

Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to

make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

Modern Classic

In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver*: "The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."

1981 *BMW Roundel*: "The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."

1982 *Car and Driver*: "The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."

1983 *BMW Roundel*: "The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."

1983 *Car and Driver*: "The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."

1984 *Rotary Rocket*: "Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."

1985 *BMW Roundel*: "Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."

Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT:

"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace." That's probably our favorite quote ever.

New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

Try at no risk

Take the first 30 days with Escort or Passport as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose. We also back our products with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labour.

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

PASSPORT
RADAR RECEIVER

Local call fee only

(008) 22 6155

Sydney callers phone: 437 6377

For your convenience we accept, Bankcard, Visa and Mastercard.

Cincinnati Microwave Australia Inc
Department No. 100 060 A06
360 Pacific Highway
Crows Nest N.S.W. 2065

The new Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse picks up where this one leaves off.

While you may have thought Australian Penthouse's pictorial content was provocative, the fact is the degree of explicitness in our pictorials is restricted by censorship regulations.

Which is why the copy of Australian Penthouse you're reading now is not



as raunchy as you might like it.

However a much more daring edition of the magazine is now being printed each month.

It's our Black Label edition and it's sold only through the mail to subscribers.

The censorship regulations allow subscriber-only magazines to be far more raunchy.

So the Black Label edition will feature the same beautiful girls you'll find in our regular edition, however their pictorials will be far more revealing.

Far, far more so.

And as a bonus, most issues of the Black Label edition will also feature a "couples" pictorial.

And that you won't find in any form whatsoever in the regular edition.

So if you prefer your reading matter to miss the heavy hand of the censor, this is your magazine.

For a full year's subscription (12 issues) simply complete the coupon.

And see what you've been missing.

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N

It picks up where Australian Penthouse leaves off.

To Australian Penthouse Magazine,
PO Box 32, Cammeray NSW 2062.
I wish to receive 12 issues of your Black Label edition.
I enclose a cheque/money order for \$48.
Please debit my ☐ Bankcard, ☐ Amex, ☐ Diners

No. _____ Expiry Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

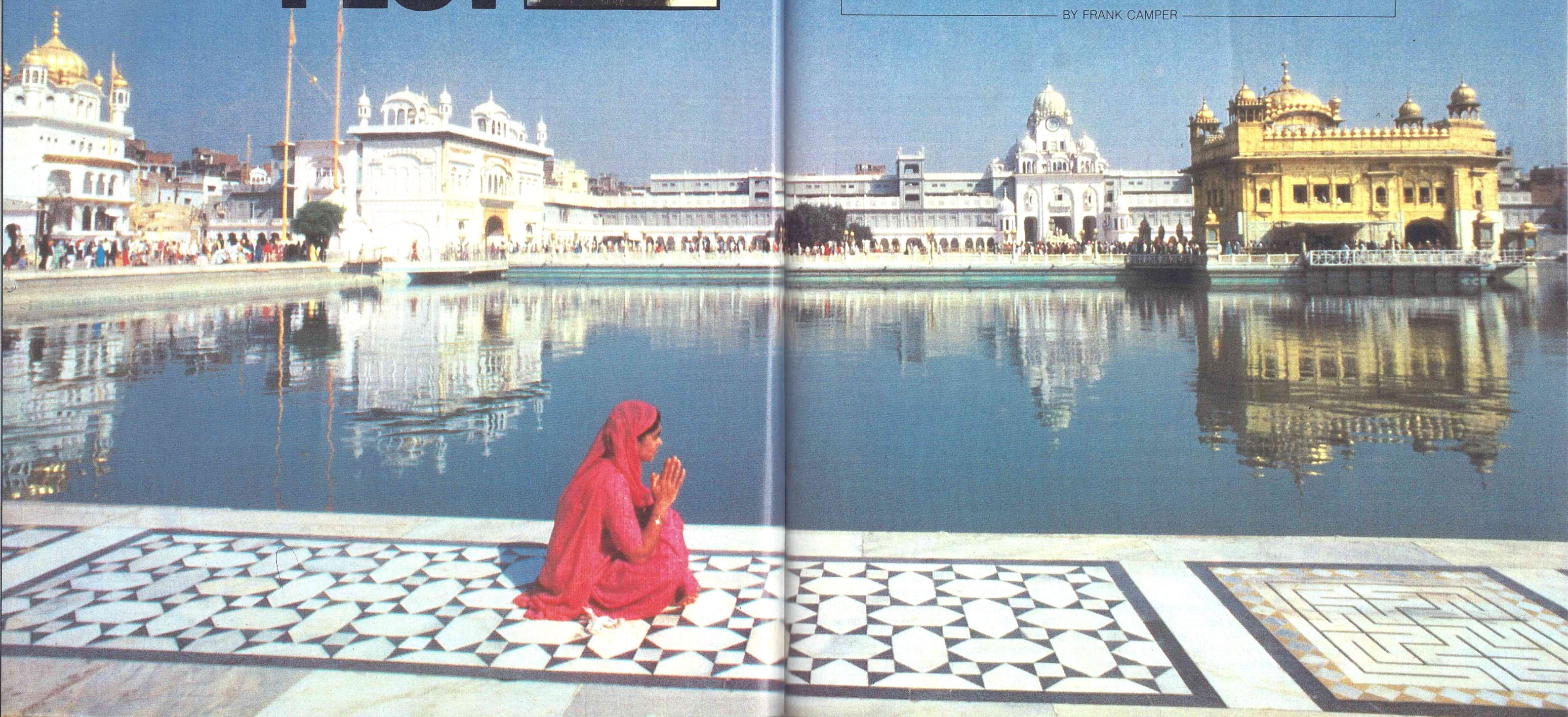
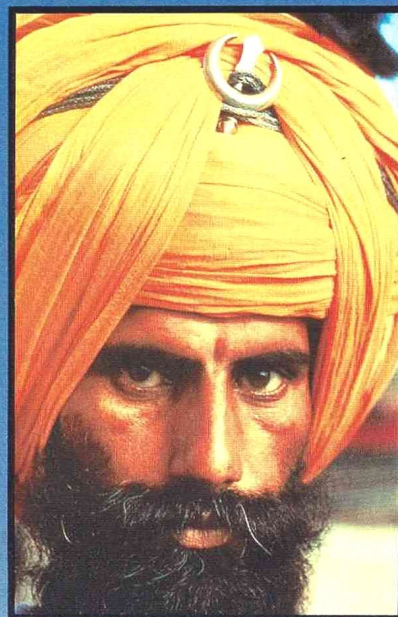
Signature _____

Allow 6 weeks for initial subscription copy. Offer applicable only in Australia and to persons over 18 years of age.

As if the contents of the Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse weren't enough, we're offering a free CEL adult video valued at \$24.95 with each subscription. Titles include: Emmanuelle, The Story of O, Bilitis, The Bitch and Fanny Hill. But we don't have an endless supply, so it's first in best served.

**FREE
ADULT VIDEOS
FOR
PENTHOUSE
READERS**

THE SIKH TERROR PLOT



PART ONE

In the Golden Temple of Amritsar, hundreds of religious fanatics were slaughtered by the Indian Army. Half a world away, an American mercenary trainer is drawn into their plans for vengeance.

In June 1984, the Indian Army attacked the Golden Temple, centre of the Sikh faith.

The operation, known as "Bluestar", was a siege designed to put down a growing rebellion by Sikh religious militants who wanted to separate the Punjab from India and establish an independent state, to be called Khalistan.

In 1981, Sikh extremists began agitating for a charter of religious, political, and economic demands. They were ignored by Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi.

By 1982, terrorist attacks by Sikhs against Hindus and the government of India were increasing.

In October 1983, a passenger bus was hijacked by Sikh gunmen, and all Hindus aboard were shot to death.

Martial law over the Punjab was ordered. Amritsar in the Punjab is the location of the Golden Temple, most holy of the Sikh shrines. The Golden Temple was fortified and being used as a sanctuary by the Sikh militant leaders.

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi ordered

BY FRANK CAMPER

TERROR

Operation Bluestar to clean out the Golden Temple and arrest the militants. At least 800 Sikhs died in the attack by the Indian Army against the temple. Another 1500 were arrested.

In retaliation to the attack, Prime Minister Gandhi was murdered by her own Sikh bodyguards on October 31, 1984. Her son, Rajiv Gandhi, was elected Prime Minister.

Grief-crazed Hindus rioted throughout India, murdering Sikhs in the streets, often mutilating and burning the corpses where they lay.

Leaders of the Sikh movement fled from India, hunted by the police and military. Some settled in the US, England, and Canada, and began to plot the independence of Khalistan — and the destruction of the government of India.

The author of this article, who runs the Mercenary Association, a private, paramilitary training camp some 50 kilometres from Birmingham, Alabama, was drawn into this story of foreign plotting and intrigue. In the pages of Australian Penthouse, he details for the first time the complete history of the Sikh terror plot — and of his involvement with the plotters and the US authorities who were determined to stop them. The story began with a phone call to Camper's "Bunker", a small building that he uses as a staging area for the association.

NOVEMBER 8, 1984

The last qualification course of the Mercenary Association for the year was just over a week away, and the phone at the Bunker's front desk was frequently busy as veteran members of the association called to announce their arrival times and new students called with questions.

One call wasn't immediately noteworthy. It was a man asking if he could pay a membership deposit for four men with a Visa credit card. He had an accent like an Indian or a Pakistani, but calls from foreigners were not unusual for us. We made reservations for his four people, billed the Visa account, and went back to work.

On November 16, new association members were reporting in, cluttering the offices and rear bay of the Bunker with their luggage and military equipment. I was busy getting some of them organised in the bay, when one of the team leaders came up and told me I was needed out the front.

I gave him the task of getting the new men bedded down and walked to the offices. Standing in a group beside the front desk were four dark men wearing business suits and turbans. I recognised them instantly as Sikhs, introduced myself and extended my hand. So this was our four-man group. I remembered the battle of the Golden Temple, and the recent assassination of Indira Gandhi. I knew why they had

come to Merc School.

"I am Balraj Singh," said the eldest of the group, and he gestured toward the others. "This is Sukhwinder Singh, Avraj Singh, and Lal Singh. You see, we are all named Singh," he laughed.

Balraj was short and muscular, with a full beard and long hair. I had read that Sikhs didn't shave or cut their hair, but the younger men had short beards and short hair.

"Singh means lion," Balraj said. "We are Sikhs."

The Sikhs were thrown into the combat training at Merc School along with everyone else, all of them being assigned to one team. It was on the second day of the course that Balraj approached me. I thought at first he was going to quit because the training was too rough for him or his men. "I want to talk to you about the training," Balraj said. I only nodded and walked off with him to the side away from

I stopped him and examined the wound. The white of the eye just under the cornea and pupil was cut open, and fluid was running out of the eyeball

the other students.

"In our country, we don't have wooded areas like this," Balraj said. "It is a more open place. What we need to know is city fighting and how to stop armored vehicles in the streets. Do you have some training like that?"

"What specifically do you need in the way of training?" I asked in reply.

"We are fighting for our independence in India," Balraj said. "We Sikhs are a religious minority. Do you know of the Punjab?"

"Yes," I said, and actually did, because of the news reports that had been coming out of India about the battles, riots, and murders that plagued the area. It was at the northern tip of India, touching Pakistan on the west and China on the east.

"We need training in special techniques, such as the making of bombs, like time bombs, and how to assassinate or capture government officials."

I kept a straight face. Balraj had just asked for a lot.

"We need to know how to make grenades, silencers for firearms, and how to sabotage factories," he continued.

Good grief, I thought, I've got some hot ones. "Okay," I told him. "Let me think about that. Just stay in the training."

NOVEMBER 21, 1984: 2 PM

The training operation was ready. A small group of students, the Sikhs among them, advanced toward a few paper grocery sacks of food. They had not eaten in a day. If they wanted the food, they would have to take it.

But the students could not see the hidden snipers with pellet rifles and smoke grenades.

The students charged. A smoke grenade rolled on to the trail near the food and began to hiss thick, cloying smoke into the air. Shadowlike figures of hungry students charged into the smokescreen, running for the grocery sacks. The pellet rifles opened fire, and the zip of high-velocity pellets followed by the fleshy whack of their impact on human bodies began. The ambushed students were shouting in pain and confusion.

The first student reached the sacks and grabbed for them.

Booby-trapped, the food exploded, the blast knocking the student down. Cans and packages flew into the air. The smoke screen now entirely blanketed the area.

In the smoke, flames from the burning food sacks could be seen. The rations were on fire. The students were frantic to salvage what they could. The Chinese noodles were flaming like dry weeds, and the paper boxes of soup powders were beginning to do the same.

Pellets were still cutting through the air. Sikhs, Americans, and Canadians were cursing the smoke, bumping into each other, almost persuaded now to go hungry and abandon their food.

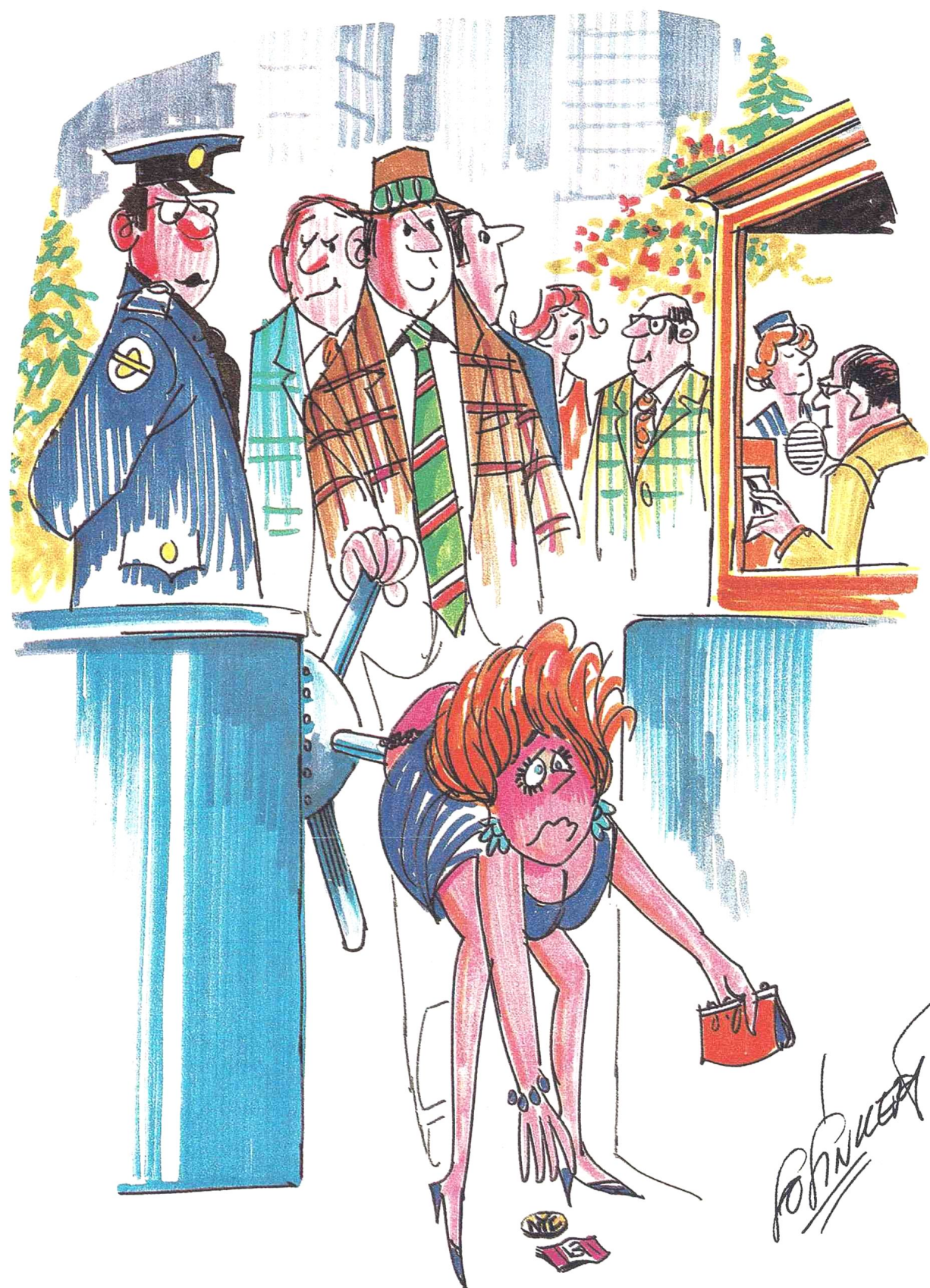
"We've got a man down!" someone shouted. I stood up from my position, propped my pellet rifle against a tree, and began to walk toward the group of men kneeling over Balraj.

A British Army veteran was applying a bandage to Balraj's face. I stopped him and examined the wound. The white of the eye just under the cornea and pupil was cut open, and fluid was running out of the eyeball. The pupil itself was partially exposed, trying to slip out of the rip. There was some bleeding from the flesh wound on the bridge of his nose, but it was minor.

"Bandage him," I said, "and I'll get him out of the field to a hospital." I had inflicted a wound that would keep Balraj out of the rest of the training, and allow me to work on him separately from his men.

EYE FOUNDATION HOSPITAL, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA: 6 PM

Balraj was upstairs with the doctors, and I was sitting in the hospital coffee shop with an FBI agent, still wearing my dirty combat fatigues. The agent's name was Fox, and he was with a special counter-intelligence unit. I did not know him per-



TERROR

sonally, but I had worked with his section before.

We were discussing the Sikhs.

"Frank, I guess I don't have to tell you these guys are serious," he said. "They're assassinating politicians and soldiers damn near every day in India. They've already killed Indira Gandhi, and it looks like they're getting ready to export their revolution over here. We can't have that."

"Balraj says he wants to know how to make time bombs and train for street hits," I said.

"Okay. Make me a report as soon as possible. You'll do that, right?" Fox asked.

"What's our arrangement going to be? You know what the bureau did to me in Miami," I said.

"I'm sorry about that, Frank. I didn't have anything to do with it . . . As a matter of fact, I never understood what went wrong. It won't happen with me," Fox said.

I had only just met Fox, but I liked him and made the decision to go ahead. "Let me see how the situation is going to develop," I said. "I'll be visiting Balraj and softening him up here in the hospital. Johnson is working on his guys in the field. We should have some sort of break soon."

On my first visit to check on Balraj, I found him awake and uncomfortable, but willing to talk. I made a display of sympathy for him, congratulating him on bearing the pain of the eye injury well, and brought him details of how his men were doing in the field.

Balraj began to talk politics and religion with me after a while, and I sat beside his bed on a chair and listened. He called the slain Indira Gandhi a "bloody bitch", and said her son, Rajiv, would be killed as soon as possible. We talked of the events that led to the siege and battle at the Golden Temple in Amritsar, and he told how the Sikhs who had defended the Golden Temple had died instead of betraying their faith.

I made comments and responses that appeared to express agreement with minority groups like the Sikhs, who simply wanted to worship the way they believed, and I professed antagonism toward India because of its relationship with the Soviet Union.

I let Balraj know, with as much finesse as I could, that I would consider helping with the Sikh cause. We talked at length, he detailing injustices I didn't doubt were true, and I listening, nodding, keeping him company in the lonely hospital room.

The three Sikhs left in the field to continue with their training were satisfied to hear my progress reports about Balraj and his treatment. They had become friends with several of the other students, and began to talk about conditions in India, telling of attacks made on their friends and

families by Hindus after the assassination of Indira Gandhi by her Sikh bodyguards.

I removed the students from the field after escape and evasion training on November 28, and arranged for Balraj's release from the Eye Foundation Hospital that afternoon, so I could reunite him with his men. Balraj was feeling better, but still wore a padded bandage over his injured eye. He was glad to be back with his men, and they were proud they had finished the training course.

For the next two days, Balraj attended the remaining classes for the graduates, watching his fellow Sikhs learn rock-face rappelling, and mines, grenades and booby traps.

In the time between classes, Balraj and I talked about what the Sikh movement needed in the way of military training, what weapons they had an interest in, and what their basic plans were. Balraj said he was responsible for reporting back to his superi-

He called the slain Indira Gandhi a "bloody bitch", and said her son, Rajiv, would be killed as soon as possible

or in New York about the quality of the training I gave, and that he thought the training was good. He said his superiors would be interested in Ingram M10 submachine guns with sound suppressors, because of the favorable impression that using the M10 had made on Lal and the other Sikh trainees. They saw the covert-action application of the small, high-rate-of-fire weapon: it was perfect for raids or assassinations.

As the time approached for Balraj and his men to leave, he extended to me an invitation to visit him in New York and meet his superiors. He gave me a note with telephone numbers on it for himself and Lal Singh, with a written warning not to mention anything on the phone. The telephone number he gave me for himself differed from the one he had written on his application.

"Balraj," I said, as he was preparing to get in the car with his men and be driven to the airport, "training and weapons are expensive. Do you have the money for this?"

"Yes," Balraj said. "Money is no problem."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1984: 6.30 PM. SHERATON CENTRE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY

I waited for the phone to ring. Lal Singh had told me he would call from the lobby when he arrived. I was eager about the meeting, since I knew I would be meeting some of the leaders of the Sikh organisation. If the meeting was fruitful — meaning if I met someone important, and if they offered me work — the FBI and I would have a deal.

The room phone rang. I answered it after a short pause.

"Frank?" Lal Singh asked.

"Yes, Lal. I'll be right down. Are you at the house phones?"

"Yes, we are," Lal said. "You should have no trouble. Just look for the turbans." At least he was lighthearted.

I slipped on my jacket, and checked to make sure my Ingram submachine-gun was tucked out of sight in the desk drawer.

Just out of the elevator, I saw the turbans through the faces of the busy lobby. Lal had not been joking. I assumed a casual grin and walked toward Lal, who had a blue turban on his head. With him were two men, both obviously Sikhs. One was in his middle thirties, with a full black beard and head of hair, and stood about five foot six. He wore no turban. The other Sikh was shorter, perhaps 60, with a trimmed white beard and handlebar moustache. He wore a white turban, and stood with military dignity. All three of them were wearing undistinguished street clothes. If anything, they were underdressed.

I shook the white turbaned man's hand first, in deference to the elder, then the turbanless Sikh's hand. Lal was happy to see me. I introduced myself to the two strangers, trying to observe basic formalities in what I hoped was perceived as a casual American way.

No names were given. I ignored that fact, still smiling, and glanced toward the door. "Let's go get something to drink," I suggested.

"We don't need anything," said the turbanless, bearded Sikh. "We really need to talk business."

I was glad to hear that.

I took them to my room where I sat on the bed, near the drawer with the Ingram in it. Lal took a respectful position almost all the way across the room from me. The two uninitiated Sikhs took chairs and pulled them around to face me.

"My name is John — you may call me John," said the man without the turban. There was still no name offered for the elder. He sat there watching me, examining me.

I did not know it at the time, but "John" was Gurpartap Birk Singh. He was involved in upper-middle management of the Sikh movement in the US. The elder had a heavier position. He was one of the top Sikh leaders, and Indian intelligence agencies believed him to be the master

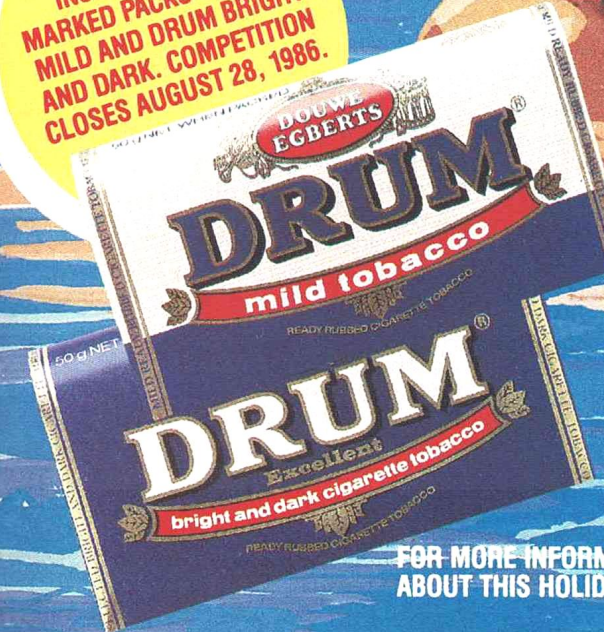
Discover your dreams...
uncover your fortune!

HOLIDAYS AT 'THE FIJIAN'
FOR 5 LUCKY COUPLES

PLUS \$10,000

IN GOLD SOVEREIGNS TO BE WON!

COMPLETE
AN ENTRY FORM
INSIDE SPECIALLY
MARKED PACKS OF DRUM
MILD AND DRUM BRIGHT
AND DARK. COMPETITION
CLOSES AUGUST 28, 1986.



AND JOIN US IN THE

FIJI
FANTASY
COMPETITION

FOR MORE INFORMATION
ABOUT THIS HOLIDAY CALL:



The FIJIAN (008) 222 448



TERROR

strategist of Sikh terrorism outside India. He was now living in Washington, DC.

Gurpartap Birk Singh was not a common terrorist himself. He was employed as a computer engineer for the Automated Tools Company in New York State, and made over US\$50,000 a year.

Like I said, at the time I didn't know any of these facts but I suspected. The elder had an air of authority about him, and "John" was obviously educated and businesslike. Lal Singh was a trainee compared with men like these, still a kid, but he was in the right company to move up.

My room wasn't wired. I could say or do anything I pleased. "Okay, John," I began. "Balraj and Lal have given me a little information about what you might need. I can arrange for weapons, even anti-tank rockets like RPG-7s. Give me an idea of what you want."

"Oh, weapons are not really my main concern," John said. "We have plenty of weapons, but I understand you can provide some special weapons."

"Like the Ingram, with the silencer," said Lal.

"Sure," I said. "I brought one to show you." I opened the desk drawer, and lifted out the M10. "I also have the silencers, like Lal says." From the back of the drawer I produced the sound suppressor for the

Ingram, wrapped in its heat shield.

John looked the Ingram over carefully, peering through the centre of the sound suppressor. The elder gazed at it with some interest, but kept his arms folded, saying nothing.

"This is very good," John said. "I believe this is the sort of thing we can use."

"I can get the nine millimetre or the .380 versions for you," I said, putting the Ingram back into the drawer, still playing the arms dealer. "A silencer should be included with every weapon. If you'll tell me how many you want, I'll give you a price."

The purchase of any firearms would make a case. The purchase of machine guns would be better. I waited for John to take the bait. He didn't.

"We will have to discuss that later," he said. "As you know, we Sikhs are involved in a war with India. We are having to fight to get our own homeland."

"Balraj explained it to me," I said.

"We realise we cannot do everything ourselves," John said. "We have to have some professionals to help us. How do you feel about that?"

"That's what I'm here for," I said. "Tell me what you need, in training or in weapons. We can agree on a price." I wanted to project a mixture of sympathy and business. The elder gave no sign. Lal was still sitting across the room and grinning whenever I looked at him.

"We cannot win a military war with In-

dia," John said. "We have to fight like the guerrilla, but we believe we can defeat them."

I nodded.

"India is a very large country, and in many ways it is a very backward country," John said. "It is more dependent on its railways and farms than a country like the United States, because in India we don't have alternative means of transport, or food to spare."

I sat back and relaxed. John was warming to his subject. Perhaps he had mentally rehearsed what he was going to say to me in much the same way I had rehearsed how I would respond to this very situation.

"We need to train men in how to break oil pipelines, how to sabotage steel mills, how to spoil and contaminate food and water."

"Contaminate?" I asked.

"The Punjab is a very fertile area," John said. "We grow much of the country's food there. If we poison it, then the bastards have nothing to eat."

"And the movie theatres," said the elder. "Don't forget them."

"Yes," John said. "In India, the movie theatres are filled with thousands of people, not like here, where there are only a few people attending. If one were to set off a panic . . ."

"Such as a smoke bomb," said the elder.

"Correct. A smoke bomb would do. They will stampede and kill each other." I reached for my notebook on the desk.

"Let me take notes," I said, "so I'll know what we need to plan for in the training program."

"The hydroelectric dams are important targets," the elder said.

"And the nuclear power stations," John added.

"Nuclear power?" I asked. "How many plants like that in India?"

"We have three," John said. "We want to blow them up."

"If we could create another Bhopal, it would be perfect," said the elder.

"Did you have anything to do with the Union Carbide plant at Bhopal?" I asked.

"No, that was an accident, but a bloody good one. That's what we need, another Bhopal. There are other chemical plants in India," John said.

It was like Balraj had told me back at the Bunker after Merc School: all they wanted to do was kill Indians. "What kind of foods do you grow, and what are we talking about contaminating?" I asked.

"Oh, we have dairy farms, we have wheat, we have sugar," John said. "We want to poison it as it leaves the Punjab, so it will be going to Indians, where our people won't get it."

"And the water," said the elder. "If we could only poison the water in Bombay. They would die by the thousands. Is this possible?"

"Well," I said slowly, "if you put some

sort of water contaminant in the water system for an entire city, I think it might kill some, but it would make a lot of people sick.

"What about just cutting off the water altogether?" I asked.

"Yes, that is possible, too," John said. "The water comes from very far away. It is a terrible system."

"So far, I can see you need chemicals and acids, but what about explosives?" I asked.

"We have no trouble with explosives. We have a man with the Indian Army. He gets all that sort of thing that we need," John said.

"Even the heavy weapons? Balraj told me you needed the weapons to fight tanks in the streets. I can get Russian RPG-7s for you, and the Russian-designed Sagger missile. The weapons that I get are made in China."

"China?" John asked. "We get aid from China now. I believe we can get those things if we ask for them."

Balraj had mentioned Chinese aid to the Sikhs to me, but had not been specific. "Will China give you the weapons if you request them?" I asked.

"Some weapons, yes. They have already done that," John said. "Mostly equipment, and some money. They have donated some money. We have a camp in China."

"Has Pakistan offered any help?" I asked.

"Of course," John said. "The Pakistanis hate the Indians. They do what they can. We have friends."

"I have a concern," I said. "What about your security? I can't afford to start working with you and have the Indian intelligence people know who I am."

"Our security is very good," John told me. "We have established our people into cells, and we have blinds and cutouts. No one will know your actual identity. Even the men don't always know who their leaders are. We have to be careful."

I nodded again. If he only knew who he was talking to.

"We don't want any sabotage in Punjab," said the elder.

"Won't that seem suspicious?" I asked.

"Perhaps, but we don't want any sabotage in Punjab."

"Okay," I said, pretending to study my notes. They were hot to act, but they were not too careful.

"I believe we should have a team of saboteurs in each state, perhaps ten men in each team," John said. "There are approximately 20 states in India where we would need to have these men."

"That's 200 men," I said. "Where do we train them?"

"Would you be willing to go out of the country?" John asked.

"Sure," I said. "Where?"

"Some of the men we want to train here, in the United States," John said. "Some

we will train in the UK and others in China, at our camp there."

"Do you know anything about nuclear power stations?" John asked.

"As a matter of fact I do," I answered.

"What do you suggest to destroy them?" John asked.

I considered for a moment. John might know a great deal more about nuclear power plants than I did. I needed to come up with a very practical answer.

"The plants are built too strongly for us to blow up," I said. "They can withstand earthquakes. It would take an accurate air strike to blow one up." John was listening. So far, so good. "The weak point of any nuclear plant is its water supply."

"Are you suggesting that we attempt to cut off the water . . ."

"No," I said. "We have to contaminate the water with a powerful corrosive agent. Once the cooling water being pumped into the pipes in the plant spreads, the en-

"Did you have anything to do with the Union Carbide plant at Bhopal?" I asked. "No, that was an accident, but a bloody good one."

gineers will have to shut down the system. They will have no choice."

The elder and Lal liked the idea. I could see it on their faces. John thought about it for a moment, then smiled. "How much of this corrosive would we need?" he asked.

"Several 55-gallon drums for each plant," I said. "I will have to research just what corrosive is best for the job. It will do long-term damage. When the plant is shut down it is making no electricity, which is the same effect as having blown it up."

"Would there be any radiation leakage?" John asked.

"I don't think so, but the people would be afraid of it anyway," I said. I had the impression John wanted a good amount of radiation to leak out, but he didn't say so.

"Can you train teams for assassination duty?" John asked.

"That's no problem."

"We have a time frame of one year," said the elder. "I feel if the economic system of India is badly damaged, she cannot hold on to Punjab. I don't believe they can stand a year of it. Their economy is too fragile."

"John," I said, "let me write up a proposal and mail it to you. This covers a lot of areas. I have to do a cost study on it."

"All right," John said.

"Where do I mail it?" I asked.

"You may use the address Balraj gave to you. Do you have it? It is in Brooklyn."

"When would you like to start?" I asked.

"As soon as we can put it all together," John said.

"Well, my next Merc School begins in March. I'll be busy after that."

"That should give us plenty of time," John said.

"How many men will be training in the States?" I asked.

"I expect a dozen," John said. "We can train them to take their training to other men, to teach them as well."

The elder was ready to conclude the meeting. It had taken only half an hour, but I realised I was in. John and the elder stood. I gave them a friendly handshake in parting, but put my arm across Lal's shoulders.

"How have you been since Merc School?" I asked him.

Lal almost flushed with friendliness. "Yes, I am doing very well," he said, the grin still on his face. "I have tried to tell, to explain, to my friends how difficult it was."

The elder was slightly aloof, and waited for Lal to open the door to the hall. "I'll have the study for you in a week," I reminded John. "Thanks for coming up."

"Thank you," John said, last out of the door. "If you need to call me, just use the number Balraj gave you."

"I will," I said, and watched them as they walked away toward the elevators. Outside, Christmas was coming. The display windows were filled with gifts. Christmas music was playing on the Muzak in the lobby of the hotel. But in my room, it had not been Christmas. We were talking about ruining the economy of a nation, about poisoning the drinking water of children.

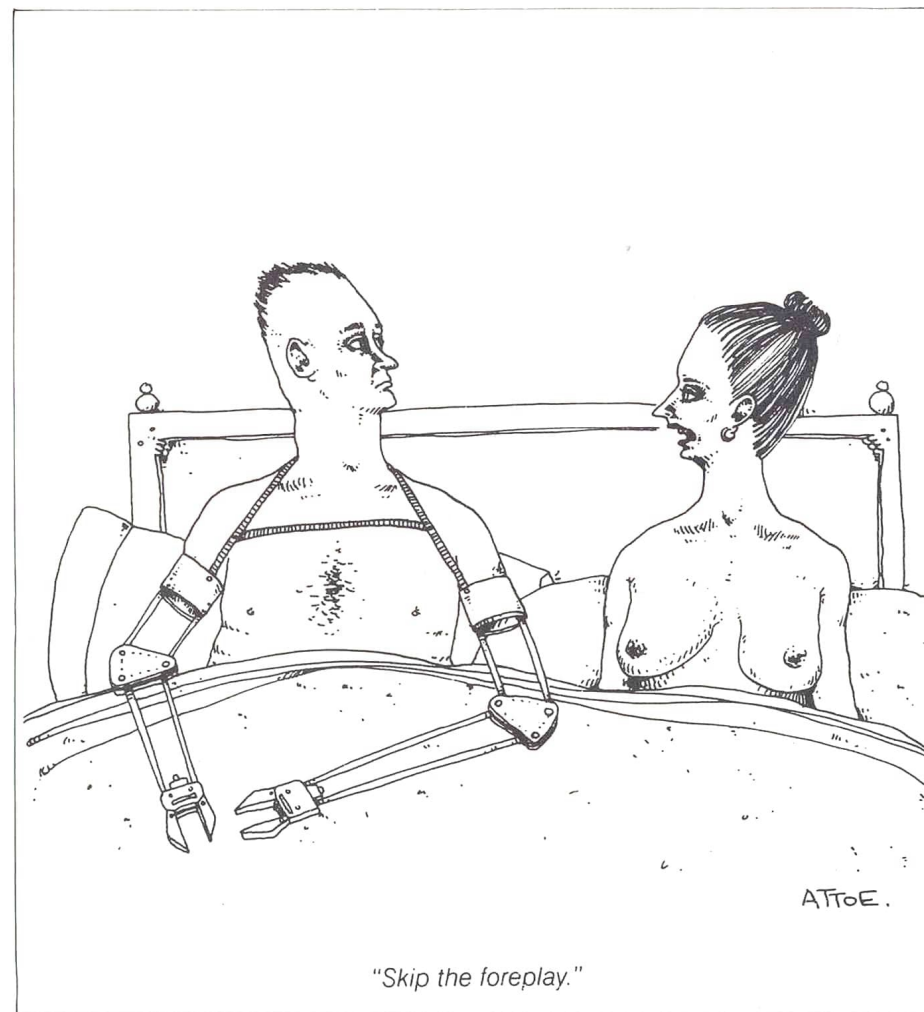
I thought about the battle at the Golden Temple and what a massacre it must have been, with the Indian Army's tanks and artillery blowing holes through the walls, and the machine guns pouring fire through the breaches and windows. I thought about how the Sikhs had been run down and murdered by Hindu rioters, their bodies mutilated and burned, after Indira Gandhi had been killed by her own bodyguards.

And now, to keep the killing going, the Sikhs had formulated a plan to contaminate the nation's food and water, to destroy its nuclear reactors, and to assassinate at will with trained hit teams.

The hatred from both sides was almost a tangible thing. Now I was going to become a part of it.

I began to structure my notes. I would have a report for the FBI of a kind they didn't see every day. ☐

Next month: the dramatic and tragic conclusion of Camper's story.



"Skip the foreplay."

PICTURESQUE



When the statuesque Dominique St Croix wished she was in pictures as a teenager, she could hardly have imagined these glorious pages would be one of the results. For it was movies she was referring to, but just as fortune favors the brave, her appearance here coincides with the release of her movie debut in the US called *Recruits*. "It's been a stunning year for me," admits this stunner.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER





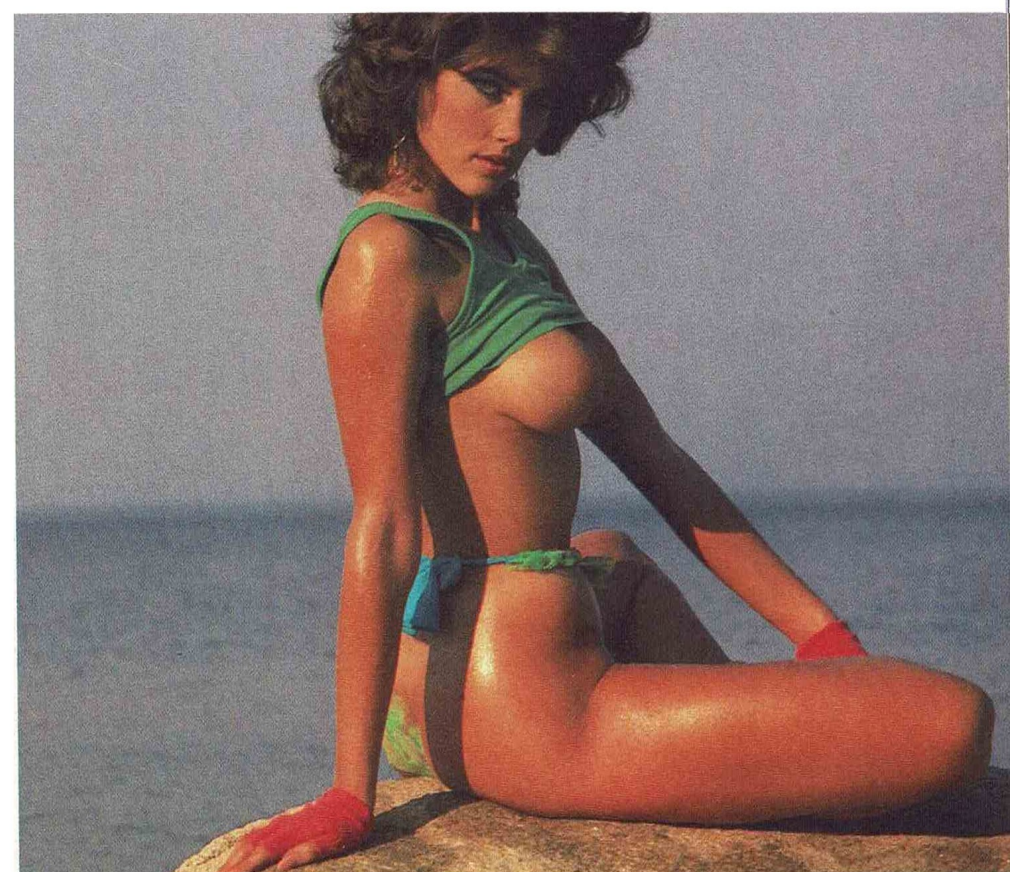
But Dominique's Hollywood breakthrough won't dazzle her. "I'm a traditional girl, and that's not going to change no matter what I do. I'm an old-fashioned country type at heart."



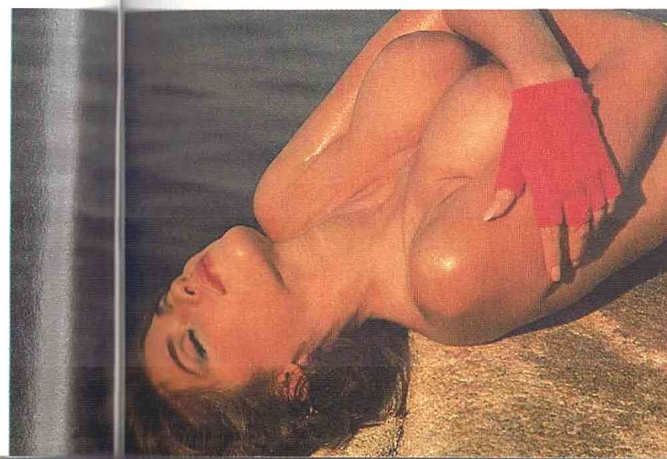


Cinema-
goers will
not be
denied
further
glimpses of
her. "In
one
scene,"
she
explains,
"my shirt
gets ripped
off — only
they didn't
tell me it
was
coming
because
they
wanted me
to look
astonished.
I came up
with the
goods,
believe me.





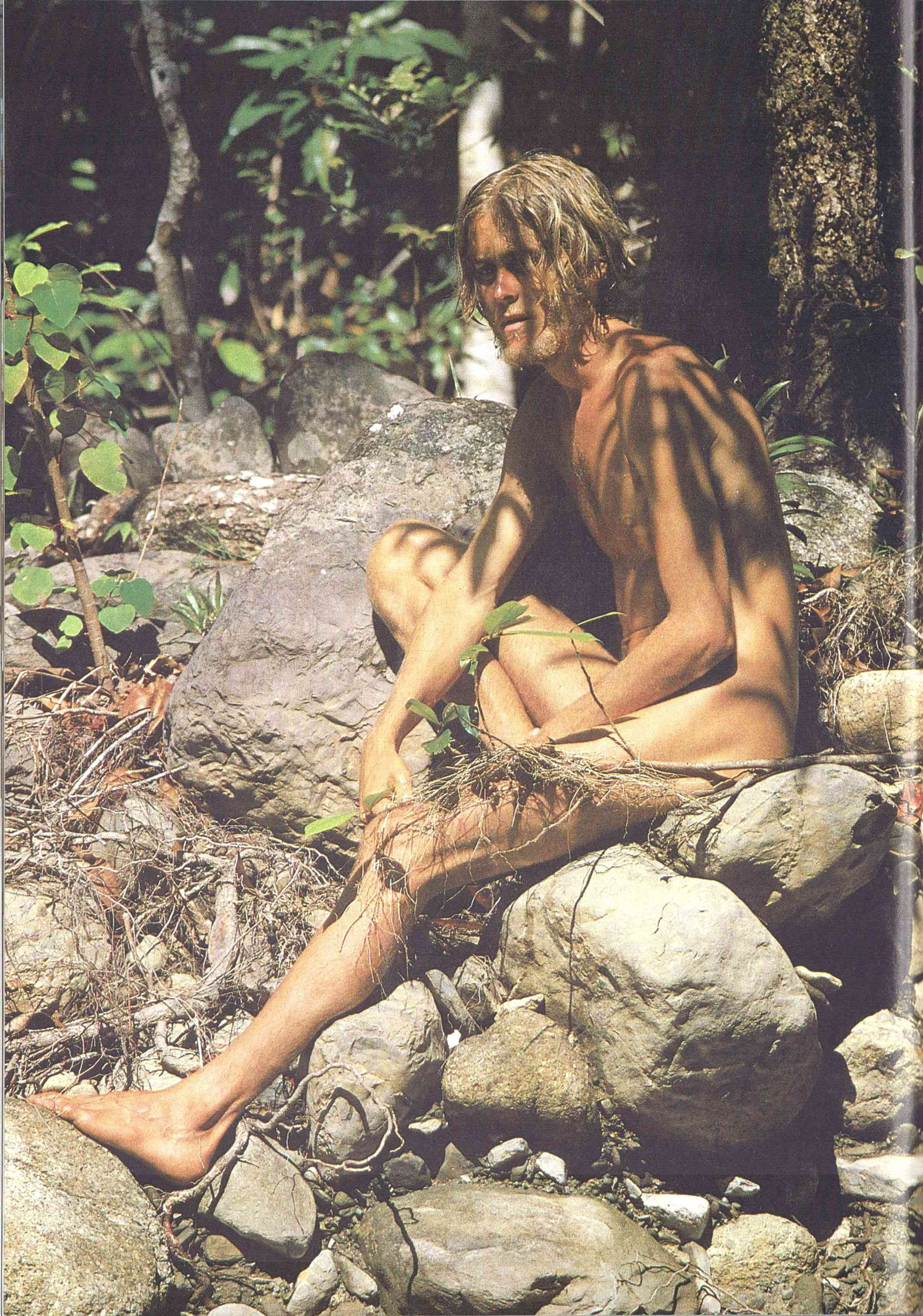
"There I was, topless in front of the whole cast, crew and spectators. God, I was so stunned. But I must confess the whole incident left me feeling so hot afterwards that my boyfriend didn't know what had gotten into me when I got home."



"I'm hoping this is just the beginning. There's tremendous excitement in the movies — and it does amazing things if you have an exhibitionist streak in you, as I have."

○+ 18





The jungle tribes of Far North Queensland have turned on and tuned out of the 20th Century

FERAL MAN

BY FRANK ROBSON



Just before the wet season the jungle is always thirsty. When a cloudburst ends, there is a sound like sucking. Plump mangoes make flabby *plops* against the mulch of the forest floor, which the process of decomposition renders warm to the touch.

Of the countless millions that litter the ground from the Daintree River, north of Mossman in far north Queensland, to Cooktown, only a tiny percentage are eaten by humans. But of that percentage an astonishing number — up to 40 mangoes per person each day — are consumed by a ragged band of South American “live food” cultists who roam the world on a singular mission: finding and eating just-ripe tropical fruit.

In late November — for the third consecutive season — the Fruit People arrived, hungry, at the Auravale Nature Farm, a 100-hectare rainforest wilderness adjoining a national park where, until 18 months ago, veteran hippies still lived among the coconut palms at Cedar Bay.

Travelling light, the Fruit People brought only their voracious appetites, a soccer ball, a cassette player and (for formal occasions) sarongs or lap-laps. Most of the time they are naked, their lean bodies the color of mahogany and their wild hair bleached yellow by the sun. At Auravale they joined local denizens, including the owner of the property and the other ex-Cedar Bay dropouts who came to the jungles before a lot of today's high school kids were born, and waited for the full moon. Daily, their numbers grew.

Up the tortuous jungle track leading off the Bloomfield-to-Cooktown road came hippies as diverse as the species of

PHOTOS BY ARTHUR MOSTEAD

FERAL

mango that grow like weeds throughout the forest: youthful hippies snooty with cliched idealism, middle-aged pioneering hippies clutching fiddles and moonshine, black hippies, pissed hippies, tripping hippies, sombre sober hippies . . . hippies so isolated from conventional society they regard outsiders as "the enemy."

Not one of them was personally invited.

Yet each year at the same time, like migratory creatures drawn by the juxtaposition of mangoes and moon, they flock to Auravale for Don's Party. But this Don is no barbie-loving Mr Suburbia, like the star of Williamson's famous play (famous south of the Daintree, that is; up here, like many things, it's virtually unheard of). Don Croft, owner of Auravale, is a man of the wilderness: very hairy, usually naked, lean as a whippet. He first trekked into Cedar Bay in 1972 and has been in the area almost continuously ever since.

Almost without exception, Croft and the handful of jungle survivors have rejected cities as the main cause of all human woes. But life can be hellishly dull in isolation, which is how the tradition of the mango party got started.

"It began as an excuse to do something, to eat mangoes," says one of the faithful. "But now it's really just an excuse to smoke everybody's dope."

There's a distinct fading of idealism in the ranks of those who long ago set themselves apart from what one alternative guru calls "maim-scream" society . . . giving a sort of *Big Chill* atmosphere to the mango reunion.

Like Croft, many of the guests have backslid to such vices as cigarettes, alcohol and even the once-despised red meat, finding the social isolation of abstinence too dreary to bear. But they hang on in the wilderness, living — basically — the timeless existence of a small native tribe. Some, like Croft's friend Rain Forest John — the first to build a house at Cedar Bay and the last to leave — have not been south of the crocodile-infested Daintree River for ten years.

These are the hippies who never returned to commerce and Mammon, who refused to acknowledge the passing of the peace-and-love decade and move on to something else. In this way (and certainly in geographic terms) they're not unlike those Japanese soldiers who occasionally surface on Pacific islands, bayonets fixed, convinced the war goes on.

As Croft himself puts it: "If major cities were wiped out by nuclear blasts, we wouldn't know about it until next week's newspapers . . . usually, I don't see any world outside this valley."

This cuts both ways. To the rest of Australia, the stay-put hippies must seem like dinosaurs in a lost world. Separated for so

long from the march of events, they have essentially abdicated their positions in the 20th Century.

Two days before reaching Auravale, I sat opposite the man most hippies love to hate — former Queensland Environment Minister Martin Tenni — in his modest electoral office (attached to a service station) at an outer-Cairns suburb. Tenni's best-known political victory was the bulldozing of a road through the rainforest, linking Cape Tribulation and Bloomfield.

It was an odd victory for an environment minister, and on the day the road opened scores of outraged hippies lined the edge of the forest screaming, "No Road! No Road!" at the crowd of officials, including Tenni, who'd gathered for the opening ceremony.

Tenni is a feisty little ex-cane farmer who feels at least as intensely about hippies as they do about him. Incensed by the chants, he leaped on to the back of a parked truck with his ever-ready bullhorn.

"No Dole!" he boomed. "No Dole! No Dole!" The crowd of VIPs obediently took up his call, drowning out the forest folk. The clash was bitter but predictable: several times in the past, Martin Tenni has actually come to blows with hippies.

"They're parasites!" he told me in his office. "Parasites on the taxpayers. They're no good to themselves, any other person or to the development of this country. They deliberately go into those areas and hide themselves where there's no employment and endless dole payments."

"The Labor Party keeps feeding them taxpayers' money to get their vote. ALP people crawl around the scrub making sure they're all on the electoral roll, even if they do live under bits of tin. In my book they should get nothing. *Nothing!*"

On our first night in search of what we'd come to think of as feral people ("wild, not domesticated" — *Collins English Dictionary*), Cairns photographer Arthur Mostead and I camped at Cow Bay, south of Cape Trib.

Just on dusk an old Valiant chugged into the clearing and a tiny, haunted-looking man with a strong European accent came across to ask if he could camp next to us. Then he went out on the beach and stood a long time in his floppy shorts, staring across a glassy sea. On the side of his car was an erratically-painted message: "Freedom, freedom, freedom for the mankind of this earth!" ("The woods are full of mysteries" — *Old Jungle Saying*.)

Next morning the owner of a caravan cafe beside the road said most of the hippies were further north. "We get the odd one here," he said. "For a while they always seem like reasonable blokes. Then they must take mushies or something, and start acting bloody strange. They vanish eventually, and come back quite a while later. They must take too many of those

things, because they only *half* come back, if you know what I mean."

At Cape Tribulation we stopped at the old blockade site where some of those who opposed the new road still live in humpies on a forested slope. The site marks the start of the new road, but although their signs still stood ("U-TURN HERE"; "YOU ARE DESTROYING GOD'S CREATION"), there was not a nature-defender to be found.

"They've all driven off to a mango party or some damn thing," we were told at the local shop.

Where?

"North — up the new road. They won't be back for days."

Following the party-goers deeper into the jungle, we coined a new word: *hippicrits*. When the shopkeeper said the party was at a property owned by Don Croft, the name seemed vaguely familiar . . . I was still trying to place it when we turned into the Auravale track several hours later and saw what looked like our first truly feral hippie.

He was running beside the track — naked, a mango in one hand — loping tirelessly through the shady tunnel of wet, glistening bush. Startled by the sight of two obvious city dudes in a big white 4WD Toyota (a Budget sign plastered across the door), he seemed to consider diving into the undergrowth, then changed his mind, flashing white teeth in acknowledgement of our wave.

We didn't know it at the time, but he was one of the Fruit People, heading for a dip in the creek before joining the other South Americans in their afternoon ritual of nude soccer and nude standing-on-heads under the mango trees.

("We libbin' like Jesus and Moses, mon," a Fruit Person would later explain. "We in de wilderness wid nature. Nudder twenny years, everybody gunna do dis!")

Even when we met Don Croft, naked in his rustic armchair under a sunshade roof, I didn't recognise him as the young man I'd interviewed here ten years ago, on the occasion of his becoming the owner of what was then called the Cedar Bay Holiday resort. But Croft, 32, remembered: he spoke of the encounter as though it had occurred a few weeks ago. Then, of course, I recalled the property and the unusual events that led to my visit in 1976 on behalf of a southern newspaper.

Croft was among the original Cedar Bay hippies. Like so many at the time, he left an upper-middle class family in the early Seventies and went in search of Truth and God and Fun, though not necessarily in that order. From Kuranda, near Cairns, Croft — fresh from a Melbourne grammar school — and his friends moved to Cedar Bay in 1972, when the property he now calls Auravale was owned by an English pilot who hired gun-toting caretakers to prevent hippies from the coast (a three-hour hike over the hills) from nesting in the

soft beds of his holiday lodge.

The lodge was just an old fibro house set in a grassy clearing and business was lousy, but Roger Perry-Keene (the owner) felt sure things would improve if he could only get rid of the drug-crazed freaks who used his land to gain access to Cedar Bay.

His caretakers once surprised a group of hippies who called themselves The Creatures asleep in the lodge beds, and sent them galloping with shotgun blasts above their heads. Then the long-suffering Perry-Keene placed a remarkable advertisement in a Cairns newspaper: "There are no hippies at the Cedar Bay Holiday Resort."

But even this tempting claim didn't attract tourists and Perry-Keene sold out . . . to Don Croft, a friend and confidant of the trespassing Creatures. Croft's father provided the necessary \$55,000, and young Don changed the name of the property to Minas Tirith (from Tolkien, naturally), claiming the very fruit trees had responded to his

He was
running beside the
track — naked, a mango in
one hand — loping tirelessly
through the shady tunnel of
wet, glistening bush

"non-aggressive karma", becoming healthier and more prolific. He was a Zen Buddhist, Croft told me in 1976, and at Minas Tirith he would "discover nature, and through nature my true self." He was a vegetarian, of course, and he visualised a Utopian community in the valley where carnivores and their aggressive behavior would not be tolerated.

So . . . what's changed in a decade? Outwardly, almost nothing. Parrots still scream from the jungle and march flies still hunt in relays for fresh human blood. A band of wild-looking children, offspring of Cedar Bay hippies, run whooping through the bush; their parents, busy in other parts of the country, apparently use Auravale as a live-in *creche*.

Croft, unmarried, shares his house with an enduring female devotee of that smug old fruitcake, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. Croft regards all the youngsters, and the Cedar Bay refugees who've taken sanctuary at Auravale, as part of his family. He's thinner now, a bit worn-looking. Surprisingly, although he protested about the new road, Croft has plans to capitalise on the influx of tourists by opening a holiday lodge

. . . just like Perry-Keene!

"I dunno," he concedes vaguely. "You can't seem to stop progress, even though it would be nice if you could." The sentence captures the mood; there is a sense of time suspended, as though Croft and his people are *still* trying to deduce what they've been searching for all these years. A lot of them came here almost direct from school; their experience of life, of the cities they continue to condemn as bad for body and soul, is very narrow, and it sometimes seems they repeat the old hippie platitudes to convince *themselves* they've done the right thing.

Says Croft: "Back in the Seventies I looked up and down the east coast for the right kind of land. I found northern NSW was too close to the cities — everyone was still doing a city trip. On weekends they'd go to the cities and the city vibe was still there . . ."

(He accepted another Benson & Hedges and took a reflective pull on a cold can of Fosters from our car fridge.)

"All my life, I knew something was wrong in the cities. Someone was pulling the wool over our eyes — I don't know what the problem really was, but I did know I wouldn't find the solution in Melbourne."

Yet the last time he visited Melbourne, four years ago, Croft found it difficult to leave. "There were 50 movies showing every night! A hundred different bands playing . . . There were libraries and museums and all kinds of people doing different, interesting things. It's a real trap!"

Why the necessity to leave? Why not just enjoy it?

Croft assumed an expression that would become familiar over the next few days: a faintly amused, condescending look, favored by those of a mystical persuasion. "I see all those things [in the city] merely as diversions to keep you off the track," he said. "To divert attention from what's really going on. Those things stop people thinking, so they can't think themselves straight."

(An alternative view might be that an *absence* of stimulation stops people thinking, but it was too hot that afternoon for debate.)

Croft went on: "I've always foreseen that cities are going to fall apart and the system will collapse. I don't know when, but it's going to happen quick! There won't be enough time to get your money out of the bank."

As we talked, several more naked men appeared on the outskirts of the conversation. One, with a lot of hair and dreamy blue eyes, tootled tunelessly on a flute. Another, younger hippie stood poised like a deer at the edge of a waterhole. He seemed to sense danger, yet — though prepared for flight — appeared intrigued by our presence. There was something like terror in his eyes, perhaps put there by hallucinogenic mushrooms.

"Tootle toot toot!" went the would-be flautist, deeply absorbed by these sounds.



FERAL

"Tootle tootle toot."

(Photographer Mostead later confided that he'd never met a hippie who could actually play his musical instrument. It had the ring of a global truth.)

But there are exceptions. Don Croft strummed his guitar, accompanying himself in a practised rendition of what sounded like an old Neil Young number:

"To fade away so young

With so much left undone . . ."

The line stayed in my mind, for obvious reasons, while Croft spoke of Cedar Bay in the early days . . . long before the Queensland government, as a means of finally banishing the hippies that so troubled Perry-Keene, declared the area a national park.

"It was a commune in the truest sense," he said. "Everything was shared. We ate together, smoked together, and sometimes we all slept together! In the busiest season there must have been 100 people. There was a Maori camp, a pig-hunters' camp, a fruitarian camp, a vegetarian camp and so on. No governing body or anything like that — it was anarchy, true anarchy!"

He recalled the paramilitary-style police raid in early 1976, when he was busted for possession of marijuana seeds, and when every dwelling at Cedar Bay was razed to the earth by an invasion force that came by land, sea and air. At another stage, a whole contingent of veteran acid freaks moved in; even the hippies found this crowd "a bit different." People just released from mental institutions (or just escaped) formed their own weird little enclave on the paradisaical shore, calmed by the ready acceptance they found among residents.

(It's interesting to imagine a liberated mental patient's first encounter with the ever-curious hippies: "So you're into insanity? Far out! Go for it, man . . . I mean, like, don't hold back on our account!")

"Mind you," Croft said, "some of them *should* have been back in asylums. And some who hadn't been in asylums should have been. Most people stayed up to six months, then left. They didn't have it together enough to survive the wet season."

Night had fallen on our little corner of the jungle like a damp black blanket, the humid, cloying silence disturbed by sudden screeches of birds jostling for roosting spots in the high timber and the now-familiar *ker-splat* of mangoes.

In and out of our vision raced the tireless feral children, their eyes flashing white in the darkness. I listened entranced to their yells and laughter — now close, moments later sounding far off in the jungle. Some of them were actually conceived on the warm sands of Cedar Bay . . . second generation hippies. And such strangely *knowing* children — especially the girls —

for whom observation of adult life among the palms, and their parents' belief in keeping nothing from inquiring minds (however young), must have left them few mysteries by the age of eight or nine.

"The only reason I'd go back to the city," said the hippie who had mercifully put aside his flute, "would be if I could do some good for the people there. Like . . . [he hesitates, only for a moment] like Jesus, for instance. That man was so powerful and so aware that we *must* follow his example, and he spurned the city for isolation."

His fingers strayed alarmingly toward the flute, so I asked what it was about the cities he disliked. "Pollution, noise, crazy people, a lack of love and just plain . . . feeling," he said. "Like, I'm a very spiritually inclined and creative person, and I like to keep my instincts above — well, not above, but I do what my instincts tell me. I've been up here ten years . . . In the city I just find people talking a load of garbage:

"It was a commune in the truest sense," he said. "Everything was shared. We ate together, smoked together, and sometimes we all slept together"

menial, trivial things that'll never get them anywhere."

Croft sang on in his pleasant, restful tones: *"To fade away so young/With so much left undone . . ."*

Even as a kid, Rain Forest John loved going with his parents to the Melbourne Botanic Gardens, where he would minutely examine shrubs and trees. Small and bird-like, with a big nose and long hair, he lives alone now in a neat little lean-to beside the jungle, about a kilometre from Croft's house. In the late Sixties, when he left school, John's long hair meant he could get a job only in a music store — "in the middle of a big building" — where he stayed for five years.

When he made it to Cedar Bay in 1973, John vanished into the jungle "to study the forest . . . to be free as a bird . . . to live like an animal." He existed without even a shelter, lost in contemplation of the exotic life forms he found. Later, he built Cedar Bay's first all-weather house and devoted 11 years to nurturing the fruit and vegetable gardens that fed so many.

Then the area became a national park

and Rain Forest John, under pressure from the authorities, was the last hippie to leave. Crossing the hills to Croft's property, he began from scratch, planting crops, starting work on a new house and roaming the bush to survey the amount of usable timber left in the vicinity.

On the morning before the mango party he sat in his semi-open shelter, a book on botany beside his pillow, and told us, "This life is for always with me. My interests are all here: the fresh air, the sea, the mountains and trees and birds. I love it here." There was something instantly refreshing about his straightforward manner.

He described a grand plan — "a lifetime project" — to collect seeds and make nurseries for all the good timber-producing trees, of which few now remain.

He won't use the timber himself because the trees will take 60 years to mature: hickory, cedar, teak and nut trees, which Rain Forest John figures will benefit "my grandchildren and Don's, and many nice wooden houses can be built here."

His role will be maintenance.

"I have in mind a ride-on mower," he said, smiling in anticipation of this coveted object. "I'll just drive up and down on my ride-on mower, between the rows of trees, and cut the grass. It'll be a really nice life! I'll take the odd short holiday," he added, soberly, "but most of the time I'll have to be here for maintenance."

Rain Forest John believes in Newton's law of cause and effect, equating it with Christ's teaching: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." He has progressive views on nuclear energy and even admits to liking tourists. He plans his work schedule several days in advance, saying there is always a risk in the jungle of becoming "very, very idle."

That night, sleeping on the ground, I was badly savaged by fleas. A midget bantam crowed every few seconds from 2am onwards; after a while I went looking for it, to kill it, but it seemed to be everywhere and nowhere, and I was distracted by the sight of the Fruit People snoozing contentedly on the dirt floor of an old barn beneath the mango trees.

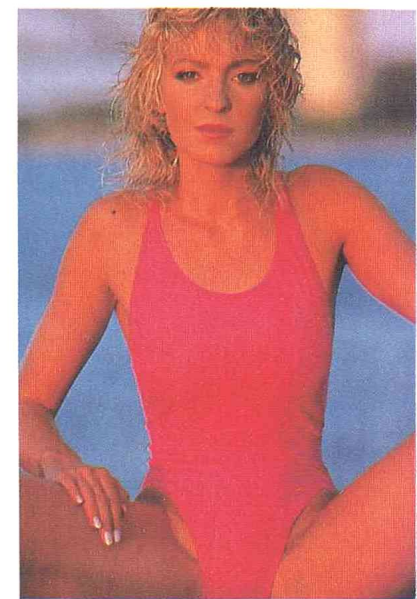
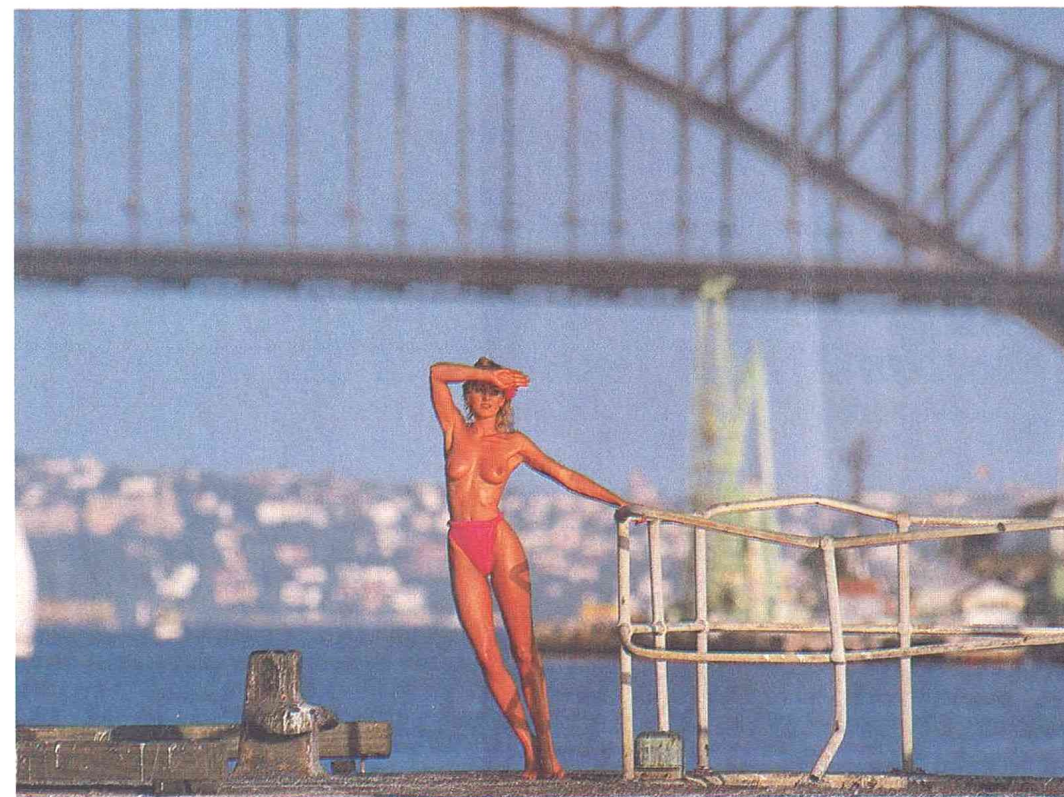
In a single day the five of them accounted for almost 200 mangoes. They are part of an obscure but dedicated world movement: people who "follow the fruit."

Because mangoes ripen progressively from north to south, the Fruit People might start their diarrhoeatic odyssey in northern India and eat down through the sub-continent, across Asia, down the Malay Peninsula to Indonesia and Darwin, across to Cooktown and down the east coast. By then, it's time to start again in northern India.

Peculiar emotions surfaced that afternoon. Mysteriously, Don Croft was no longer polite. We saw him loading gravel

Continued on page 144

KRISTINA



Garments by Fine Lines, Holeproof & Faeries Antique Lace, Paddington; Bedding by Sheridan & Faeries Antique Lace; Jewellery & accessories by the House Of Merivale & Georges; Boots by The Emporio; Bathroom accessories from Derek Scott.

It's all there — the dulcet tones of her honey-sweet voice, the beguiling glance and flutter of her doe eyes, the flush, the butter-wouldn't-melt-in-her-mouth . . . Now hang on there — Are we talking about the same woman? Better believe it. Kristina Dwyer may be just 19 and just out of finishing school in England's isolated north, but don't try to keep *anything* from melting in her vicinity. This is impossible heat . . .

MELTDOWN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

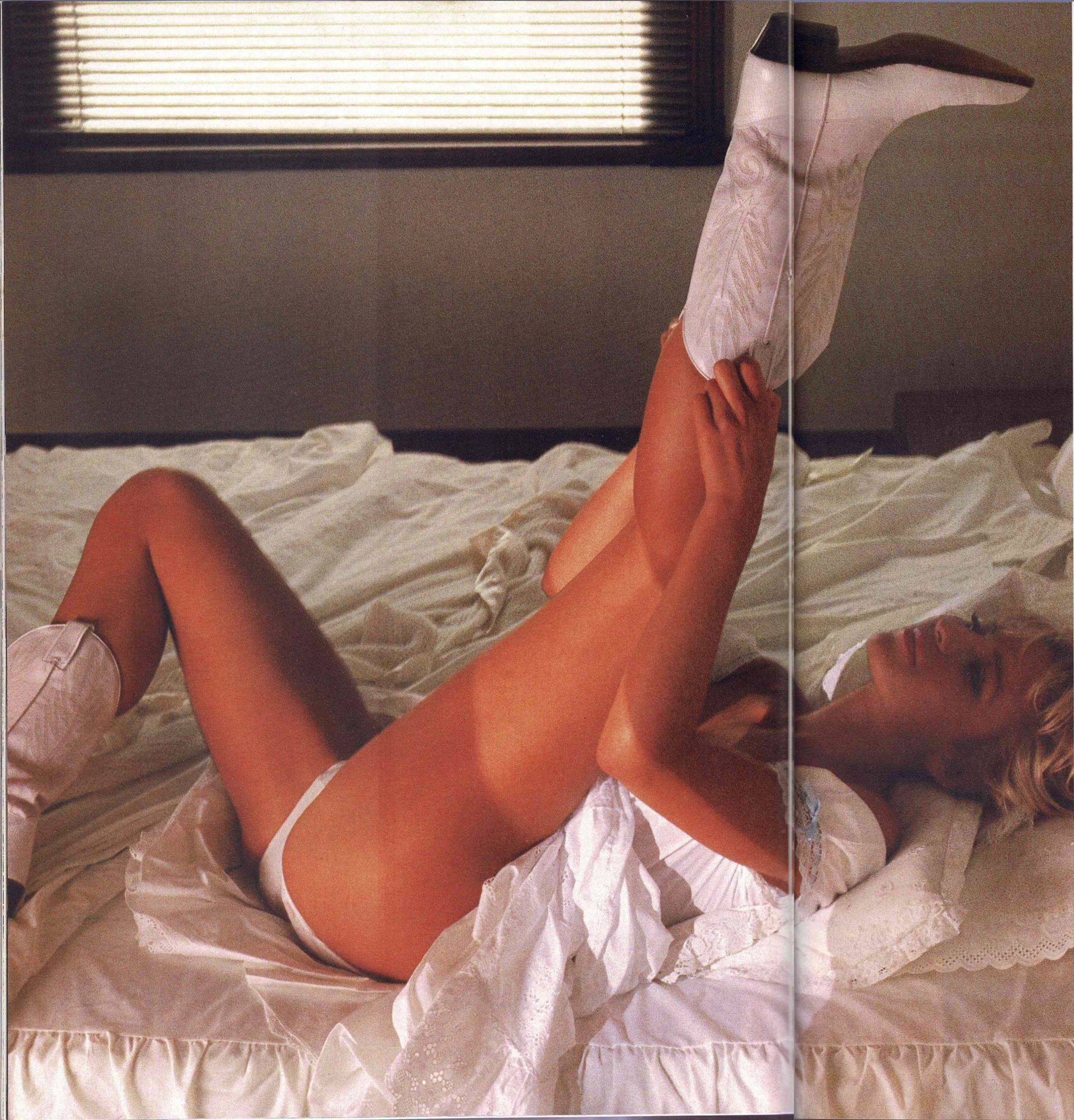






Is this the
same woman
who just a
year ago was
studying
cordon bleu
cooking,
flower-
arranging,
dressmaking,
etiquette, with
lights-out at
ten — now to
be found at
Sydney's
nightspots
dancing into
the early
hours? You
know the
answer, but
forget the
question.
You'll be flat
out keeping
up with her as
it is . . .







There are plans, you see: travel, endless sunshine and beaches — a trip to the US, and back to see more of Europe. And special men . . . Kristina is a young woman stepping out, and that step is in time with the driving beat of Eighties' rock and roll — not chamber music and Jane Austen novels . . .



It's *meltdown*, what should be renamed The Kristina Syndrome. A nuclear reaction in every atom . . . Spontaneous combustion of your senses. Her flames lick your whole being. She's blown your cool . . .

OTB





KRISTINA DWYER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





BY T.D. ALLMAN

You may be too jet-lagged to notice it, but the interminable ride from Narita airport into Tokyo offers more than an endless vista of the Japanese industrial heartland. It provides a glimpse into one of the more colorful corners of the Japanese psyche.

On the outskirts of Tokyo, not far from Japan's Disneyland, you pass what looks like an attraction at an amusement park — and, in a bizarre sense, it is. Built in the shape of an ocean liner, complete with smokestacks, a promenade deck, lifeboats, and portholes, this strange edifice is called the *Queen Elizabeth 2*.

But this is one cruise ship that never goes to sea.

It is one of Japan's thousands of "love hotels" — in fact the flagship, so to speak, of one of the country's largest chains of love hotels — and in Japan the love hotel is a national institution as well-established,

When western invention meets eastern sexual obsession in Tokyo's nightclubs, the result is beyond the bizarre

SEX IN JAPAN

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

JAPAN

time-honored, and well-respected as the Japanese passion for *kabuki*, raw fish, flower arranging, and golf.

At the QE2, the theme of seaborne romance is pursued with characteristic Japanese relentlessness. Couples checking into the hotel are greeted by their "captain", a desk clerk wearing a nautical uniform. A recording of squawking seagulls accompanies the lovers, some of whom wear yachting costumes for the occasion, to their room — or, rather, their "stateroom", since all the bedrooms follow the nautical theme, too.

But what if bunk beds, naval braid, and the sound of crashing waves piped in through the muzak are not enough? Suppose one needs something a little more, well, unusual, to get the vital juices flowing?

The QE2's most famous *chambre d'amour*, the delights of which countless Japanese couples have savored, contains a full-scale model, constructed with habitual Japanese meticulousness, of Queen Elizabeth's coronation carriage.

There is, however, one difference between this vehicle and the one belonging to the British monarch, besides the absence of horses. Instead of plush seats, it contains a satin-sheeted bed.

In bygone times, sexual rendezvous

were not nearly so widespread or flagrant in offering their wares. Fornication and its attendant arts and industries were restricted to carefully defined areas in the major towns and cities. Tokyo's official red light district was Yoshiwara — a bitter-sweet, self-contained *demi monde* culture whose gaiety, sensuousness, and sadness helped inspire both the acclaimed paintings of Hiroshige and the films of Kurasawa. It was a place where, over the centuries, *samurai* won love and lost their innocence. The Japanese had an evocative name for Yoshiwara's principal profession and for all the ancillary industries, ranging from night-soil collection to the crafting of elegant kimonos, which it engendered. They called it *mizushobei*, or the "water trade", because everything in Yoshiwara, from human relationships to the fame and fortune of the most acclaimed courtesan of the moment, was as transient as the shape of the sea.

In a Western-style attempt to legislate morality and strongly influenced by the American Postwar Occupation Forces, the Japanese Diet, or parliament, outlawed prostitution more than 20 years ago. In a further effort to regulate public morals in Japan, stringent new anti-prostitution legislation was passed in 1984.

But — as not just Yoshiwara, but the whole of Tokyo reveals every night — it is the lawmakers who might have been writing on water. Far from diminishing the

Japanese preoccupation with extramural sex, the official statutes seem only to have spurred the Japanese sexual imagination on to new extravaganzas of baroque inventiveness. These days the water business is no longer confined to Yoshiwara. It seems to thrive all over the Tokyo megalopolis, which, with some 14 million people, has nearly the same population as Australia. And places like the QE2 seem almost strait-laced in comparison with many of Tokyo's newer and far more exotic night spots.

At other Tokyo bars the hostesses dress up to look like virginal brides, police-women, nurses, Mata Hari-like spies and Catholic nuns. The "lonely widow" theme is immensely popular in Japan. But most perennially popular of all are the bars, massage parlors, and love hotels where the practitioners of *mizushobei* — inevitably garbed in knee-length socks, pleated blue skirts, and white blouses — provide fulfillment of what seems to be the ultimate fantasy among Japanese males. This is to seduce a *jogakusei* — that is to say, a virginal schoolgirl.

Though the decor differs at all of these places, it is interesting to note a universal theme — that of forbidden fruit which is tantalisingly close yet inaccessible.

Not that blushing brides, chaste nuns, and unviolated schoolgirls even begin to exhaust the Japanese appetite for sexual fantasy.

In the Shinjuku district of Tokyo you can

visit a vinyl club. (The girls are wrapped in vinyl bags; the customers feel the vinyl, never actually touching the skin.) Or exchange sexual banter with a girl on the telephone while — behind a plate-glass window — she cavorts nude on a couch. At English (or French or German) "language academies", the Japanese, who are famous for their inability to master foreign tongues, are given graphic demonstrations of the vocabulary items of their choice by foreign, almost inevitably blonde "instructors." At *kissaten no-pants* (bottomless coffee shops), you can order any blend or brew, from espresso to Irish coffee. But few clients ever look down into their cups. The reason: above their heads is a transparent plexiglas ceiling where the "waitresses" sit, dressed — or rather undressed — in the manner the name of the coffee shop implies.

If drinking coffee while a girl exposes herself above your head is not your cup of Japanese tea, you can always visit one of the chicken-wire places, where the hostesses stand behind wire-mesh fences. For a fee of 10,000 yen (about 60 dollars), the clients are permitted to reach through the wire mesh with their hands — or any other part of their anatomy they wish — and do what the combination of their instincts, the position of the girl, and the presence of the chicken wire permits.

Elsewhere the barriers — whether of plastic, glass, or metal — fall away entirely. The main attraction at one club in Shinjuku is a kind of indoor cable car in which a nude hostess rides. Volunteers among the audience strip, climb in, and perform with the hostess as the vehicle trains out over the audience.

Shinjuku is undoubtedly the most vital, entertaining, and, at times, downright kinky of Tokyo's business-and-amusement centres. But such places are hardly limited to the Tokyo equivalent of Kings Cross. In fact one has to leave Tokyo and travel 700 kilometres southeast, to Nagasaki, to encounter the most utterly bizarre sexual environment in Japan, if not the whole world.

There, Ground Zero, where the second atomic bomb to fall on Japan was detonated in August 1945, is now the site of a love hotel.

The delegalisation of prostitution in Japan has had the same effect it has produced in other countries. While *mizushobei* once was carefully regulated and largely restricted to certain well-defined areas of the major towns and cities, it now flourishes in the most anomalous places — ranging from the sites of nuclear explosions to the most affluent and genteel districts of Japan's largest cities.

In the fashionable Meguro area of Tokyo, for example, where a two-bedroom apartment can sell for the equivalent of a million dollars, the Meguro Emperor Hotel offers its clients a menu of psychosexual options unmatched anywhere in Japan.

There is the Mercedes-Benz room, and the teahouse room, and the boating room — where the boat-bed "floats" in 15 centimetres of water. In another room an electric hoist lifts you out of bed and puts you down in a steamy, relaxing Japanese bath.

Should making love in a bed built like a limousine or being lifted up and down, stark naked, by an electric hoist not be to your taste, you might want to consider the astronaut room, which comes with space helmets and a space capsule.

And for those for whom cliché is the ultimate turn-on, there is always the jungle room, complete with plastic palm trees, hammock and gorilla suit.

Like the QE2, the Meguro Emperor Hotel is part of a nationwide chain of love hotels. Like many such hotels, it provides its clients with video cameras, so that they can record their trysts and watch themselves, when they get home, on their VCRs.

What accounts for the peculiar, at times truly bizarre, quality of the Japanese approach to what might be called "recreational sex?"

"The nightlife of Tokyo is completely different from the nightlife anywhere in the world," comments Murray Sayle, a veteran foreign correspondent and international television personality who lives in a mountain village two hours from Tokyo, "because the Japanese are totally different. Japan may have the world's most dynam-

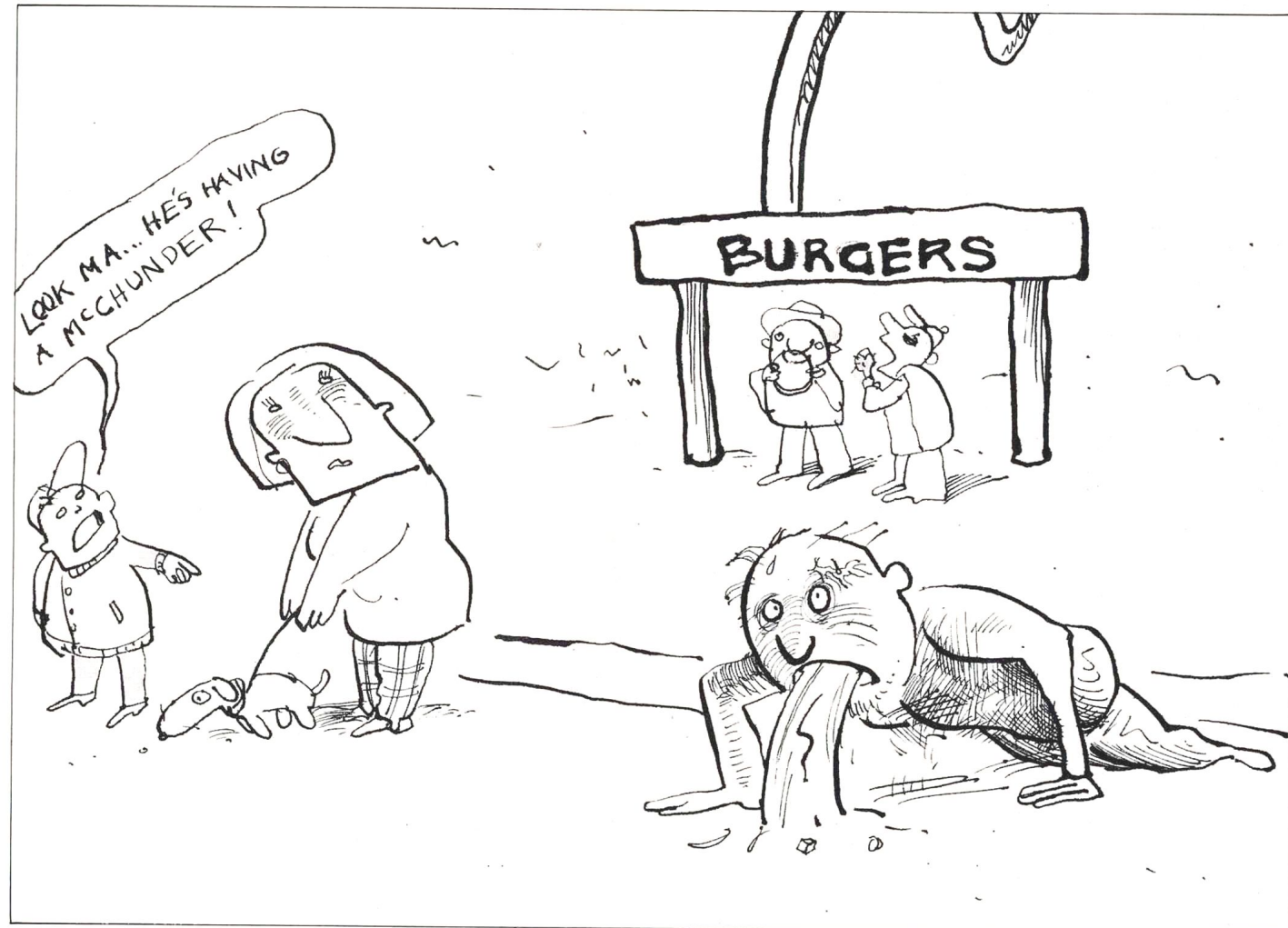
ic industrial economy. But this remains a profoundly oriental country."

Not just Japanese sex life, but the whole of Japanese life triumphantly rebuts that ingrained occidental assumption, as old as the European colonial conquests: that "development", "progress", and "industrialisation" are the same things as "Westernisation" — that is, that oriental and other peoples can only advance by becoming like us.

Beginning with the Meiji Restoration in 1867, and particularly since its defeat in World War II, Japan has successfully competed with the West, and frequently won out, in the contest for technological advancement. But all this has led to no Westernisation of Japan's soul, psyche — or sexual mores. A frankness about sexual matters and an utter tolerance of sexual aberration were characteristics of Japanese life centuries before Japan was industrialised, and they remain so today.

Over the last century or so, it is not the "Westernised" Japanese who have changed. It is we Westerners who now speak much more openly (though hardly with total ease) about matters our great-grandparents, and even our own parents, would not have dreamed of discussing with their own spouses or children.

How is it that Japanese sexual licence so successfully co-exists with Japan's well-known capacity for social and economic discipline? In attempting to explain how



JAPAN

different cultures both accommodate and control the innate human urges, some anthropologists make a sharp distinction between "shame societies" and "guilt societies."

Traditionally, Australia has been a guilt society. Even today, individualistic, relatively inner-directed Australians are taught to believe that public shame is to be scorned, as long as we are convinced of the rightness, that is to say of the guiltlessness, of our actions.

In Japan the cultural obsessions are, as they always have been, reversed. Japanese life is full of subtle taboos which, to the ceaseless bemusement and frequent horror of the communally minded Japanese, we *gaijin* (non-Japanese) violate constantly, simply because they are as meaningless to us as our traditional guilt-ridden priggishness is to the Japanese themselves. Yet for a Japanese to disregard these mores would be unforgivable — the cause of total embarrassment and shame.

Or to put it less abstractly, there is simply no reason in Japanese culture why someone should *not* indulge his fantasies of chicken wire and vinyl. As long as he acts out his fantasy in the proper place and at the proper time, he has no reason to be ashamed of it — and certainly no reason to feel guilty about it at all.

The preoccupation with paraphernalia, too, is characteristic of Japanese culture. At least since the Meiji Restoration — when, after centuries of national isolation, the Japanese threw open their doors to the outside world, and began the massive, but selective, assimilation of Western technology and manners — the Japanese have delighted in making occidental invention serve oriental need.

In many restaurants serving those two most traditional raw fish dishes of Japan, *sushi* and *sashimi*, for example, the plates circle the restaurant on a miniature railroad. Both *kabuki* and *no*, the essential Japanese theatrical art forms, are performed in theatres using computerised stage technology still rare on Broadway.

Finally, there is the fact that fantasy is a prominent feature of many different levels of life in Japan, not just in the realm of sex.

"Millions of Japanese own complete sets of golf clubs and whole wardrobes of golfing clothes," notes Murray Sayle, "and yet they never have and never will set foot on a golf course." For such people the paraphernalia of golf is of far greater importance than chasing a little white ball around the Japanese countryside. For them, the golfing life may be limited to a putting green or driving range, in downtown Tokyo or Osaka, no larger than an Australian backyard. But the software of golf provides a quick, safe, and affordable escape from the regimentation of corporate life.

Like many peoples, the Japanese — especially when they go out for the night, and after they have had a few drinks — like to sing. But in Japan this almost never happens the way it would in a German beer hall, an English pub, or an Australian club. For one thing, the communal, conformist Japanese almost never sing in groups.

Instead, in some little dive not much larger than a phone booth, where at most a half-dozen regulars fill all the stools around a tiny bar, the *mamasan* puts on a tape and hands one of her customers a microphone. The tape plays the orchestration of a Western or Japanese pop song. But there is no voice track.

The man with the microphone takes a sip of *sake* as the violins and saxophones begin to play. Then (though he speaks no English) he begins to sing "My Way." For a brief but treasured moment he no longer is a tiny cog in the giant Sony, Mitsubishi, or Toyota machine. He is what he is when

If drinking coffee
while a girl exposes
herself above your head is
not your cup of Japanese tea,
you can always visit one of
the chicken-wire places

he puts on his golf gear or takes it off, or when he puts on the gorilla suit — not just an individual, but the master of his fate, a star.

Japan remains pre-eminently a man's country. But one consequence of the growing numbers of *o-els* ("office ladies" or female corporate executives) is what Minato Asakawa, the Deputy Editor of the Japanese edition of *Penthouse*, calls the "sex service industry" catering to women with the same inventiveness it has always used to fulfil the fantasies of Japan's men.

At Hercules — a host, as opposed to hostess club — the employees all use professional names like Thor, Jupiter, and Apollo. They wear togas for their female customers, though with a particular Japanese twist. The togas have special clasps which allow the customers to remove them without difficulty. At Caesar, another host club in the Kabuki-cho neighborhood of Tokyo's Shinjuku, the employees wear tuxedos. Here the harassed *o-el*, for ten or 15 yen, can escape the pressures of corporate success for an evening and fulfil her fantasy of a tryst with a Japanese Julio Iglesias. At other host clubs,

the men dress as cowboys or impersonate romantic movie stars.

Meanwhile, the water trade pursues its quest for the ultimate turn-on as obsessively as Japanese industry pursues its quest for the ultimate export. One of the most popular new services offers fulfilment of what might be called the "television sportscar commercial" fantasy. For a fee of about \$150, a sexy girl driving an equally sexy foreign automobile (usually a Mercedes or BMW) picks up her customer at a place of his choosing. Then, as in the fade-out of every successful auto ad, man, girl and car accelerate romantically into the night.

The result of such sexual permissiveness — paradoxical only by our Western standards — is no doubt to strengthen that essential discipline in Japanese life which helps explain not only Japan's immense trade surplus but so much else of that country's success as well.

Why walk out on your wife, why tell the boss to go to hell — why opt for an "alternative lifestyle" — when even your most outlandish urges can be satisfied, so long as you work hard enough and long enough to pay for them?

For an Australian in Tokyo, a foray into the world of *mizushobei* thus offers a glimpse not just of the occasional kinkiness, but of the essential orderliness of Japan.

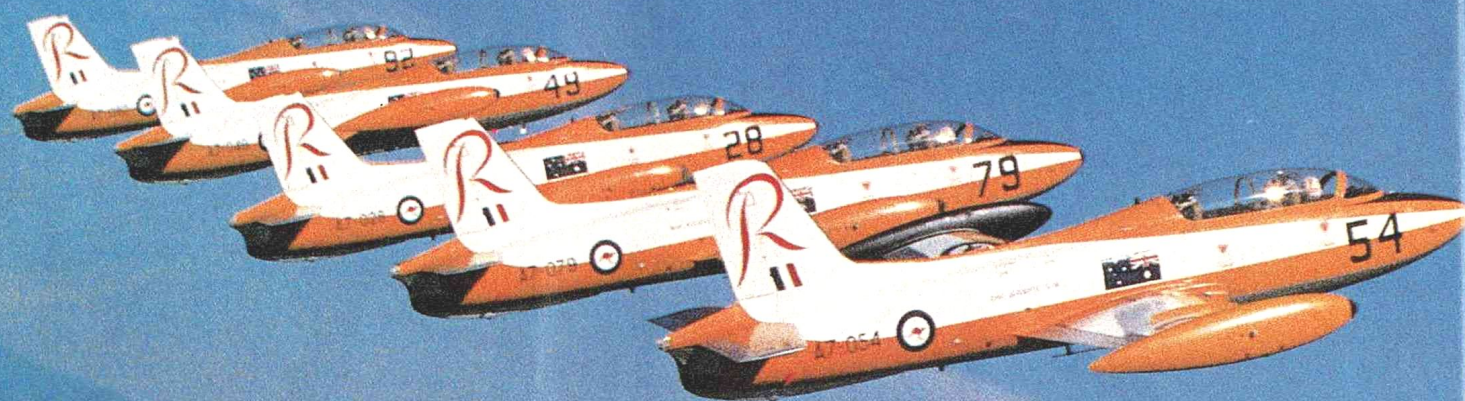
The hostesses — and hosts — may preside over orgies. But many of them are union members, their pay, hours, and professional hygiene meticulously regulated. Even in the wildest sections of Shinjuku, violent crime is non-existent by, say, American standards (and utterly unthinkable against foreigners). Streetwalkers are virtually unknown. (Prostitution, unlike bottomless coffee houses, topless boxing, and "language academies", is, after all, illegal in Japan.) Use of drugs is even more rare than visits to a psychiatrist.

And for all the availability of sexual stage props, one kind of sexual fantasy fulfilment — military — is simply not to be had in Japan. The outcome of World War II seems to have permanently purged the Japanese of any fascination, political or sexual, with uniforms and related paraphernalia. However bizarre his nocturnal amusements, you can be sure the Japanese libertine you encounter tonight not only will be non-violent, but will have turned back into a dutiful husband, loving father, and loyal employee by morning.

Westerners spend years and fortunes trying to "integrate" their lives. But the Japanese seem to do just fine by making their lives deliberately non-integrated — by never dreaming of wearing the gorilla suit at the office, or the business suit in the love hotel.

Could it be that here too, not just in the manufacture of motor cars and stereo sets, we Westerners have something to learn from the people who have learned so much from us? ☐





BY PETER MCKAY

How close is close? Try two metres apart, at 400 knots, good buddy. That's bloody close but business as usual for the five pilots in the quaintly dated jet-engined Macchi trainers swooping across the skyline.

Easy does it. No place for a sneeze here. No place for show ponies or airheads. Steadiness and a flowing technique are the criteria when the RAAF Roulettes go into their gee-whiz aerobatics display.

The razzle-dazzle routines carry names like Rhombus Loop and Hammerhead and Snake Loop. The climax is the Kings Cross Bomb Burst, in which the five race across the skies in one-three-one formation and then head for the heavens before looping around and dropping towards Earth like a cracker night star-rocket.

The Roulettes are Australia's only sanctioned air force aerobatic team. The men of the Central Flying School and their Macchi 326H trainers are the airborne equivalent of the Holden Precision Driving Team.

For 15 years now they have barnstormed across the big, brown land — from Darwin to Dubbo, from

There's no room for error or airheads in the RAAF Roulettes

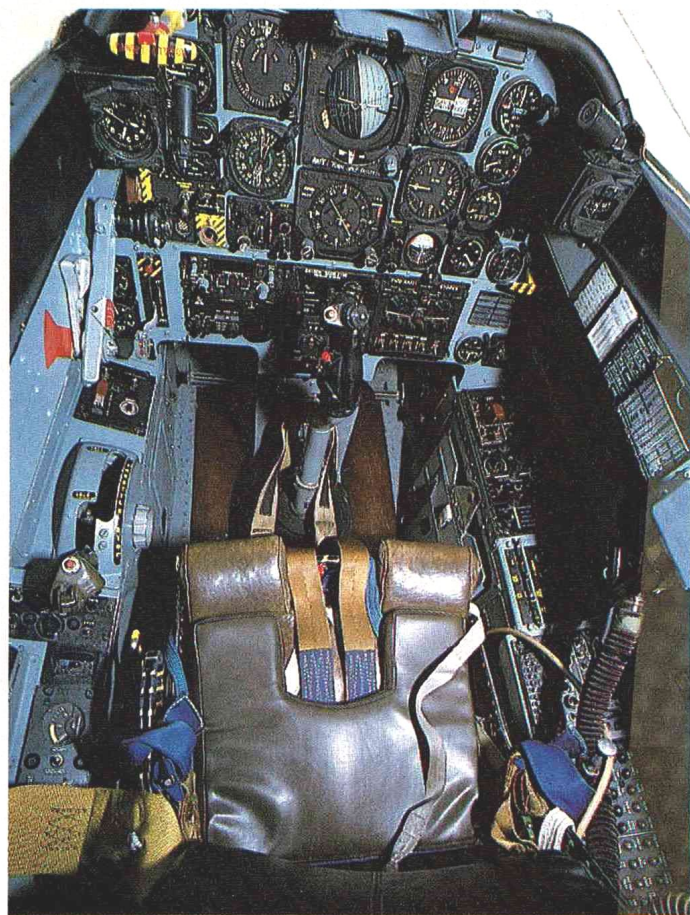
SKY JINKS

PHOTOS BY GRAHAM MONRO/CANON T90



Ballarat to Bundaberg. Earthbound mortals here, there and everywhere look skywards and there they are . . . the RAAF's unofficial public relations kings in all their twisting, gyrating glory.

Like Bob Hawke, they magically turn up at every important happening in Australia: the Australian Grand Prix in Adelaide, the Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race, the James Hardie 1000, the Schofields Air Show . . . The Roulettes go through their exuber-

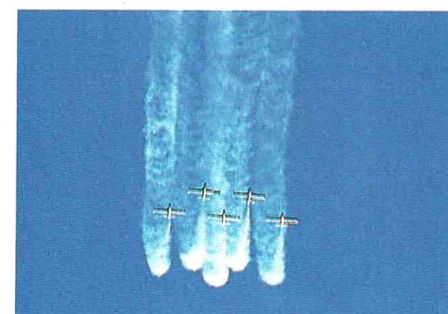


Top: A Macchi jet lands at the East Sale RAAF Base, home of the Central Flying School. **Above left:** Central Flying School emblem. **Right:** View of Macchi cockpit. **Far right:** A card five formation flies behind an RAAF Hercules bomber over Bass Strait.





Left: A card five formation breezes along at 300 knots at the bottom of a loop and 150 knots at the top (300 knots equals 550 kms/hour). Below: A card five formation. Below left: The team execute a rhombus loop, in sequence. Below right: Moving into a Vic barrel roll.



ant synchronised routines maybe 18 times every year, the displays squeezed into a regular RAAF work schedule. For the most part of their airforce life these youthful adventurers — oldest 41, the rest under 30 — train operational pilots as instructors. In Macchis.

The 17-year-old Italian-designed two-seater Macchis are specialist training aircraft. It just happens their special qualities — agility, manoeuvrability and fine handling — make them eminently suited to aerobatic work.

Around ten and a half metres long and with a similar wingspan, the Macchi is powered by a Viper with 2500 pounds thrust. That's sufficient to provide a speed range of 100 to 450 knots. The Macchi will fly to 40,000 feet.

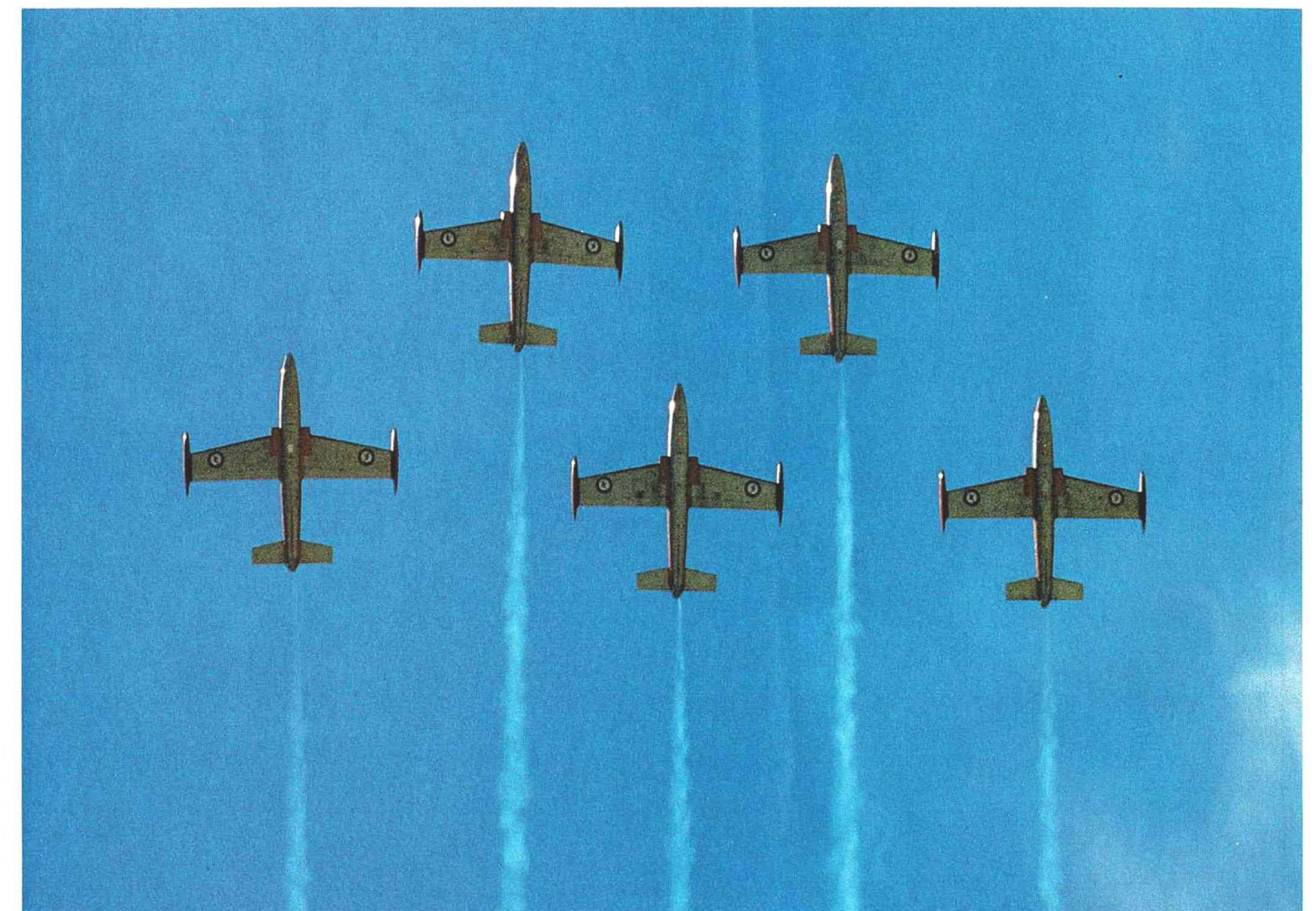
Faces come and go in the Roulettes lineup — promotions and postings are a part of Air Force life. And the tragedy of a practice mid-air collision over Sale in which two Roulettes regulars were killed serves as a stark reminder of the inherent dangers of wing-to-wing formation flying.

The current team has been together since July last year. Wing Commander Terry Body says the aim is to keep a stable Roulettes line-up for at least 12 months. It takes about eight weeks for a fresh fly-boy to become proficient in the Roulettes routines. WC Body declares once the routine begins his pilots are totally reliant on





Left: Observing the Roulettes in a card five formation from the sixth Macchi (reserve jet). Below, top to bottom: The Roulettes aircrew at Orange (NSW) Airfield for the James Hardie opening air display, a regular performance on their calendar; Precision flying by the Roulettes requires intense concentration; Squadron leader John Simmonds cycles to work; A 1968 Macchi jet, designed in Italy and assembled under licence in Australia.



each other.

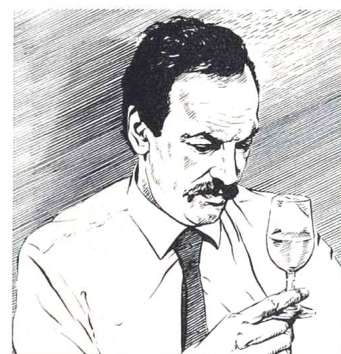
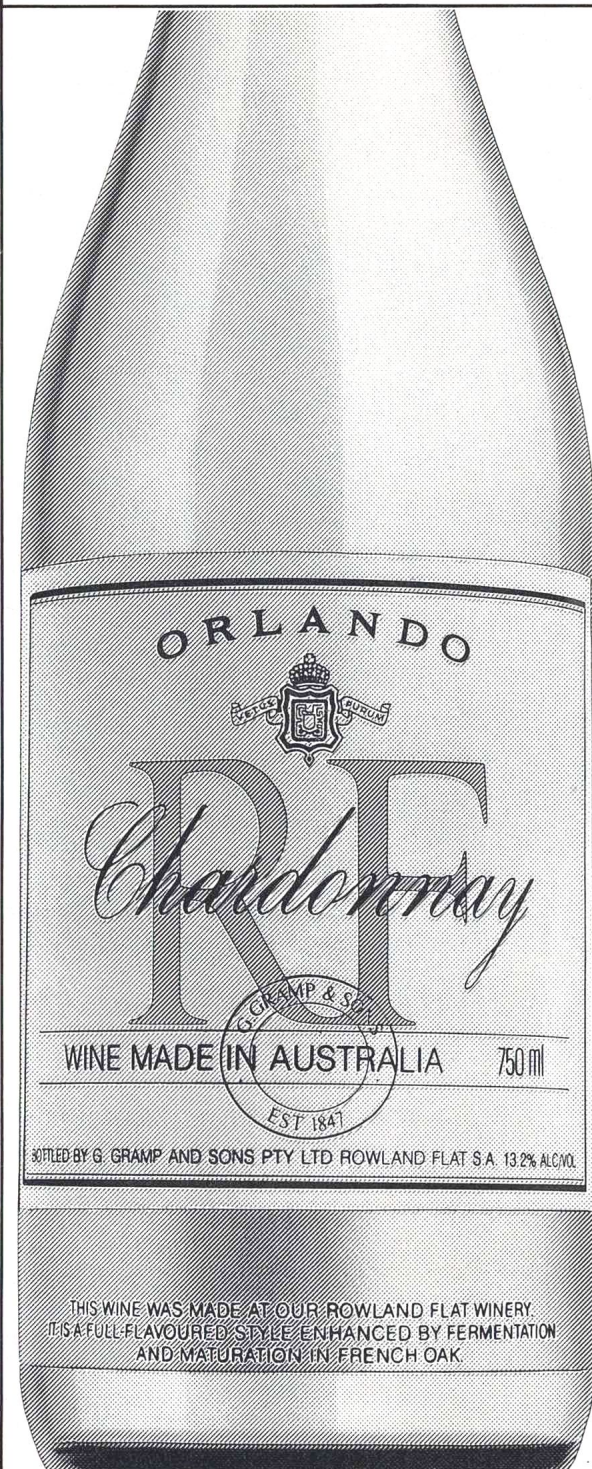
It is the responsibility of the squadron leader to position his Macchi with due regard to the spectators below and the wind direction and velocity.

The other four fly by reference, eyes fixed on the leader's aircraft through the pirouettes and loops and rolls, and all the time aware that someone else is just over their shoulder. That's having faith in your fellow airmen. 



"Great Chardonnay doesn't have to be expensive."

TONY LORD, PUBLISHER, DECANTER MAGAZINE, LONDON.



Writing in The Australian, Tony Lord, Publisher of Decanter

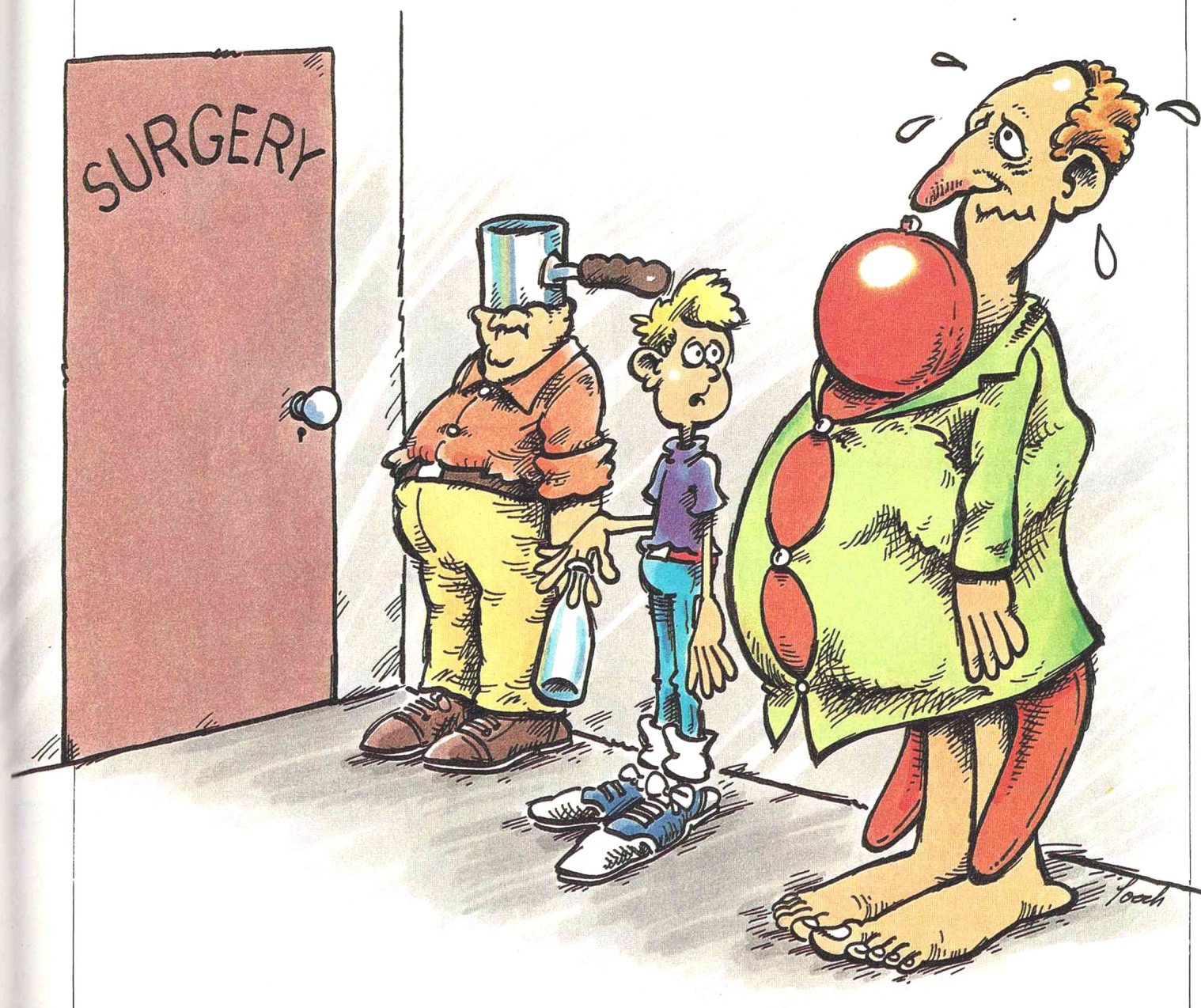
Magazine, the world's leading wine magazine, described the 1984 Orlando RF Chardonnay as "a delicious wine and outstanding value by international standards." So we sent a few bottles of our 1985 vintage to London for him to taste. His description of it is "a wine of fine balance. You can drink it now, but put a few bottles aside and you will get a very nice surprise."

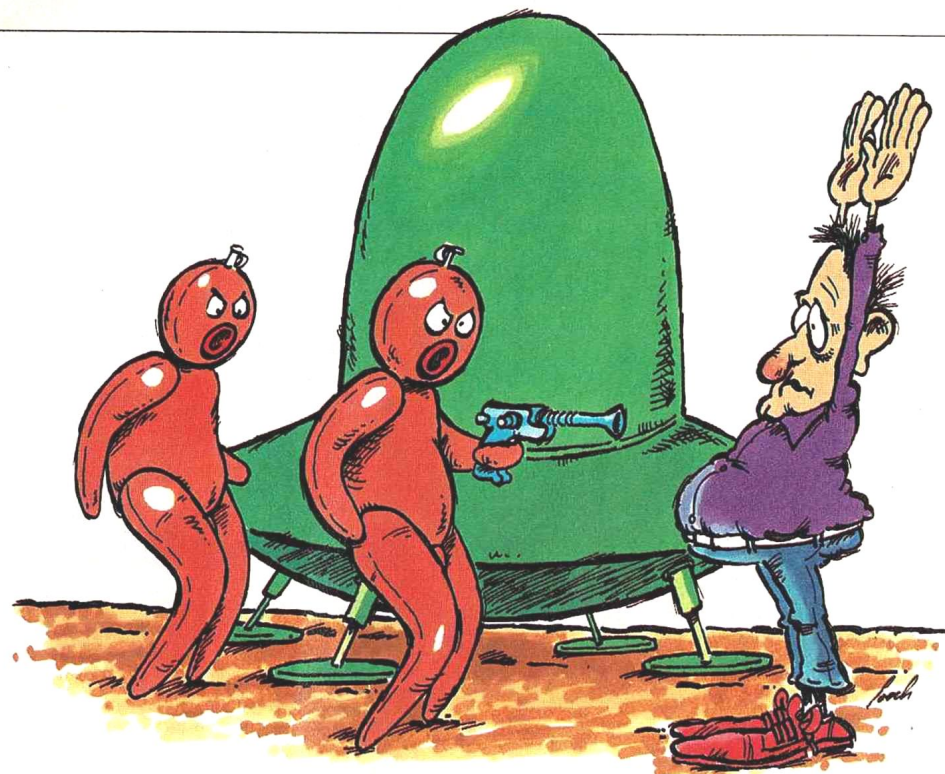
APB0218A JTW069 P 717K3

Orlando RF Chardonnay.

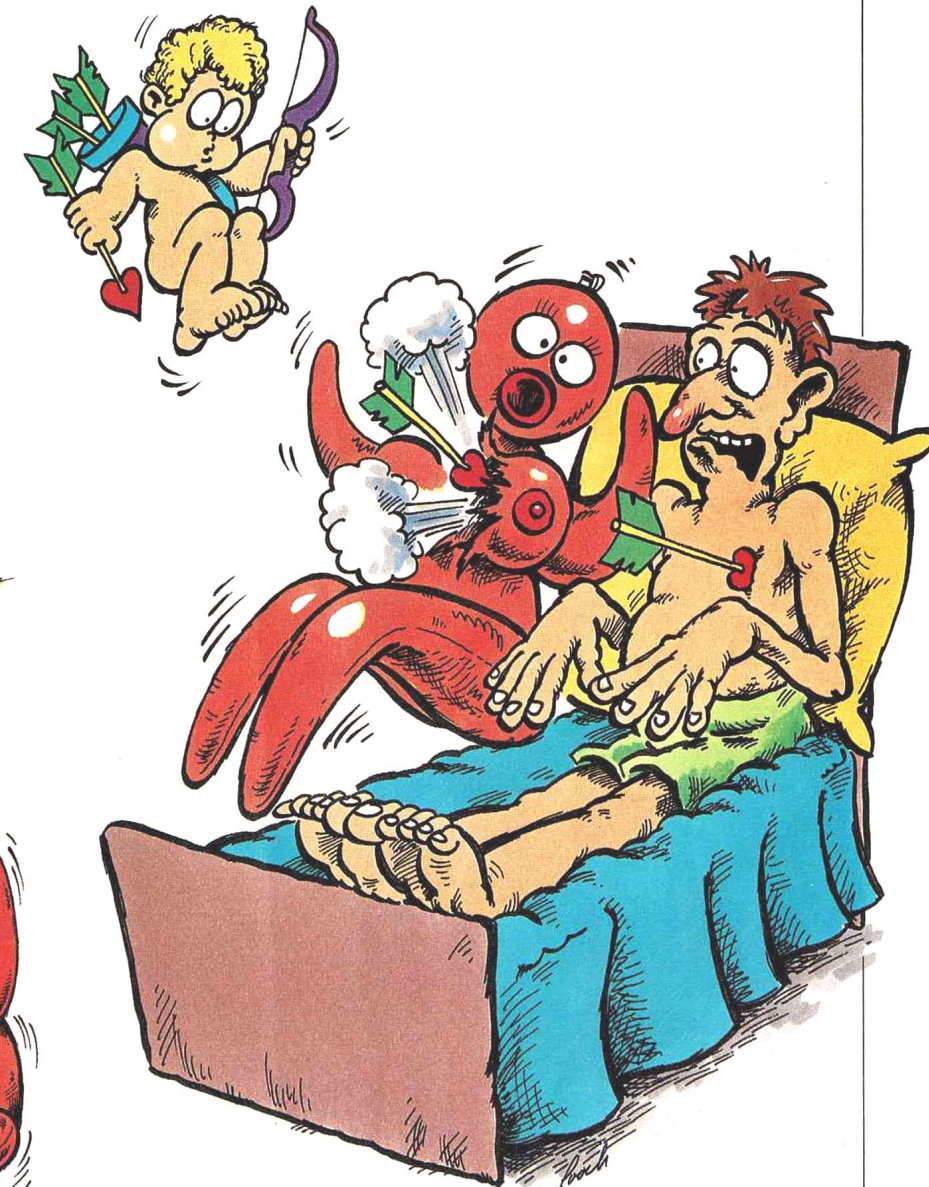
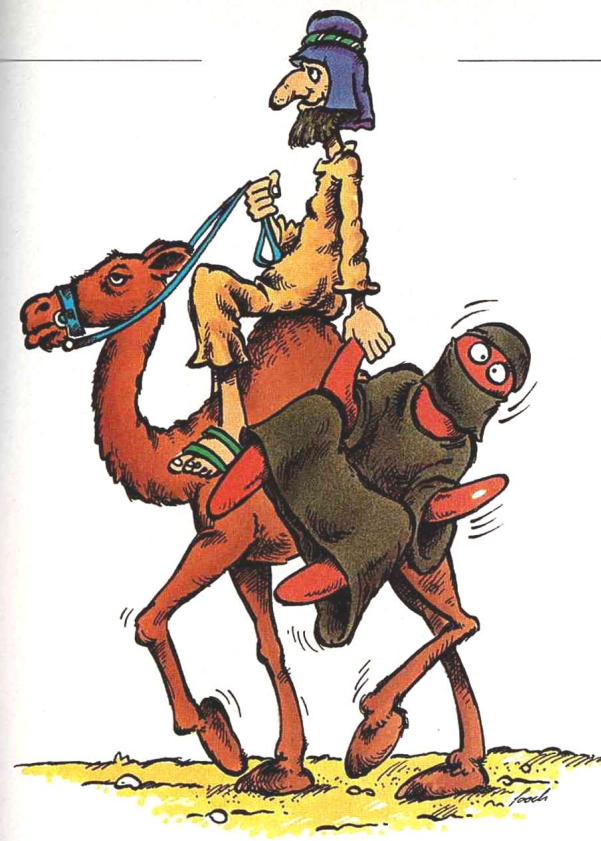
GUYS AND DOLLS

A CARTOON FEATURE
BY LUCIANO

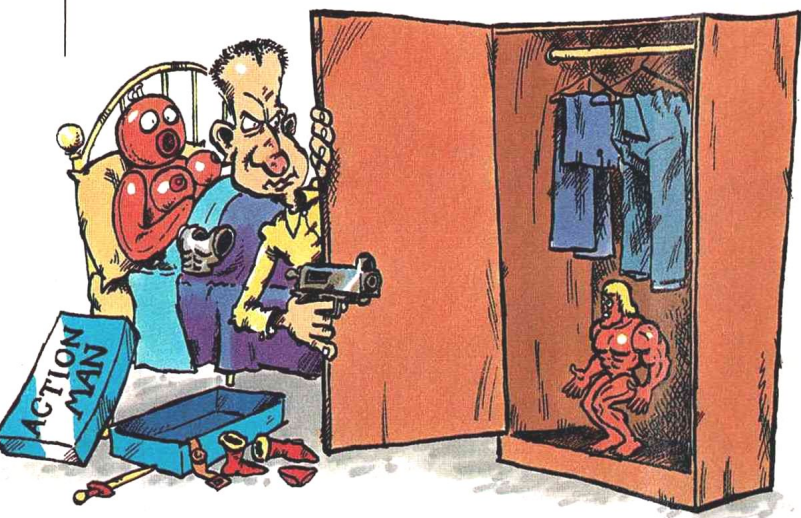
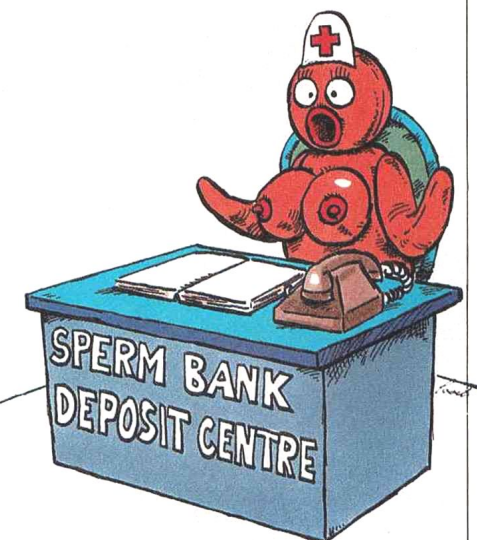
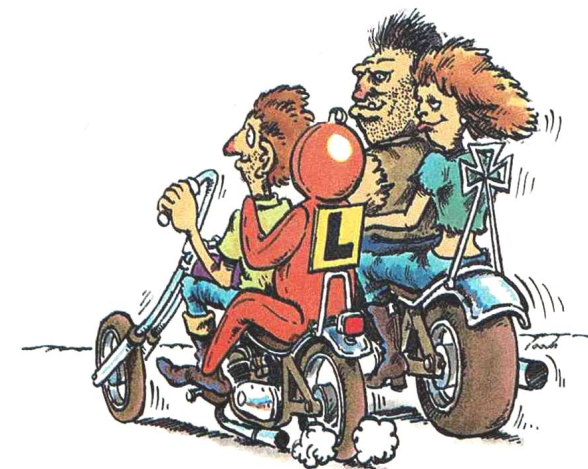




"We know you Earthlings have some of our women."



"It was only a small prick."

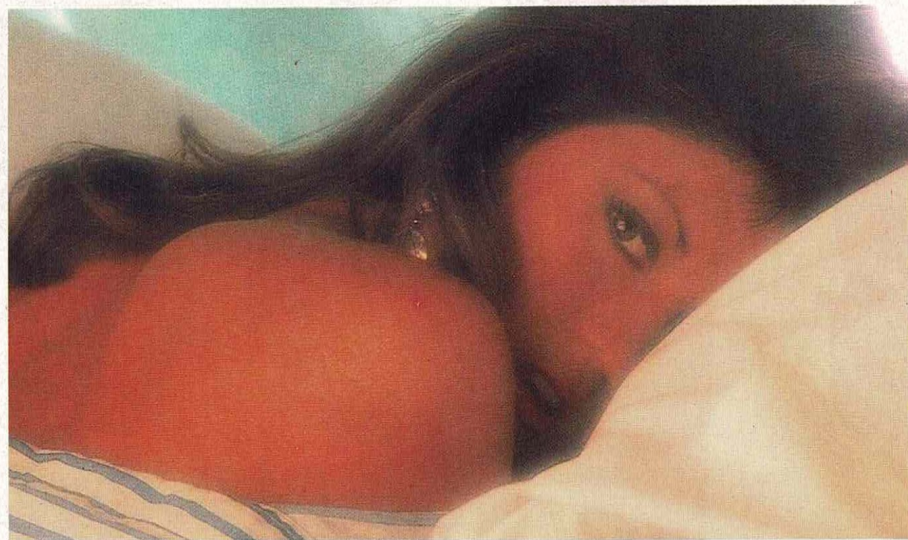


"That ought to keep him off our backs."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

HEAVEN SENT

Your breath thickens the instant you lay eyes on Pauline. If you wear spectacles, remove them and wipe them — or just rub your eyes. Then peer again twice as hard at this vision.

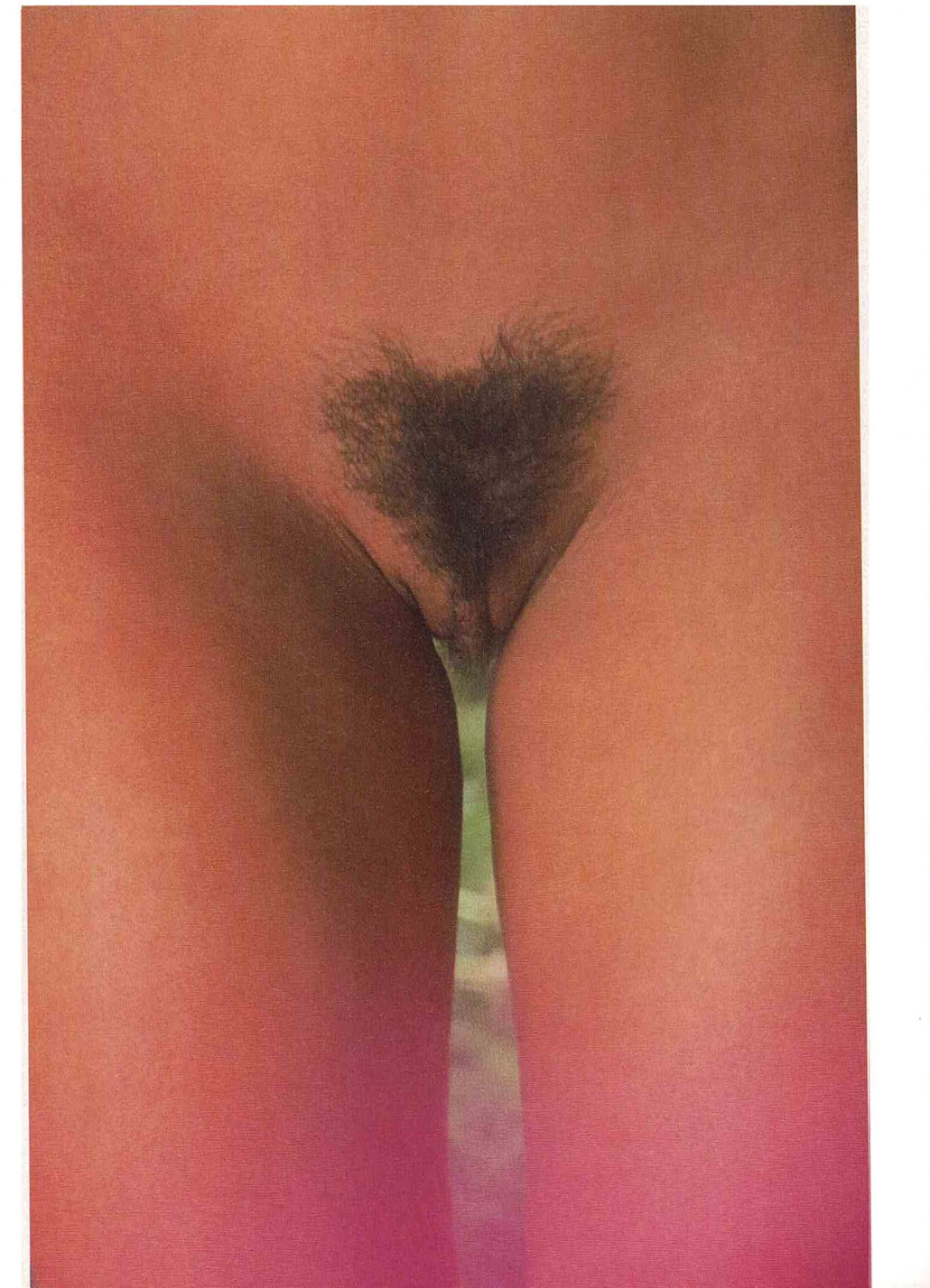




If she moves
towards you,
be careful she
doesn't catch
you staring —
you're
convinced she
could vanish
in an instant.
Observe . . .
That aching
fire you feel is
her gift,
straight from
heaven.



She passes within
inches of you and cuts
the air with raw heat. In
her wake, a tantalising
aroma. You suck it
down and hold your
breath, imprinting it
forever. She *must* have
noticed you . . .





The rhythm of
her walk is in
time with your
silent gasps, a
hypnotic sway
alluding to
hidden secrets
... She halts,
and half-turns
back. Your
heart stops.





Too late —
she meets
your eyes
and the
smile of sex
touches her
lips.
Touching
her hair at
her ear,
she
motions to
you and
mouths a
secret
signal.
There's no
mistake —
or is
there . . .
O+M





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

• Men so often believe they are experts at sex. Armed with a little knowledge of what a clitoris is, they barge in there. Women must be more aware of their own bodies to teach their partners •

DEREK LLEWELLYN-JONES

BY C.J. MACKAY

In humorous parlance, gynaecologists have been tagged the spreaders of old wives' tails. And in more than 30 years of practising and teaching in the field of women's health, Australia's best-known gynaecologist Professor Derek Llewellyn-Jones has indeed spread more than a few nether regions. But when it comes to old wives' tales he has done more than any other man in Australia to banish sexual fallacy and ignorance and put women in touch with their own bodies.

Professor Llewellyn-Jones is best known as the author of *Everywoman*, a woman's gynaecological guide to life. In this celebrated book, first published by Faber and Faber in 1971, he set out to give women a reference guide to their bodies and their problems and to answer their most frequent questions. He discarded heavy, scholarly language in favor of what he termed "radio talkback doctor in print" — simple, conversational narration. *Everywoman* met with universal acclaim on its publication, and now a decade and a half later it's going into its fourth edition and has sold more than two million copies.

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY

INTERVIEW

To date Llewellyn-Jones has written 12 books. Some, like *Fundamentals Of Obstetrics* and *Gynaecology*, are scholarly works used by his colleagues as textbooks. But most, including *Everywoman*, *Sex And VD* and *The A-Z Of Women's Health* are written in the easily accessible "hands on" style that has made the professor a sought-after media commentator on women's health and our sexual lifestyles. His latest published work is *Herpes, AIDS And Other Sexually Transmitted Diseases*.

Llewellyn-Jones juggles his time wearing his author's hat with his other commitments as Associate Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Sydney University, President of the Australian Federation of Family Planning Associations and his constant involvement in related teaching and research work. Last year he was appointed Chairman of the Better Health Commission, a federal government initiative aiming to pinpoint the major preventable diseases prevalent in Australia and to study methods of prevention and heighten community health awareness through education. The findings of the Better Health Commission are to be released this year.

Derek Llewellyn-Jones was born in Wales. In the footsteps of his parents, both medical practitioners, he studied at Trinity College, Dublin. While working as a post-

graduate in Liverpool, England, he was drafted into the army and worked for a short time as a medical officer with a cavalry regiment stationed in Dorset. While there he applied for a posting in Austria, hoping to work in the proximity of ski slopes. His skis went into mothballs when he was sent instead to Kuala Lumpur, where he sweated it out for two years. He then returned to England to work for his higher degree in obstetrics and gynaecology. There followed a year in Singapore. Then, as a member of the colonial Government Medical Service, he was transferred to Kuala Lumpur, where he remained for 14 years practising and teaching. In Malaya he worked for a time as a radio doctor, an experience he claims kindled his latent literary interests. In 1965 he took the job as Associate Professor at Sydney University. For his work in Malaya he was been awarded the OBE.

The man himself has the consummate bedside manner. He exudes erudition and a lively wit, and favors the well-cut suit and a jaunty bowtie. Quite the *bon vivant*, he claims to like nothing more than a good meal, a glass of excellent wine and the company of sparkling intelligent women. But his most obvious passion is his work, promoting awareness of health — sexual, physical and emotional. Here he talks with *Penthouse* writer C.J. Mackay.

Penthouse: Fifteen years ago you wrote

Everywoman as a non-textbook guide for women to their bodies and gynaecology. The book was hugely successful, but now in 1986 are women in general more at ease, and knowledgeable about their bodies?

Llewellyn-Jones: It's so hard to say. I believe women feel a lot freer to talk about their bodies, particularly about matters gynaecological. When I was a student doctor and later working in Malaya, women would come in with fibroids in their uterus the size of tennis balls; one woman came in with a tumor the size of a baby. Nowadays women are going a lot earlier to seek advice, so in that regard body awareness is enabling women to see their doctor before things get too bad. It used to be said that you only had to look at a woman to tell if she had thrush or another of the vaginal infections. You could tell these days if a woman waited a month of intolerable itching then went to the doctor, but that doesn't happen. By and large they turn up when they get an itch and we have to take a swab to see what they've got. Yes, in that regard women are more aware, but there are many indications that we still have a long way to go.

Penthouse: Have there been studies done to determine how much things have changed?

Llewellyn-Jones: The data are very difficult to get. Most of it comes from America, from studies performed by eager beaver PhD

students. When they want to get a select group they pick college students, which are a very atypical group. We know a lot about the number of times second or third year Arts students masturbate, but we know very little about the people outside. One very interesting study was performed last year by a colleague of mine, the findings of which were a good indication of the lack of body awareness among women. The test was given to 40 female clerical workers and tech students between the ages of 16 and 35. They were given a drawing of the lower part of the female body showing the placement of the bladder and the back passage, and asked to draw in where the vagina was, where the uterus was and where a tampon would sit. They were to be scored on correct placement of vagina, correct angle, placement of uterus, etc. Well, some of them put their tampons in their bladders. Others put in uteruses floating around with no vaginas. Some shoved the whole box and dice in together and some drew vaginas that twirled around like intestines. So there really is a lack of information. Albeit, things have changed on the surface but the real changes have been small.

Penthouse: Have equivalent surveys been done with men?

Llewellyn-Jones: With males this wouldn't happen. After all, their reproductive systems are hanging out there in the open and some are drawing pictures of them on lavatory walls with alarming frequency. Ask a male to draw a picture of the female reproductive system though, and we'd find an even worse lack of information than that displayed by the sample of women. At least I believe we would. Men, however, so often believe they are experts at sex. The mechanics of it, anyway. They still do. Men are not experts at sex. Armed with a little knowledge of what a clitoris is they barge in there and rub, thinking they know what they're doing. Women have to be more aware of their own bodies to teach their partners.

One thing that does surprise me is the number of women who have never taken a hand mirror and looked at their external genitals. Unless a woman has looked at herself, how can she expect to properly instruct her partner as to what she enjoys most. So many women just never look.

Penthouse: I was thinking that working at *Penthouse* I have seen more examples of women's genitals than most people have had hot dinners.

Llewellyn-Jones: I trust you mean photographic examples. Yes, but how many women read *Penthouse*?

Penthouse: I really can't say off the top of my head.

Llewellyn-Jones: I don't think it's a great many. Women who read *Penthouse* probably have looked at their own genitals and are much more aware. But the great mass of women — *Woman's Day* readers, women who know the recipes in *New Idea* —

a large proportion of these women know better what a well-cooked roast looks like than the appearance of their own genitals. And I think it's very important that she knows what she looks like. It gives her self-awareness, a feeling of control.

Penthouse: Surely this ignorance in men and women results from poor sexual education. What is your opinion of sexual education in schools?

Llewellyn-Jones: I'm most concerned at the numbers of people who believe that sex education is bad because it leads to promiscuity and vice. I think they are utterly wrong. From the evidence in Sweden, where sex education has been conducted for decades, in recent years there has been a marked fall in the numbers of adolescents seeking abortions — it's dropped by half. There has also been a fall in the number of women falling pregnant. Sex education in schools isn't the only factor; sex and health information throughout the commu-

Anyone calling for a return to traditional values is talking through his hat. Those values appear to be: "Hey, sex is fun. Let's do it."

nity would encourage more discussion in the family, less guilt passed on from mother to daughter, father to son, and lessen the pervading opinion that sex is dirty.

I think health education including sex education should be a compulsory subject in all schools along with literacy and numeracy. This health education would teach pupils about such vital things as nutrition and how their bodies work, show them that the genital organs and such things as menstruation are not shameful and can be talked about. As far as relationships are concerned, and it is always hard to be non-judgemental in these things, a healthy education should teach a young person not to exploit another.

Penthouse: What of those at the forefront of sexual conservatism, calling for a return to the straitlaced values of old, in the face of what appears to be an epidemic of sexually transmitted diseases?

Llewellyn-Jones: Chastity before marriage and fidelity thereafter is a wonderful theory that may have applied in the Garden of Eden, and might apply in some fundamentalist Islamic societies. But even there they're regularly stoning adulterers and

chopping off organs that have wandered where they shouldn't, aren't they? But the theory doesn't apply in our society, and never will. People have always screwed around and they will continue to do so. Anyone calling for a return to the traditional values of the Victorian era is talking through his or her hat. In England in 1880, one house in 60 was a brothel — you could buy a girl of 13 for a pound, damn expensive in those days, but that doesn't alter the morality of it. Going back 40 years, US troops were having a wow of a time with English and Australian girls, just for example, and they weren't just having sex with prostitutes. Traditional values would in fact appear to be: "Hey, sex is fun, let's do it." Nothing much has changed, the emphasis on the dangers has changed, that's all. Society now has the Pill, and knows a little better the importance of contraceptive methods, now we're dealing with the dangers of sexually transmitted diseases.

Penthouse: But surely sexually transmitted diseases are more relevant now than they were even 20 years ago? In the late Seventies we were bombarded with stories about herpes, so much so that the impression was that everyone had it.

Llewellyn-Jones: There would appear to have been an increase in herpes in the Seventies, or more particularly people presenting at their doctors with herpes, though we don't know for sure. Possibly in the past people just got these ulcers on their genitals and put up with them until they went away. But once herpes became a media story an anxiety was engendered: unlike true love, herpes lasts forever and all that kind of thing, and indeed the weight of publicity did have everyone thinking that they might have it. And, it's true, I'd wager that both you and I have herpes antibodies in our bloodstreams.

Penthouse: Hang on a sec...

Llewellyn-Jones: I'm talking about antibodies to Herpes Type 1. There are two types of herpes — one that causes the coldsores on the face but may sometimes cause ulcers on the genitals and Type 2 that causes ulcers predominantly on the genitals but can also cause ulcers elsewhere. It's that herpes, Type 2, that is sexually transmissible. You might get Type 1 if you kiss someone who has it, but it's rare, mainly because, like the AIDS virus, herpes needs to break through the skin to be taken up by the bloodstream. I'd say most people in the world have antibodies to Type 1, and an unknown proportion have antibodies to Type 2. I've done a "guesstimate" that of all the people who get Herpes Type 2 once, 50 percent will get a second attack and that is the end of it. Five percent will get recurrent attacks. I believe that there are not a huge number of people suffering recurrent attacks of herpes.

Penthouse: Are you saying that media highlighting of herpes, and more recently AIDS, is a great thing because it has got people trotting along to their doctors?

WISH I HAD A WINTERMANS...

Café Crème. The little cigar with "the Continental Touch". The ideal size when you feel like a change, or when you don't have time for a large cigar. Just one of the complete Henri Wintermans range to suit every occasion.

MADE IN HOLLAND

10 CAFÉ CRÈME HENRI WINTERMANS

HENRI WINTERMANS
CAFÉ CRÈME
A Dutch of Class.

INTERVIEW

Llewellyn-Jones: No, not really. It was a good thing that people began talking about herpes and AIDS, but going to the doctor didn't do much. After all, we haven't got cures for the diseases, we can only give advice. Like: "If you've got blisters on your vulva or your penis, don't have sex because you're odds-on to transmit it." It was bad in the sense of hysteria it engendered, first with the herpes stories and now with AIDS. There was a story in *Time* about a supposed epidemic of herpes sweeping America that had thousands anxiously convincing themselves that they had the incurable disease and queuing up to get an appointment with a doctor. Great for doctors' incomes, but disastrous for anxiety levels and mental health. Now with the AIDS stories we're witnessing even worse hysteria; they're promoting in many cases sexual bigotry and a certain smug satisfaction among the sexually ignorant. But the media is in the business of selling newspapers — sex sells — and the wellbeing of the public never seems to have been one of their highest priorities.

Penthouse: But awareness through popular media is at least teaching people to be more careful.

Llewellyn-Jones: Yes. Casual sex and extensive promiscuity would appear to be on the decrease, particularly among

homosexuals. I think that in Victoria, and to a lesser extent NSW, homosexual working groups have been tremendously responsible in selling the message about avoiding AIDS. It is not a matter for the government or the media to step in and say *Thou Shalt Not*. The best way of dealing with the problem is for members of the "in" group to discuss the matter between themselves, to say, "Let's talk about it and make some behavioral changes."

Penthouse: What if I came to you and said, "Doctor, I'm dead scared of catching herpes or AIDS. What should I do?"

Llewellyn-Jones: I'd say that if you are not regularly having casual sex, if you have a pleasant sex life with one or perhaps two partners and if you avoid anal intercourse, you don't have anything to fear. If, on the other hand you're spreading yourself around a bit, I'd advise you to carry a good supply of condoms in your handbag. If you're having casual sex at all, you're best advised to use condoms. There are not too many of us who can be certain of a partner's sexual history.

Penthouse: So I'm supposed to say, "Great party, um, have you been getting it away a lot lately? Suffering any burning sensations while urinating?"

Llewellyn-Jones: Maybe eventually one of the benefits of increased sexual awareness and indeed fear of sexually transmitted disease will be a willingness to openly ask such questions. Surely we can ask poten-

tial partners other personal questions. You can ask them where they live, what sort of car they drive. But sex is still considered dirty. Honestly, you're thinking about doing it while you're asking about his or her job, or talking about the weather. It should be quite a simple thing to just tack on the question: "Been screwing around a lot?"

Penthouse: What are currently the most prevalent sexually transmitted diseases?

Llewellyn-Jones: In developed countries the greatest problem I believe is genital warts.

Penthouse: That's surprising. I doubt if I've ever read more than one or two stories about genital warts.

Llewellyn-Jones: That's true, and the prevalence of genital warts is extremely worrying. These are simply warts that appear on the man's penis or on a woman's external genitals. There are 31 viruses discovered so far that cause genital warts and three of these viruses are almost certainly major factors in the development of cervical cancer. If a guy has a wart or warts on his penis and he transmits a wart virus to the woman during intercourse, the virus may dig into the woman's cervix and she will have a high risk of eventually developing cancer. Wart virus in the cervix is identifiable on a pap smear, so if a woman is sexually active with multiple partners she would be wise to have a pap smear annually. All women should have regular checks, for in cases such as wart virus a woman may have contracted it when she was 18 but cancer may not develop for 20 or 30 years. I usually advise women in stable relationships to have a pap smear every three years. In men, genital warts most frequently affect the foreskin, the frenulum and the lower edge of the glans of the penis. In less severe cases the warts are treated over several weeks with a paint. In more severe cases they are cauterised electrically or removed with a carbon dioxide laser.

The second most common sexually transmitted disease would appear to be the one with the silly name Non Gonococcal Genital Infection or NGGI. NGGI affects men and women rather differently, although in both sexes the most common cause is a tiny organism called *chlamydia trachomatis*. This organism accounts for over 50 percent of non-specific genital infections in men, and over 80 percent in women. For many years it had been known that men presented with symptoms of gonorrhoea — discharge from their penis, burning sensation and other pain when they pee'd. But when the discharge was examined under the microscope gonorrhoea wasn't detected in the pus cells. That's why it used to be called non-specific urethritis. Then doctors started looking at women — as this was a sexually transmitted disease women were going to get it too. But women don't get it in the urethra; they're more likely to get it in the cervix, and the subsequent symptom of discharge isn't often noticeable in the normal vaginal



"Some gang!! ... Everyone squeals on everyone else!"

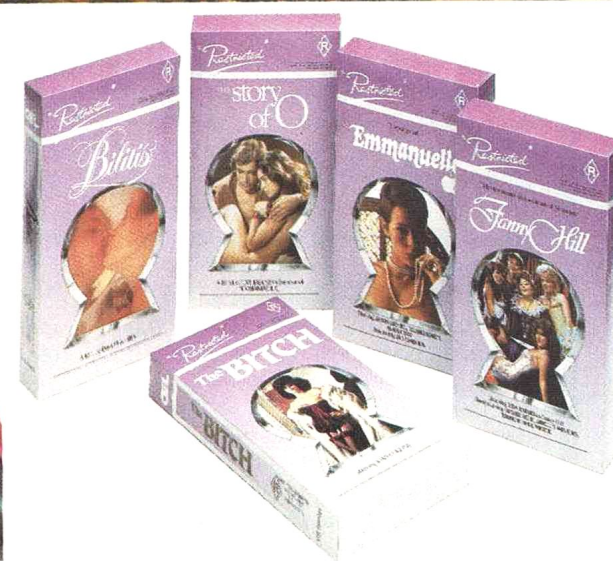
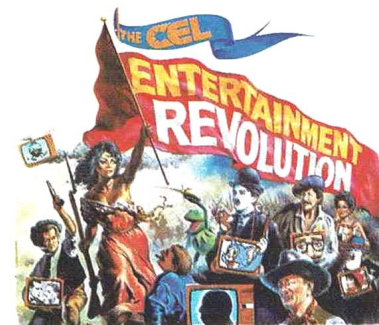


Restricted — not to be available to persons under eighteen (18) years. Images from this film not to be exhibited to persons under 18 years.



Take Emmanuelle,
Fanny Hill &
Joan Collins
home tonight.

Only \$24.95*each



For the first time CEL offer you their restricted range of adults only video. This month the world's most seductive women can be enjoyed by you in the comfort of your own home. Enjoy each of these fine quality videos for only \$24.95 at your favourite CEL stockist.

A very adult part of
the CEL Entertainment
Revolution.

INTERVIEW

secretions so the women don't know they've got it. So they're screwing around and infecting any number of people. But the real problem is that in some women the chlamydia infection tracks up through the uterus and infects the Fallopian tubes. The resulting pelvic pain during deep sexual thrusting or internal examination has often been misdiagnosed and treated with penicillin, which has no effect. For those women, chlamydia or NGGI can result in blocked tubes and sterility. So this is a very serious sexually transmitted disease in that it can cause permanent sterility.

Penthouse: How do you guard against chlamydia?

Llewellyn-Jones: A woman should ask her partner if he has had a urethral discharge. If he has, she should avoid sex or he should use a condom. The woman could use a diaphragm or make sure she's on the Pill. Recent findings suggest that a woman on the Pill has only one-fifth the chance of getting a pelvic inflammation from chlamydia. Taking the Pill alters a woman's secretions, making it harder for the pesky little organisms to get up there.

Penthouse: On a lighter note, could you shed some light on the so-called "G-Spot" — figuratively. Is there hard evidence that this magic button of pleasure actually exists?

Llewellyn-Jones: Bettina Arndt and I disagree on this. I don't believe there is such a thing as a G-Spot. Damn silly name that, anyway. Sounds like the F-Plan, the A-Team or Z-Cars. Like a snappy, catchy headline. Yes there is an area just in the anterior wall of the vagina which appears to be slightly more sensitive than the rest of the vagina, but I suspect it's sensitivity is related to stimulation of the bladder. I don't think the G-Spot is a big deal. Most

women enjoy getting their orgasms by direct or indirect clitoral stimulation. A few get great pleasure by having the penis in the vagina but I don't put that down to the G-Spot. Tina thinks there's a G-Spot; I don't. But if you want to believe in the G-Spot, go for it. Whatever turns you on, as they say. Just don't go feeling inadequate if you reckon you can't find yours, and don't think of trading in your wife if she hasn't got one. Just don't worry about it.

Penthouse: What are your views on abortion?

Llewellyn-Jones: I'm between the two ethical extremes. There's the view that all of life is sacred and human life begins when the sperm hits the egg. If you take that view there can be no abortion. The other extreme is that the woman has the right to control her own body and therefore if she becomes pregnant she has the right to an abortion — abortion on demand. I don't think either are completely feasible. Those who hold those views, fine . . . Let them, it's a free country. As long as it doesn't get to the stage the anti-abortion lobby has reached in the States, which I believe is dangerous, offensive and worse than doing nothing.

I do believe that when the sperm hits the egg, the result is potential human life. But it is purely potential. In nature 30 percent of women who conceive will abort. Most don't even know they have conceived because the abortion occurs spontaneously before the period. Furthermore the embryo and the foetus cannot survive outside the mother until at least the twentieth week. We have test tube fertilisation but after the third cell division the embryo cannot survive and has to be placed in the womb. So the act of conception begins the creation of a potential human. I believe that a woman, after due consideration and discussion, does have the right to seek an abortion. I would be much happier, though, if the numbers of women seeking abortions were decreased, particularly among teenagers. Abortion is a lousy method of birth control.

Penthouse: So this is where sexual education of our children comes into it again?

Llewellyn-Jones: Yes. It is far better for boys and girls, women and men, to know about the available methods of birth control before they become sexually active. Boys should have ready access to condoms, and girls to the Pill. That would cut down on the huge numbers of teenage abortions. It has already done so in Sweden. The added benefits are of course the prevention of disease in the case of barrier methods of contraception.

Penthouse: Maybe a boy can overcome his embarrassment to buy a packet of condoms, but surely it is very difficult for a girl of 13 or 14 to get the Pill?

Llewellyn-Jones: There shouldn't be any embarrassment. If kids are screwing, they're screwing and parents, teachers and doctors aren't doing anyone any good by pretending that it's not happening. Any-

way, a girl of 13 or 14 who is sexually active usually looks older than what she actually is and shouldn't face too much trouble getting the Pill. If she can't get it, she can walk into a chemist and buy some condoms.

I should point out that rampant sexual promiscuity among our teenagers is a myth. Only a small proportion of teenagers have had sex before 15, and usually then it was with only one partner. And statistics don't change a great deal even between the ages of 15 and 20.

Penthouse: What are the aims of the Better Health Commission?

Llewellyn-Jones: Its initiative was set up by the government to have a broad range of people, not only doctors, identify the major preventable diseases in Australia and to recommend ways of promoting prevention. We are also singling out constraints to change — and one of the constraints to public health may well be the way our doctors behave . . .

Penthouse: You perceive a growing lack of public confidence in the medical profession?

Llewellyn-Jones: Yes, I think there is. There's a feeling that most doctors are grasping and out to make bigger incomes without treating patients properly. I think for sure there are some grasping doctors out there, and some are doing operations I would consider unnecessary. But the majority of doctors are doing a good job. There are a couple of problems the doctors face. Their spokesmen at the moment are not the most photogenic of chaps, and despite growing consumer advocacy too many doctors are falling into the old role of telling a patient what he ought to do. They're saying, "I'll write you a script and you'll be better," instead of taking the time of talking with the patient and finding out his related problems. Doctors have been taught to treat illnesses with drugs, rather than to treat people who have an illness. We need to be more like the old country doctor, and they still exist, but old country doctors with the latest technology at their fingertips.

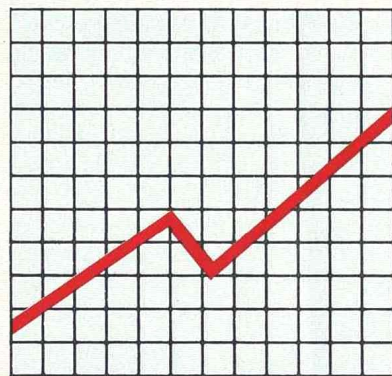
There is also a lack of trust between doctors and government. Public health has been downgraded over recent years. Preventive medicine needs to be upgraded and that applies also to awareness about sexually transmitted disease. Better the fence at the top than the ambulance at the bottom.

Penthouse: Finally, as a man with more knowledge about the female body than 99.99 percent of other Australian men, do you have any advice or tips to pass on to readers?

Llewellyn-Jones: Yes, to *Penthouse* readers and all men. If you're in a sexual relationship, listen to the other person. Respect your partner's wants, rather than imposing yours on them. Try to talk with each other, not at each other, and enjoy a ripper of a sex life.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

HOW INTUITIVE ARE YOU?



ly a conformist, but once in a while I like to do things that shake people up.

(c) No. I like being unconventional.

2. If you had to choose, would you prefer to visit a foreign country where:

(a) your native language was widely spoken?

(b) you had to learn to get by in a language you didn't know?

3. Are you a neat, orderly person?

(a) yes, very

(b) I'm not a slob, but I'm not compulsively neat either.

(c) no

(d) I may look disorderly, but I can usually find what I need.

4. Can you usually tell right from the start how something is likely to turn out?

(a) Yes. I may not get the details exactly right, but I usually can tell early on whether something I'm involved in is going to turn out well or badly.

(b) sometimes

(c) not usually

5. Once you've made a plan, are you likely to deviate from it?

(a) Yes. If something comes up that's more important or if it begins to look like the plan isn't the best thing to

do, I'll scrap it.

(b) sometimes

(c) No. My plans are carefully thought out.

6. When people criticise you, do you feel that what they say about you is usually correct?

(a) yes

(b) Sometimes it is; sometimes it isn't.

(c) no

7. Would you say you're basically a creature of habit who prefers familiar surroundings and familiar routines?

(a) yes

(b) no

8. Are you afraid of new situations even when you know they aren't inherently dangerous?

(a) yes

(b) I may get nervous when I'm faced with new surroundings or situations, but I'm not terrified by them and I usually manage to cope with them.

(c) No. I love the excitement that comes from doing something I've never done before.

9. When you have to assemble something that comes with printed directions (like a tent, barbecue grill, stereo system, or swing for the kids next door), do you generally:

(a) follow the directions closely?

(b) jump right in and assemble as much as you can, only referring to the directions if you get stuck?

10. Do you ever feel anxious or unsettled even when there's no obvious cause to make you feel like that?

(a) yes

(b) not usually

11. Do you often feel overtired?

(a) yes

(b) no

12. Are you a person who makes a lot of lists, outlines, agendas, etc?

(a) yes

(b) no

13. Imagine you're working on a project that's extremely important to you. The deadline for completing it is approach-

FOR THE VERY BEST

Adult
Video
Tapes

Books
Aids
Lingerie

At
Lowest
Prices

Kings Cross Mail Orders
Dept. PH P.O. Box 238,
WAVERLEY, NSW 2024

☐ FREE CATALOGUE

☐ 3 FULL COLOUR
MAGAZINES
(hard core)
ENCL. \$15.

Chg ☐ MO ☐ Cash ☐

Bankcard No

Name:

Address:

..... P/C

I am over 18 years of age.

Signature

517 Botany Rd., Waterloo, N.S.W. 2017.

• Successful people often
rely on hunches to cope
with problems too complex
for rational analysis •

ing rapidly and you're under very heavy time pressure. Suddenly you reach an impasse, develop a mental block, or encounter a problem you can't seem to solve no matter how hard you try. Time is running out, and you feel as if everything might collapse on top of you. Which of the following would be your most likely response?

- (a) I'd sit there and keep working at it. I know that I'm most likely to make the breakthrough I need if I just stick to it.
- (b) No matter how little time I had left, I'd take a break and do something completely different so that I could come back and tackle the problem with a clear mind.

14. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?

- (a) Even if there are several possible solutions to a problem, one is usually the best.
- (b) Many problems can be solved in a variety of different ways. Only occasionally is there a single, "best" solution to a problem.

15. Are you skilled with tools?

- (a) yes, very much so
- (b) moderately
- (c) No, I'm a klutz.

16. How good is your imagination?

- (a) above average
- (b) average
- (c) below average

17. Do you have a good memory?

- (a) yes
- (b) It's okay, but not great.
- (c) no

18. Would you say you're basically:

- (a) practical?
- (b) impractical?

19. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing you?

- (a) I dread being faced with new problems. I don't like to have my life disrupted by forces I may not be able to control.
- (b) I suppose nobody really likes problems, but I enjoy the process of finding solutions and the thrill of successfully solving them.

20. How competent are you?

- (a) I'd say I'm more competent than most people.
- (b) I suppose I'm about as competent as most people.
- (c) I think most people are more competent at what they do than I am.

21. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing you?

- (a) I hate to waste my time talking to people who are not interested in the same things I am.
- (b) I don't mind talking with people who have entirely different backgrounds from mine. They're the people from whom you're most likely to find out a lot of interesting and unusual things.

SCORING

All answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 105 points; the lowest, 21.

- 1. a-1, b-3, c-5
- 2. a-1, b-5
- 3. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5
- 4. a-5, b-3, c-1
- 5. a-5, b-3, c-1
- 6. a-1, b-5, c-3
- 7. a-1, b-5
- 8. a-1, b-3, c-5
- 9. a-1, b-5
- 10. a-5, b-1
- 11. a-1, b-5
- 12. a-1, b-5
- 13. a-1, b-5
- 14. a-1, b-5
- 15. a-1, b-3, c-5
- 16. a-5, b-3, c-1
- 17. a-1, b-4, c-5
- 18. a-1, b-5
- 19. a-1, b-5
- 20. a-5, b-3, c-1
- 21. a-1, b-5

If you scored 84 to 105 points:

You appear to exhibit the psychological characteristics that correlate with high intuition. People with these traits tend to be independent, spontaneous, and open to change. They rely on their instincts, and they are right to do so because their instincts usually don't let them down. They have finely tuned intuitive powers which,

when followed, are likely to yield successful and productive results.

63 to 83 points:

Like those in the category above, you too may have above-average intuitive powers. However, people who score in this range have to be careful. The quality and accuracy of their instincts may not always be up to par. They may be the type of people who make wild guesses, who follow every instinct without discrimination. They don't seem to realise that, while some of their intuitive decisions turn out to be very successful, others are just terrible. If you're like that, you should try to monitor the results of your decisions carefully so you can see which instincts should be followed and which should be ignored.

42 to 62 points:

You have your share of instincts and intuitions, but you're fairly cautious about following them. In general, you tend to distrust impulsive behavior. You will probably never be a highly intuitive decision-maker; it's just not part of your personality, and there's nothing wrong with that. However, if you'd like to sharpen your instincts, try letting your intuition guide you in small matters and see what happens. If, say, you're choosing a wine for dinner, don't go with an old standby. Select from a group of wines with which you're not familiar. Don't analyse; just buy the one that "feels" best. Even if the wine turns out to be lousy, you'll have learned to become a little more comfortable with your intuition. After a few failures, you may find that your instinctive decisions start getting better.

21 to 41 points:

You appear to be the ultimate rationalist. You are highly suspicious of intuition and probably like to feel you are strongly in control of yourself and your environment. People like you, in fact, probably should avoid impulsive behavior. They'll be most successful following their well-developed, logical minds. When they act impulsively, they usually regret it. Neither they nor their instincts are used to the free-form, open-ended mental environment that the intuitive person takes for granted. The great psychiatrist Carl Jung believed that intuitive people are born, not made. If that's true, don't worry about your poorly developed intuition. Go with your strength: logic.

Fresh is Alpine.





WORST WHEELS OF THE EIGHTIES

Penthouse's motoring editor lists his top ten lemons

MOTORING

BY PETER MCKAY

In the bad old days the task of selecting ten turkeys to nail to the cross would have been dead easy. The Seventies could provide dozens to fit the bill; likewise the Sixties.

It's tougher in the Eighties. No matter what your grandpa says, the fact is that cars are on the up and up. The Eighties have seen more things go right with motor cars than wrong. The motor industry is a tough one; it's a case of survival of the fittest, and the weak and ineffectual are being culled.

Reflecting the present quality offerings on the Oz market, most of *Penthouse's* ten worst cars of this decade are models long gone. Some are best forgotten: some have been forgotten. The list includes European cars and Australian cars and Japanese

cars, cheap so-called "economy cars" and expensive, luxury cars. The common thread is their nastiness, their uncanny ability to jar and dismay and frustrate.

But first... the vehicles that didn't quite make the shit pick.

Oh, how regrettable that the Morris Marina is disqualified from our listing since it is not a car of the Eighties. (Nor, for that matter, is it a car of the Seventies, nor even the Sixties.) It would make a marvellously appropriate target of scorn. A repugnant piece of work, the poxy Marina is devoid of redeeming features while displaying a host of bad habits which include an inability to show any propensity for basic job skills. With its characteristic list to port, churlish disregard for the safety of its occupants, chronic unreliability, primitive

PHOTOS COURTESY OF MODERN MOTOR

WHEELS

manners and a rampant bumper-to-bumper ugliness that only a blind man could ignore, the Marina is an utter disgrace. In all probability, it's the lousiest motor car of recent times. The Marina's perilous relationship with the more unfortunate sector of the Australian new car market ended in 1976. Police records indicate no-one ever stole a Marina. Car thieves are not that stupid.

The Chrysler Valiant, butt of so many glorious jokes and the pride of the ethnic community, also misses out on a technicality. The Valiant was at the peak of its ineptitude outside of the Eighties timespan. It subsequently improved just enough to avoid our lineup of dogs. At the tailend of its life in the very early Eighties, The Mar- rickville Mercedes was a reasonable and practical, if not pretty and modern, carrier of people . . . seven at a time.

The first Holden Camira — the model powered by the 1.6 litre engine — just about made the cut. It was a cranky, unreliable mess, but these pesky problems are not sufficient to earn it a place among the *Penthouse* pelicans, for it was a pleasant, predictable motor car — when it was running. But ask any early Camira owner about problems and they'll go pale at the memory of the litany of assembly-line faults. Back in '84, Holden quality was at its un-

seemly worst; Ford had just bumped the General from his perch and morale among the Holden workforce had taken an almighty nose-dive. Nobody cared, and it showed. Mercifully, there has been an improvement since.

The Jeep — any Jeep — would romp in on sheer unpleasantness. Jeep's reputation was made in the jungles of Borneo and the Philippines. Armistice Day marked an end of Jeep's engineering development. To drive one of these beastly primitives is to enter a time warp, the main features of which are pre-war unsightliness, a kidney-shaking ride to test out a pro rough rider, unbelievably carefree steering, road noise that an exploding grenade could not disguise, and an unnatural thirst for fuel. The Marlboro Man is welcome to 'em. But as abysmal as the Renegade and Cherokee are, they are not classified as cars. As much as we'd love to see the Ugly American off-roaders included, they cannot be.

A couple of tin boxes, Nissan's 120Y and Toyota's Corona, went close. In the case of the claustrophobic 120Y, it wasn't enough to be boring and bland and slow and unrefined and noisy and uncomfortable. For though it was nasty, it was also cheap and unfailingly reliable. After two decades and countless model changes, the Corona remains infinitely forgettable, a desert in an oasis of cars. But this is not a crime of sufficient importance to send it

plummeting into our bottom ten.

Others also came under close scrutiny, including a pair of anachronisms, the Skoda 120L and the Nissan 280C; the dull and listless Holden Sunbird; and the preposterously slow Mercedes-Benz 240D.

Price was a criterion in the selection process. Cars carrying a hefty retail must naturally present themselves in a manner closer to perfection than mere \$10,000 pleb fare. Therefore the Jaguar XJS, a self-proclaimed auto aristocrat, all but found itself among the lemons. A few years back this demon cruiser fell victim to the Brit union malaise. Electrics as unpredictable as the men who pieced them together worked infrequently and with patchy enthusiasm. Bits fell off and unless the beleaguered owner was a fully-qualified engineer with unlimited access to the gold supplies in the Treasury, he had scant prospects of keeping his ever-disintegrating machine running even two days in seven. But recent Jaguar management has worked a minor miracle in improving quality control; today it is far from perfect, but it's a million stuff-ups away from the old days.

The Jaguar has some laudable palliatives; it is, in fact, a stunning car during the good times, and never really became sufficiently defective and disagreeable to scramble into our parade of The Damned. The reality is that the opposition, listed alphabetically, is just too devilishly atrocious. . .

priority. There's a driving position fit for a contortionist, a gearbox that still feels notchy and rubbery and stiff and vague all at once, a clutch pedal that travels through what seems to be a metre and a half arc, an inability to steer in a straight line on anything other than a billiard top, and a disturbing reluctance to turn into corners without exhibiting understeer. Aah, what character. Such personality. So quintessentially Italian.

Poor build-quality contradicts Alfa's regular reassurances of improvement. Corrosion can still be a problem. Air conditioning is hardly a match for the Australian summer. And after more than a decade of trying, Alfa still cannot get the GTV doors to close with a resounding clunk; obligatory sag accompanies the cars from the factory. Badges are askew, the electrics go on strike when you need it least, and panel fit is haphazard.

Damning words will offend the charming people from Alfa Romeo Australia. They are passionate about their cars, easily dismissing the impediments and aberrations. But they must be going berserk coping with the crimes perpetrated by the Italian parent company. The fact that they can sell cars in reasonable numbers indicates just how clever the local marketing blokes are. It's also evidence that some new car buyers should be certified.

cal exhaust from the willing engine captivates and then entraps the innocent and unwary.

What Alfa has managed to do so wonderfully well is confuse image with reality. This Alfa Romeo masquerades as a quality, prestige car. The GTV's list of demerits extends all the way to Milan and back. Any-one of regulation size finds the GTV a tad tight to pull on. Not everyone is 1.3 metres short. Space efficiency wasn't a Giugiaro

Character To Burn

The Alfa Romeo GTV is a thoroughly aggravating motor car — something that won't come as news to tormented owners who've paid substantial sums of money for one of the sourest auto lemons of our time.

The flawed GTV is an ageing monument to the Alfa "*Que sera sera*" philosophy, and yet it is irrefutably one of the prettiest cars around. Its classic Giorgetto Giugiaro styling flatters to deceive, just as the musi-



2. DATSUN STANZA

Wrong Chord

Bring back the death penalty. If ever there existed a case for capital punishment, then the beastly Stanza is it. A noisy, coarse, rear-wheel-drive 1.6-litre economy car, the Stanza inflicted diabolical damage on the Japanese cause at a time when Australians were beginning to believe the Land of the Rising Sun could produce fine motor cars.

The forgettable Stanza is bereft of all niceties; it has turned lack of refinement into an art form. The engine gives the impression of impending detonation when revved

over 4500 rpm, the handling and steering conjure memories of evil examples of early Seventies Japanese efforts, and scant attention has been given to comfort.

The engineers overlooked some bodywork basics. Hit a bump and patches of daylight appear around the doors as the cabin flexes and shakes like jelly. Styling, straight out of the three-box textbook, does nothing to drag this mawkish mule into the Eighties.

Some say Datsun changed its corporate name to escape the bad vibes created by the discordant Stanza.



3. FIAT ARGENTA

Looking Back In Anger

A hideous leftover from the Seventies, the Argenta evolved in 1981 from the hardly memorable 132 model. The question must be asked: why?

The 132 long ago outlived its usefulness. What possessed Fiat to repackage it (making it uglier and bulkier in the process) and call it Argenta is anyone's guess. There was no-one waiting anxiously at the docks when it arrived in Australia in 1983.

With grating, boxy lines reminiscent of something a kindergarten kid would inscribe on page one of his drawing book, the 132-cum-Argenta manages to repel rather than attract. Alongside its immediate competition it looks as inspiring as a wet Sunday.

The picture becomes no brighter in the driving. Oh, it has all the usual welter of fea-

tures befitting a car battling for a cut of the mid-luxury market action. But it's game, set and match to any of the others in the sector.

The driving position is all wrong, with the wheel too far away and the brake pedal too close. Turn the wheel and there's an uncomfortable delay before the car begins to respond. The 2.0-litre engine fails miserably to provide any sting; it's simply beyond its scope to lug all that weight while overcoming aerodynamics that equate with a butterbox. And then there's the spaghetti suspension, with so much compliance that the driver has no hope of hitting his target.

The Argenta feels like a 20-year-old motor car. Come to think of it, it virtually is a 20-year-old motor car. Fiat can design and build some quite delightful cars. This is not one of them.



4. FORD CORTINA SIX

Fear And Loathing

Launched at a time when Ford production workers couldn't build even a decent motor vehicle, the last of the Cortina models is a remarkably, and thoroughly, bad motor car.

The four-cylinder model is crook enough, but the six is worse because its greater power and speed emphasise the car's ill-starred dynamics and wilful road behavior. It has a straightline performance to burn — enough to continually get into dodgy situations whence it cannot hope to recover. . .

Designed in Europe to take a four-cylinder motor, the Cortina was revamped locally to also accept the longer, heavier 3.3 and 4.1-litre sixes. The sixes are the same as those used in the Falcon since Adam was a randy youngster. The extra weight of the two cylinders does little for the Cortina six's balance, but this oversight hardly matters in light of the countless deficiencies.

Due probably to the indifference of the assembly-line personnel, the Cortina has all the appearance of being pieced



together in the dark by men consumed with haste and irresponsibility.

This is neither a nice car to drive nor to own. Unless there are advantages to a boot full of rainwater, or cheap thrills to be garnered from a car with a repertoire that includes kangarooing on moderately un-

dulating roads and leapfrogging on severe bumps. It has never quite coped with Australian roads and there is something unnerving about a car requiring opposite lock just to counter rear-end steer even on straight stretches. The body roll and understeer are also worthy of mention. . .



5. HOLDEN COMMODORE FOUR



Small, That's All

The men from Holden fell fast asleep in the Seventies, and when they woke up the new car market had changed dramatically in the wake of galloping fuel prices. Mid-sized four-cylinders such as Mitsubishi's Sigma and Toyota's Corona had grabbed a larger slice of the new car cake.

Caught short with nothing sized between the cramped little rear-wheel-drive Gemini and the bigger Commodore Six and V8, the men from Fishermen's Bend came up with a real doozy... a four-cylinder engine in a Commodore.

But not just any four-cylinder. Holden searched high and low, and found a real old crapper. It had been doing boat anchor duty in the tepid Corona. Holden grabbed it, shamelessly renamed it the Starfire, and dropped it into the Commodore. Presto! What marketing genius. Except the Starfire was smartly dubbed Backfire by the motor-ing press. The god-awful thing wouldn't pull a sailor off your sister. To extract any kind of performance, it has to be driven with the throttle through the firewall... at which time the petrol consumption begins to boggle the mind and sear the wallet.



6. TRIUMPH TR7

Sports Car Spoof

In a company where warranty claims became a way of life, the feeble Triumph TR7 has out-malingered every other Leyland lame duck in history.

The TR7 is a malignancy on the face of the auto industry, an ill-tempered, cantankerous monster with an unmatched capacity to enrage and inflict misery. It has given a whole new meaning to unreliability. Memberships of motoring organisations flourished in the heyday of the TR7.

Legendary tales of woe abound. One new TR7 buyer quickly had his confidence shattered when, moments after taking delivery, he was dismayed to find second-gear selection not only troublesome but impossible. Small wonder. Further investigation unearthed a minor oversight: second gear cog was missing from the gearbox. Details, details...

In its rare moments of good health, the TR7 struggles to live up to its sports car tag. It's a buzz saw without the buzz. Then



again, the languid nature of this imposter is not surprising since its four-cylinder 2.0-litre engine is a hand-me-down from other Leyland products. A true sports car deserves better.

Visually, the TR7 doesn't quite make it either. It's hard to warm to a car that has the appearance of having taken a savage hit up the blunder from something as substantial as a Mack.



PORSCHE 924

The Great Pretender

Not pathetically abominable in the manner of some, the 924 model — the first front-engined car to wear the Porsche name — minces on to our list because it purports to be something it plainly isn't. It's supposed to be a Porsche, and the evidence suggests otherwise.

While it was designed and developed by

Porsche, it was intended to be an Audi. The VW-Audi management got cold feet and canned the whole project before Porsche elected to usher it into production. Still, many components have come straight out of the VW-Audi parts bin. Engine is an Audi, a fuel-injected single overhead cam 2.0-litre. But it's not a Porsche. And it is also noisy and harsh, and only a Philistine

would ignore the protests and wind it all the way to the red line.

The 924 was never a comfortable motor car — a capital offence in West Germany. The steering wheel is set ridiculously low, the brake pedal is too high, it's noisy in that cockpit and — horrors — there's no footbrace for the clutch leg.

It has a suspension that is patently too soft for the job. Worse, its geometry gives rise to initial understeer before flopping into roll oversteer. Potholes (this is Australia) have the suspension crashing through to the bump stops and the car careering across the road. It is unpredictable and not even very fast.

A Porsche should have charisma, a touch of magic. It should enthrall and make you feel good. The 924 fails to do any of this.

It does, however, have one Porsche-like feature: a steep price tag. In its day it wasn't as good as the Mazda RX-7 at half the price.



8. ROVER 3500

Rough, Ruff

The Rover is a British-built car. That should be sufficient to place the Australian car market on immediate red alert. The Poms don't build a great motor car. Well, some days they don't; some days they do. Go back a few years and the bad days outnumber the good. But the tide is turning...

Too late, though, to save the Rover 3500 from this lemon-flavored lineup. We should be specific, though, and nominate the 1979-82 Rovers, with special mention going to the company responsible for the electrics... so dubbed, not without some forethought, the Prince of Darkness.

It plough understeers when pushed hard, the body groans and creaks, and wind noise rises with the speedo needle.

The Rover, with its commendably flexible 3.5-litre V8, can be a pleasant car. It did win a major British Car of the Year Award and even allowing for rampant Mother Country jingoism, the trophy and sash does count for something.



But, like a couple of others in our listing, the Rover aspires to an elevated position in the car business. When a new car buyer shells over a big pile of money, it's reasonable for him to expect the machine won't disgrace itself by haemorrhaging all over his garage floor, or making a sudden,

silent protest in peak hour on the Harbor Bridge.

Other aggravations, such as self-detachable door handles and add-on air conditioning that doesn't suit local conditions, don't help the Rover 3500's carefully nurtured image.



9. TOYOTA CELICA (pre-'86)

Fairy Floss

The object of our wrath should not be confused with the current front-wheel-drive twin-cam model, which is a darling. But back in the days before Toyota realised it was supposed to be making proper motor cars, it relentlessly released a series of shockers under the Celica badge. They had just two mitigating features: stylish looks and Toyota reliability.

The Celicas were inevitably snapped up by hosts of naive purchasers whose new-car preferences clearly indicated a shallowness of car knowledge. It might have been cheaper and less embarrassing to walk the city streets carrying a placard saying: "I'm a klutz."

For to drive a Celica — any pre-'86 Celica — is to discover that beneath those 200 km/h lines lurks a palsied, absurdly inadequate sloth incapable of the most basic of road manners. The engine is a rough and harsh and noisy low-tech 2.0-litre with no desire to perform, as its sluggish time of 19.1 seconds for the standing 400 metres confirms. In any case an enthusiastic engine could only have laid bare the car's other blemishes — the

brakes and steering and suspension all reach their limits, alarmingly, at modest speeds.

Toyota's rack and pinion steering manages to achieve disagreeable standards of insensitivity, not that this much matters, for the old rear-drive Celica never mastered the art of obeying the tiller, prefer-

ring to ignore corners in manic lunges at the roadside furniture. About the only thing that can entice it to deviate from its 180-degree trajectory is a well-placed pothole or bump. Then it will leap about like a sparring partner of Jeff Fenech, pitching and bouncing sideways and accelerating the driver's premature aging process.



10. TOYOTA T18

Marshmallow Machine

Flimsy and slow and ungainly, this hatchback coupe — vaguely sporting in appearance — is a nasty piece of nonsense. Close the door with anything more than a gentle touch and the whole body shudders. And it can't even outrag the old Celica.

If only the T18 could have motored through life without bumps or bends. But a marshmallow suspension and perhaps

the most inept braking performance of any Eighties car conspire against this tin can.

Lacking nothing in gall nor in imagination, Toyota called it the Macho Machine. In a business where dreadful licence is taken by marketing and advertising people, this one takes some beating. Those responsible should be sentenced to drive a T18 for as long as it lasts. It would be a brief but excruciating punishment.



What's in a name?

If you think all the great high performance cars are called Ferrari, or Lotus, or some other European label, you're in for a surprise.

Because the all new Twin Cam Supra has just raised the standard of all cars asking to be taken seriously as performance cars.

It's a new kind of supercar that actually makes sense in everyday motoring. Whether you're purring down the high street or powering down the highway.

For people hungry for power, Supra's 24 valve, 3 litre, electronically fuel injected, 6 cylinder engine is one of the most powerful Twin Cams made. It will whisk you from 0-100kph faster than your neighbour's Porsche 944.

Yet it's as economical and dependable as a Toyota.

The new Supra is also equipped with four wheel double wishbone suspension with optional  Toyota Electronic Modulated Suspension (TEMS), four wheel ventilated disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, limited slip differential, 16" alloy wheels, and some of the widest, lowest profile road tyres available.

They help Supra cut through corners as easily as it cuts the Europeans down to size.

Inside, everything is designed to keep a very comfortable driver, comfortably in control.

With two-plus-two accommodation that bridges the gap between

spartan but purposeful race car, and limousine-like luxury.

There's an eight-way power driver seat, power steering, power locks, power windows, power mirrors, sophisticated sound system with AM stereo and pre-

AM stereo and pre-programmed graphic equaliser, cruise control for long distance driving, telescopic adjustable memory tilt-steering column, and a five speed manual or optional Electronically Controlled auto Transmission (ECT) with power and normal modes.

But it's what Supra does, not what

Proof that not every high performance car needs a European name.

it has, that creates its best impression.

It will travel traditional Toyota distances between fuel stops and services. It will travel very quickly between point A and point B.

And it will make you think twice about those high powered Europeans with their even higher powered price tags.

There's only one high performance car that's as reliable as a Toyota.

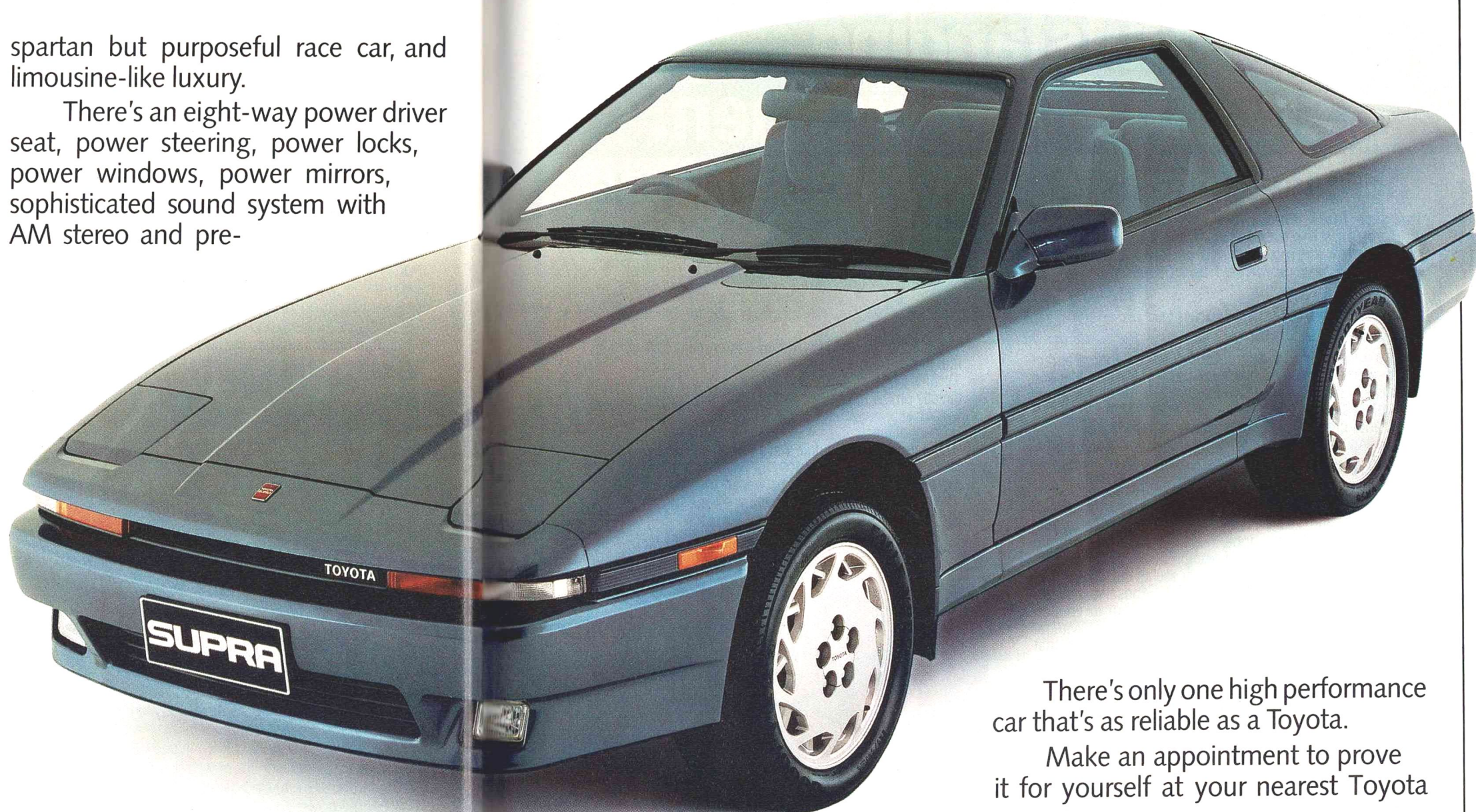
Make an appointment to prove it for yourself at your nearest Toyota

dealer. If you'd like more information please write to: The Manager, Imported Vehicles, AMI Toyota Limited, P.O. Box 7299, 416 St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, Vic. 3004.

Oh what a feeling!

New Twin Cam Supra.

TOYOTA



As
seen on TV

Outstanding success with women.

Read Special
Guarantee*

Increase your natural ability to attract girls

Imagine instant success with women, Imagine that you had the secret to attract and turn women on without saying one word. This power does exist, read how science has come to the aid of all men.

Bodywise the stronger undetectable fragrance that attracts women.

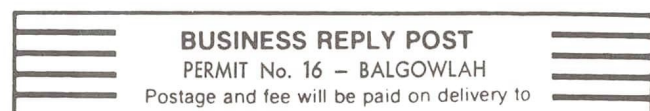
There's not
tive to wom
by artists in
Recently so
attractants
the mating

What are
Pheromones:
Although un
other social
women is c
amazing for
Alex Comfor
on the brain
tion. Dr. To
confirmed th
reactions to
women can
men.

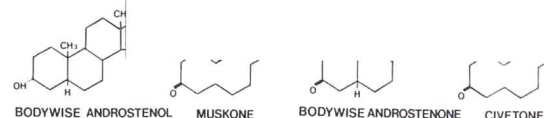
Bodywise
Only one in
tities to attr
clothing or
boost that v
a blend of ty
ones few of
compliment
result is a
behavioural



No postage stamp required
if posted in Australia.



OLNER PTY. LTD.
P.O. BOX 56,
SEAFORTH,
SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2092



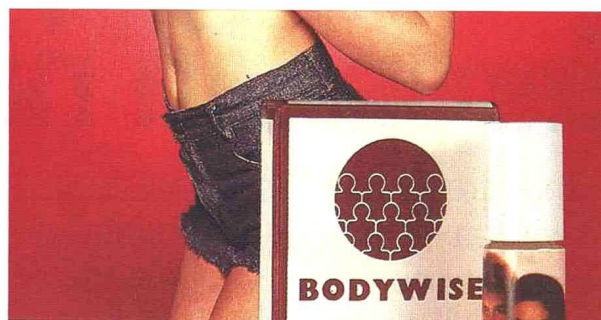
Muskone and Civetone are pheromones produced naturally by muskdeer and civet cats for the purpose of attracting a mate and perfumers highly prize these two pheromones and use them only in the most exclusive perfumes. The chemical structure drawings show how very close they are to the human pheromones. Androstenol and Androstenone which are naturally more effective for us than the animal pheromones.

Now it's your turn.

Bodywise is not available from agents or stores, its easy to obtain just fill in the coupon and post or phone 008 03 8188 for 24 hour service. We want you to feel fully confident when you take the plunge.

* GUARANTEE

Bodywise is guaranteed to live up to your high expectations within 90 days or your money back, just return the pack and the cost of the product will be refunded in full.



Order Now by
Telephone
008 03 8188
24 hour toll free
service.

Take the plunge

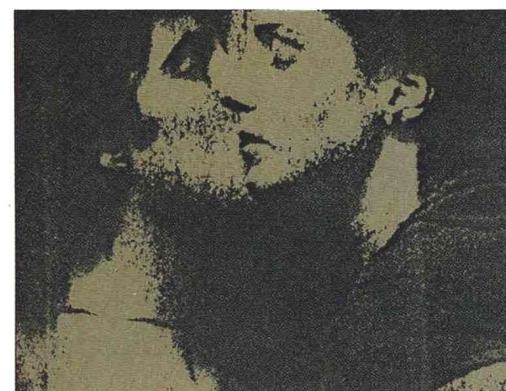
Bodywise the new male fragrance for successful men, it could change your life.



Olnier Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 56, Seaforth, Sydney 2092. 171 Seaforth Cres. Seaforth, Sydney.

PART ELEVEN

SEXUAL
SURGERY



AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

As a medical practitioner I'm often asked to give advice about the possibility of surgery as an answer to sexual problems. Unfortunately, many patients have an unrealistic attitude towards what can be achieved by surgery, and simply want a quick and easy solution to their particular sexual difficulty. At the same time, however, there are a number of important advances in surgical techniques which can greatly assist in the

management of specific sexual problems. When combined with professional counselling, many of these techniques provide the opportunity for men and women to experience more fulfilling sexual relationships.

Dr. Carl

TYPES OF SURGERY

Broadly speaking, sexual surgery falls into four categories: plastic surgery, gynaecological surgery, urological surgery, and vascular surgery.

Plastic surgery

For many years plastic surgeons have been remodelling various parts of the human body for cosmetic or functional reasons, and new techniques are being developed each year. It was only a matter of time before patients requested surgical assistance to improve their body image and their sexual attraction to others.

Gynaecological surgery

For many women the process of childbirth leads to significant gynaecological difficulties in later life. A number of these difficulties are related to the stretching effect or tearing which may occur during labor; such damage can be important to the function of the bladder, rectum, uterus and vagina. Probably the most common gynaecological "repair" operation involves the repositioning of the uterus or the bladder and its neck. Previously these operations were done for purely functional reasons — difficulty with urination, for example — but nowadays more and more women are requesting assistance because of sexual difficulties.

Urological surgery

For many years urologists have operated on male and female urinary systems, usually on such conditions as cancer of the prostate and bladder, kidney stones and stricture of the urethra (commonly caused by venereal infections). Nowadays, though, some urologists are tending to specialise in the area of sexual surgery, ie, the treatment of impotence and the correction of cosmetic deformities of such structures as the penis and scrotum. The surgical approach to the various causes

of impotence is quite an exciting development, because it allows for some very positive steps to be taken in the general management of a whole range of sexual problems.

Vascular surgery

Until recently little attention was paid to the blood supply to the genitals, particularly the penis. Today, however, it has been realised that there are a number of conditions which affect blood vessels and may have an important effect on the ability to obtain an erection. Blood flow analysis using sophisticated techniques now allows for accurate diagnosis in cases where there is a specific obstruction to the small blood vessels which supply the genitals, especially the penis. Using the results of these studies, it is possible for the vascular surgeon to identify obstruction points to blood flow, and then employ by-pass techniques to greatly improve blood supply and thereby function. Thus, patients with atherosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) may have their blood flow to the penis and scrotum dramatically improved, and hence their ability to achieve an erection will also improve.

FEMALE SEXUAL
SURGERY

Within our society there is obviously great pressure placed on women to be sexually attractive and consequently a woman who has a definite disfigurement (for example, grossly asymmetrical breasts) may feel very self-conscious. Some women become so concerned about their body image that they demand cosmetic surgery to their breasts, thighs, buttocks, nose, or whatever troubles them. The plastic surgeon is often in a difficult situation and he must balance the perceived needs of the patient with the likelihood of a good surgical result. In addition, he will need to consider the emotional stability of the patient and the reason that she gives

for wanting the particular procedure carried out. The surgeon may therefore choose to involve a counselor or psychiatrist in cases where there is some doubt about the wisdom of carrying out a surgical procedure.

As with all surgical operations, you must consider the risk of anaesthesia and be aware of possible complications such as bruising, infection and rejection by the body of artificial objects such as breast implants. Unfortunately some patients take a simplistic view of their sexual difficulties and feel that by merely changing their body shape they will bring about a dramatic improvement in their self-esteem and therefore their sexual satisfaction. The truth is, of course, that whilst plastic surgery may produce a more cosmetically acceptable result in the eyes of some, this attitude is not always shared by others. At times patients may become so obsessed about their problem that they are never really satisfied with the result, irrespective of the skill of the surgeon or the technical success of the operation.

The importance of discussing the purpose of cosmetic surgery is exemplified by the case of a 28-year-old woman, a mother of two children, who was becoming more and more depressed with the size of her small breasts since she had stopped breast feeding. She was of average height and when dressed was genuinely attractive. However, she constantly compared her 32-inch breasts with those of her more well-endowed friends to the point where she would no longer go to the beach. Without consulting her husband, she requested breast augmentation (enlargement). The surgeon was able to enlarge her breasts and a good surgical result was obtained, but on returning to her husband she found that he clearly rejected the artificial nature of her "new" breasts and stated that he preferred her original shape. The woman

was devastated; she had not counted on her husband's reaction and so was sorry that she had had the operation.

Breast Surgery

There are a number of breast conditions which can be greatly assisted by plastic surgery, including poorly developed breasts, inverted nipples and scarring following mastectomy.

The plastic surgeon, when requested to perform breast surgery, will take a number of factors into account — the age of the patient, whether or not she has finished having her family, the condition of her skin and her healing ability. Her suitability for anaesthesia is also an important factor.

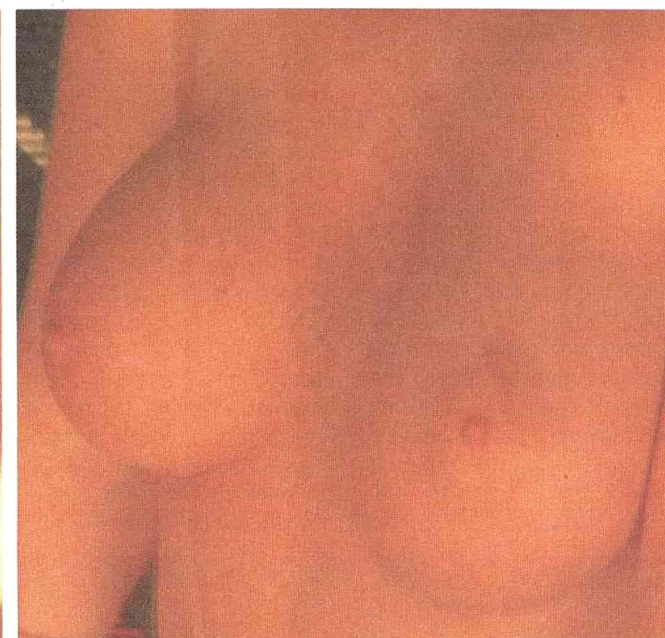
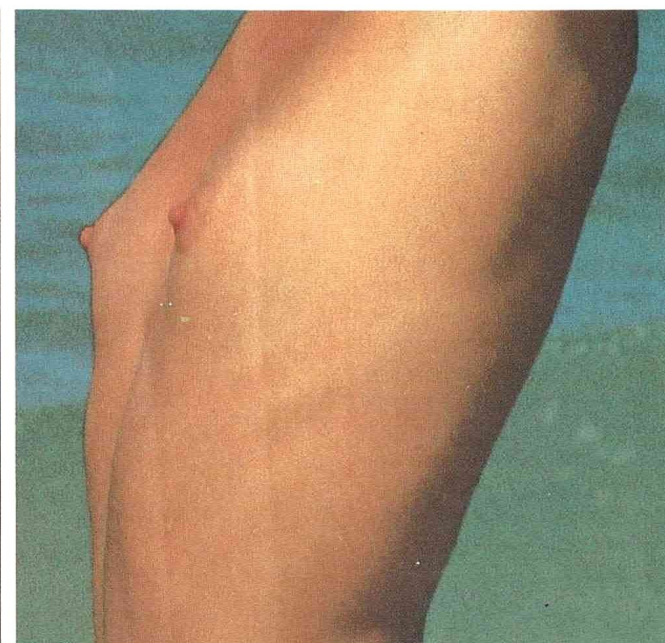
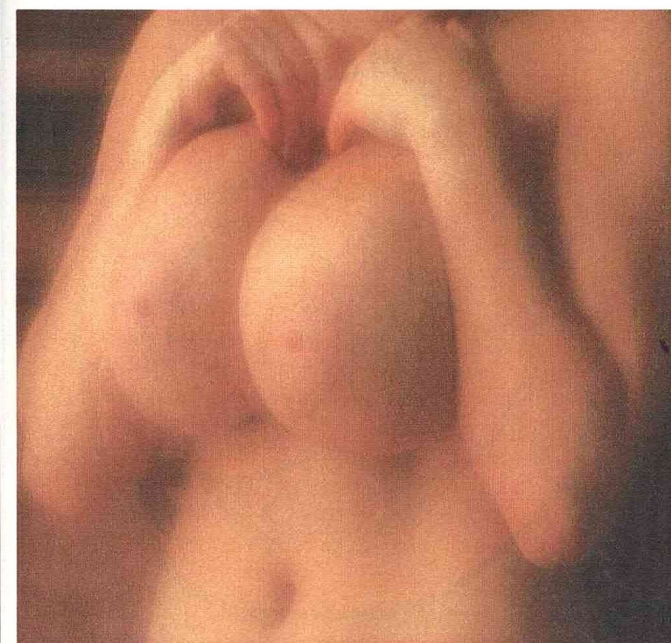
TYPES OF BREAST SURGERY:

1. *Breast enlargement (augmentation mammoplasty)*

This is a popular and relatively simple procedure which will usually involve a three to five-day stay in hospital, plus a general anaesthetic. Because breast surgery does not normally enter the chest cavity, post-operative pain and complications are relatively few. The procedure of augmentation mammoplasty involves the insertion of a silicon pouch filled with fluid through an incision either in a curved line below the breast or a lateral cut from near the junction of the breast and the armpit. The once popular injection of free silicon is now discouraged, as this procedure tends to produce painful, hard breasts and it's possible for the silicon to move to other parts of the body. Provided that there is no infection and the correct size of prosthesis is fitted, breast feeding is normally possible.

2. *Breast reduction (reduction mammoplasty)*

This operation, especially in young women, usually has very satisfactory results. In the procedure breast tissue is removed, and usually the breast is reshaped and the nipple relocated. Nipple sensitivity



Breasts come in all shapes and sizes. Many women whose breasts are very large, very small or sagging are willing to undergo surgery so their breasts conform to their image of what is ideal.

is almost always retained and again it is possible to breast-feed normally following the operation.

3. *Breast reconstruction*

Breast cancer is the most common type of cancer in women and many women undergo surgery each year for this condition. Although modern cancer surgery attempts to preserve as much breast tissue as possible, radical mastectomy may still be required in a few cases. Fortunately, developments in

plastic surgery now allow for total reconstruction, even where breasts have been completely removed. A myocutaneous flap (ie, skin and muscle from the abdomen or back) is usually used to create a well-proportioned breast.

4. *Breast lift (mastopexy)*

This is a procedure that gives good results when there has been breast tissue loss following breast feeding or dramatic weight loss. A mastopexy tightens the skin and as a result, shifts the po-

sition of the nipple upward. With the operation nipple sensation is usually undisturbed.

5. *Inverted nipple correction*

A common complaint in women is inversion of the nipple, affecting either one or both nipples, so that when stimulation occurs the nipple does not protrude. It's possible for the condition to be reversed through surgery, although breast feeding cannot always be guaranteed. Before considering surgery, women with inverted nipples

are advised to adopt conservative measures such as teasing the nipple by hand and using various devices which may be worn over the areola to encourage protrusion.

Buttock And Thigh Surgery

The plastic surgeon may be able to assist in reshaping a woman's overweight buttocks or thighs, especially when there is loss of skin tone, but such procedures should not be seen as an answer to failed dieting. In fact, most surgeons will insist on a reasonable at-

tempt at weight loss prior to the operation, otherwise the results of the surgery are not usually satisfactory.

A modern method of dealing with the excess fat is suction lipectomy, which involves removal of body fat using a special surgical *cannula* (a fine tube) and a high vacuum machine. Post-operative care is most important with this technique and involves the use of firm-fitting garments and massage. With careful selection of patients, excellent results can be obtained in such areas as hips, buttocks and abdomen.

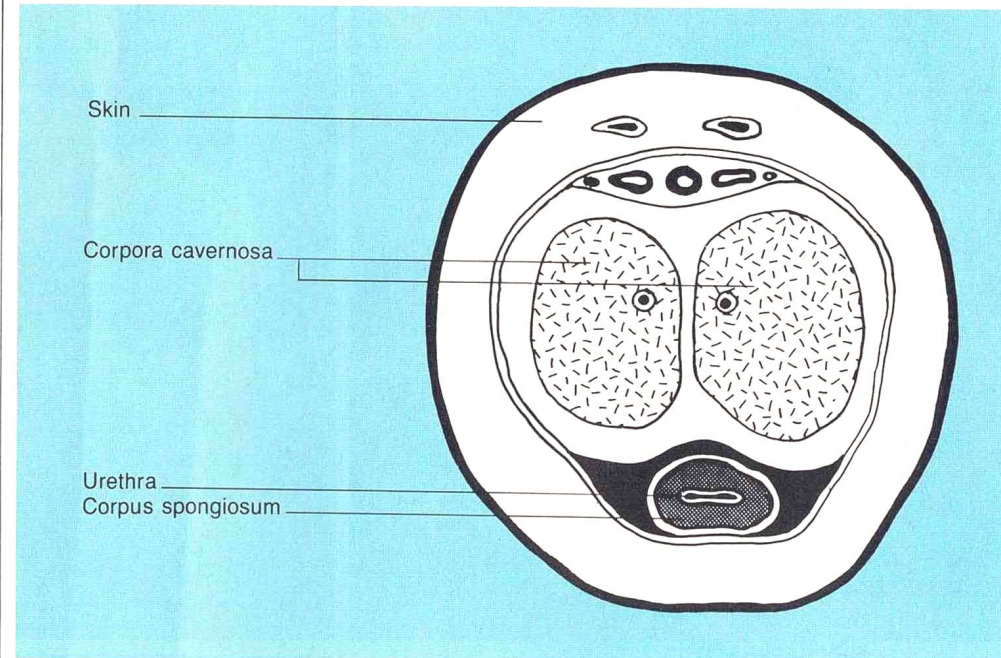
Female Genital Surgery

1. Tightening of the vagina

Probably the most common request from females is for reduction in the size of the entrance to the vagina. Usually the initial problem is caused by poor muscle tone in the muscles surrounding the vagina (pubo-coccygeus muscle group), and commonly follows childbirth. With good pre-natal physiotherapy advice it is possible to minimise the loss of muscle tone experienced by many women. In fact, if the Kegel exercises (rhythmic contraction of the pelvic floor muscles) are carried out on a regular basis, good muscle tone can certainly be achieved. This increased muscle tone will tend to reduce urinary incontinence as well as providing greater stimulation of the woman's partner during sex. There is even a school of thought that maintains the greater the muscle tone achieved, the greater the pleasure experienced during orgasm.

2. Dilation of the vagina

In severe cases of vaginismus (muscle spasm around the entrance to the vagina which prevents or makes sex painful) a surgical procedure may be required to dilate the vagina. Fortunately such an operation is only necessary in a small percentage of cases, as vaginismus is commonly psychological in origin.



A penis in cross section.

3. Vaginal construction/reconstruction

Modern surgical techniques can allow for an almost total reconstruction of the vagina. This is sometimes necessary in cases where the vagina is grossly underdeveloped, diseased or deformed. Interestingly, the tissue used to reconstruct a vagina is often, after surgery, able to secrete fluid and behave like normal vaginal tissue. In sex change operations, where a totally new structure is created, it has been surprising to see the degree of functional ability achieved.

4. Surgery on the labia

A matter of concern to some women is the size and shape of their labia minora — the inner lips of the vulva. In most cases, it's possible to reassure women that their labia are "normal", as women's genitals may vary greatly in their size, shape and appearance.

Often one labium will be larger than the other and this in itself should not be a cause of concern. It is technically feasible to reduce the size of excessively large labia, but in general the operation is considered unnecessary and is rarely performed.

5. Release of the clitoral hood

A "clitoral hood" may act in a similar way to a tight foreskin in a male, which prevents the glans of the penis from gaining exposure. In women a small band of tissue tends to cover the clitoris, reducing the area exposed for stimulation. A small release operation is often a successful preliminary to increasing sexual satisfaction.

6. Hysterectomy

Hysterectomies are commonly performed in cases where there has been excessive and sometimes uncontrolled blood loss from the vagina, or when a malignancy is present. The operation may be carried out through either an abdominal or a vaginal approach. Provided that the uterus is of a reasonable size, many surgeons prefer the vaginal approach because there is no need to make an incision through the abdominal wall.

It should be stressed that a hysterectomy is not the end of a woman's sex life. Many people are under the mistaken impression that the vagina will be "sewn up" after a hysterectomy. In fact sexual ability and enjoyment are not affected at all: some women actually are

so relieved of the worry about contraception and periods that they are able for the first time in many years to truly enjoy their sexual activity. (Most women are also quite surprised that the post-operative discomfort is minimal after a vaginal hysterectomy, which usually only requires a few days' hospitalisation.)

MALE SEXUAL SURGERY

There are a number of male conditions which may be assisted by surgery, both of the cosmetic and functional type. Urologists have been operating on the male genital system for many years, but it's only in recent times that special attention has been paid to the solution of specific sexual problems using modern surgery. The most exciting of these methods involves the diagnosis and treatment of impotence.

Impotence

Impotence can be defined as the inability to attain a penile erection which is sufficiently firm and lasting for adequate sexual intercourse. It should be differentiated from a decrease in sexual desire (a low libido) and ejaculatory disturbances, although these

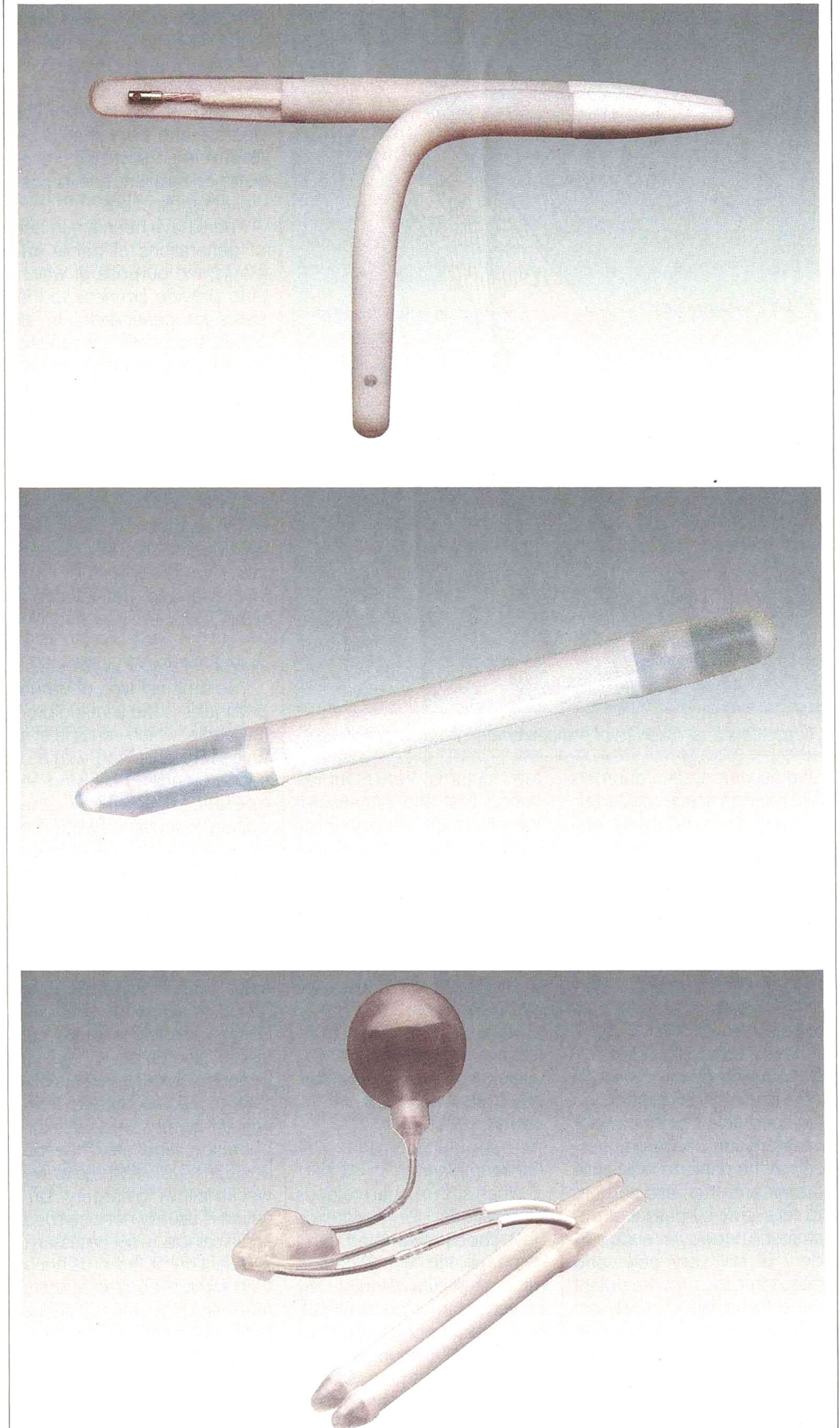
problems may of course be associated with erectile failure.

It is important to have a good understanding of the structure of the penis when considering surgical treatment for impotence. A cross-section of the penis (see diagram) shows that the body of the penis is separated by three major cylindrical bodies, one of which surrounds the urethra (through which the urine and ejaculate passes). Two of the cylindrical bodies occupy the major portion of the penis and are called the corpora cavernosa. They have the ability to increase and decrease in size according to the amount of blood contained within them. A firm sheath of tissue surrounds the corpora and during sexual excitement provides for enlargement and stiffening of the penis.

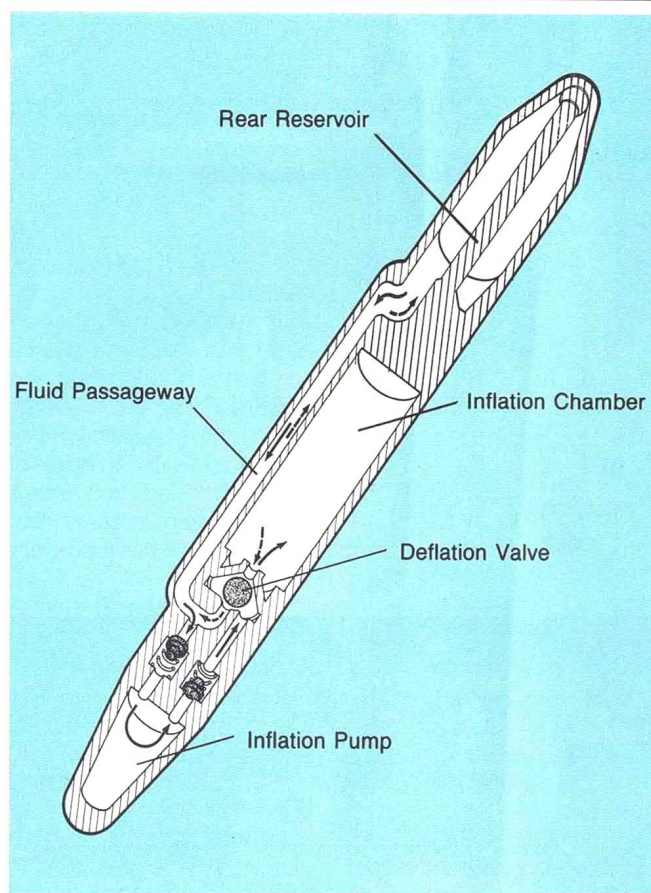
The actual process of erection is a complex one and involves both mechanical and psychogenic (mental) stimulation. The process is regulated by a series of blood vessel shunts (valves with by-passes) which are in turn controlled by a complicated system of nervous impulses. The ability to obtain an erection is present from soon after birth and continues well into old age.

In general the factors contributing to erectile difficulties can be divided into two types: psychogenic and organic. It is often difficult to differentiate between these two categories, but we now realise that many causes which were previously thought to be psychological in fact have a physical basis. Increasingly, doctors are becoming aware that both medical conditions and the effects of tobacco, drugs, medications and alcohol can have serious consequences on achieving an erection.

The treatment of any erectile problem must first involve taking a careful and detailed medical history in order to clarify the exact nature of the condition. A physical examination may be required in order to check for such things as diabetes, poor blood supply



Types of penile prostheses. Top: Semi-rigid device; Middle: Self-contained inflatable prosthesis; Bottom: Inflatable prosthesis with fluid reservoir.



Cross-sectional diagram of self-contained inflatable prosthesis.

and nervous system disorders like multiple sclerosis. Certain investigations involving hormonal blood studies or highly specialised investigations of penile blood flow may then need to be carried out.

Some vascular surgeons have taken a particular interest in the subject of blood supply to the penis and have developed methods of investigating penile blood flow patterns. In some cases they've been able to identify an obstruction to blood flow from the major vessels such as the iliac vessels in the pelvis to the penile artery, and then use surgery to relieve or by-pass that obstruction. However, such surgery is still very new, and possible cases for treatment need to be first carefully assessed by experts in the field.

In the case where professional counselling and proper medical evaluation have been unable to determine an underlying cause of impotence, there is a specific test which can be applied. This is called

the Nocturnal Penile Tumescence Test and it measures the extent of erection which occurs normally in every male during sleep. If there is evidence from the nocturnal penile tumescence studies that the penis has the ability to enlarge significantly during sleep, then it may be deduced that there is probably not an organic cause for the impotence. Such studies are very useful in evaluating the psychological component involved.

Penile implants

When all the usual methods of treatment for impotence have been attempted, and when all the usual causes have been eliminated, it may be necessary to consider surgical implantation of a prosthesis (artificial component) into the penis. This is never the first step taken to correct the problem of impotence — it is usually only attempted after all other avenues have been investigated, and even then,

only after a proper psychological evaluation of the patient has been made. Usually both the patient and his partner are involved in the decision to operate and both should be fully informed about the procedure, its limitations and its possible complications.

There have been a number of generations of penile implants, the purpose of which is to provide firmness to the penis for penetration. In all cases, the penile prosthesis involves the insertion of two plastic cylinders into the corpus cavernosa. Techniques of implanting penile prostheses were first used in 1970, and since then a number of sophisticated developments have occurred. Essentially, prostheses can be divided into two groups: the non-inflatable and the inflatable types.

1. Non-inflatable prostheses

The simplest type of penile prosthesis is the semi-rigid or malleable, which consists of a silver wire enclosed within a silicon cylinder. Following an operation, whereby the cylinder is implanted within the penis, the penis is able to be moulded into the desired position for intercourse or for the passing of urine.

The semi-rigid prosthesis can be implanted through a small incision just below the glans, or below the scrotum. Surgical scarring is usually not visible after the post-operative period. Normally patients are able to be discharged from hospital about a week after the operation, and sex may be possible as little as three to five weeks following surgery. Urination is usually not disturbed and a catheter is not necessary.

Rejection of the prosthesis as a foreign body is uncommon and the most serious potential complication is infection. For this reason, antibiotics are normally administered and should infection occur removal of the prosthesis may be necessary; it does not prevent the re-implantation of the device at a later stage.

The major disadvantages associated with the non-inflatable prosthesis is that the penis is in a state of continual erection, and must be moulded so it can be concealed, and it does not cause the penis to increase in width. However, malleable prostheses are relatively inexpensive and have fewer post-operative complications due to their simplicity.

2. Inflatable prostheses

These devices rely on the principle of hydraulic pressure. In one type there is a reservoir of fluid located in the wall of the abdomen which is connected to a control pump located in the scrotum. Two silicon elastic cylinders are implanted within the corpus cavernosa, and are filled from the reservoir when the control pump is squeezed (see diagram). When the cylinders are empty, the shaft of the penis is flaccid and thus responds freely to body movements. When the pump is squeezed, however, fluid moves from the reservoir into the cylinders and therefore expands and stiffens the cylinders, producing an erection. The erection will be maintained until such time as the release valve is activated, which allows the fluid to return to the reservoir.

The advantage offered by inflatable prostheses is that they allow for a certain degree of control over the size and position of the penis. Another advantage is that the penis is able to be increased in width as well as firmness during erection. Unfortunately, because the hydraulic system is more complicated than the simple semi-rigid devices, inflatable prostheses are more likely to be associated with mechanical failure and leakage, and may also involve a longer post-operative period.

Another variation of the hydraulic inflatable penile prosthesis is the self-contained model (see diagram). This model is pre-filled with fluid prior to the operation, and it's possible for patients to inflate

and deflate the prosthesis as desired. It consists of a rear reservoir which holds the solution, and a fluid passageway connecting to the central inflation chamber, which provides the erection. The inflation pump is activated by squeezing the front tip of each cylinder and the deflation valve is activated by steady pressure behind the cylinder tip. This cleverly designed device has the advantage of flaccidity without the somewhat complicated plumbing of the other inflatable model. As with any mechanical device, however, there is always the possibility of pump failure and leakage of fluid.

With such highly specialised developments as the penile implant it is possible that some medical practitioners may not be fully informed in this area, and the patient may need to be referred to a urologist who specialises in implantation techniques.

Erectile prostheses will usually only be recommended in cases of serious and long-term dysfunction, because impotence is often a temporary condition related to a number of organic or psychological factors. The prolonged use of some medications (for example, anti-hypertensive drugs), alcohol and heavy smoking may be important causes of impotence. By simply changing medications, or reducing the amount of alcohol or tobacco consumed, many men have been able to become potent again.

There are a number of psychological causes of impotence which if not corrected may lead to prolonged difficulties with erection. The most common are depression, anxiety, fear of failure, inhibition, shame and guilt feelings relating to disloyalty. In many cases, simple measures may be used to treat the psychological difficulties and thus there is no need for further sexual therapy; it is only in cases where psychological therapy has failed that surgery would ever be considered.

Cosmetic Problems In Men

Where there is a disfigurement in the genitals caused by congenital abnormalities, trauma and surgery, it is only natural that a man may feel self-conscious. In many cases, a simple, surgical procedure can remedy the difficulty and thus give new confidence to the affected male.

A good example is where a male has only one testis (ball) within the scrotum. Such conditions as maldescent of the testes (a congenital deformity where the testis has not descended from its abdominal position into the scrotal sac) or cancer of the testes requiring surgical removal may lead to considerable embarrassment in some men. Although it is usually not important from a functional point of view, the embarrassment may be so great that an affected man can lose his self-confidence and hence avoid sexual contact altogether. A prosthetic (artificial) device can be easily inserted into the scrotal sac — the results of this procedure are excellent.

Unfortunately, though, it seems that many men with this problem may wait for many years to gain the confidence to discuss their problem with a professional.

Another condition which causes disfigurement and considerable difficulty with sex is Peyronie's disease, which leads to bending of the erect penis. It is slowly progressive and is caused by a hardening (plaque) within the penis, usually to one side of the midline. Curvature of the penis may become so pronounced that it is virtually impossible for a man to attempt normal intercourse. Surgical treatment for the removal of these plaques is not always successful, and it may be necessary in some cases of Peyronie's disease to resort to implantation of a penile prosthesis.

Circumcision

Although circumcision has been practised for centuries for both religious and social

reasons, there is a trend within Australia to consider circumcision unnecessary. There are, however, a number of conditions which may require circumcision, including phimosis (narrowing of the foreskin or prepuce), which may result in difficulty with urination or sex. The narrowing itself may be caused by acute or chronic inflammation and the removal of the foreskin (circumcision) should alleviate the problem.

Unfortunately, whilst most males are able to accept circumcision carried out in early childhood, others are quite distressed by such surgery. A recent letter perhaps best demonstrates the intense feelings that some men have about their circumcision:

"I am writing to seek advice and information about reconstructive surgery.

"I'm 29, male, single, with a stable relationship and a rewarding career. I also belong to that enormous group of men who were circumcised as babies by no doubt well meaning but woefully ignorant parents and doctors.

"As a mature adult, who has given much thought to the matter, I find it difficult living with the results of what can only be described as an enthusiastic cultural penchant for sexually mutilating unconsenting male children.

"Is reconstruction of the foreskin in fact possible, and are the results satisfactory? Is the surgery excessively risky?

"Feel free to publish this letter; I'm certain there are others who would benefit from the relevant information. — R.W."

Because the foreskin is such a specialised tissue — it is very thin and contains modified sebaceous glands which secrete smegma, has very few hairs and is richly supplied by nerves — it is considered that grafting or redesigning a new foreskin following circumcision would give unsatisfactory results. Plastic surgeons assure me that with our present state of knowledge it is just not

possible to create a new foreskin surgically.

Swellings Within The Testicle

There are a number of swellings which may occur within the scrotum. Fortunately, most of these are benign — they're usually cysts filled with fluid. It is probably wise, however, to have all swellings in the area investigated by a medical practitioner, because in a small percentage of cases the swelling is cancerous. Testicular cancer is one of the commonest forms of cancer in young adult males.

Once a diagnosis of the swelling has been made, surgical excision may need to be considered. In some cases the swelling is best left alone, as small cysts rarely interfere with function. But if the swelling causes pain then an operation may assist greatly.

CONCLUSION

In this article I've endeavored to give an overview of the field of sexual surgery. It's an area where rapid developments are occurring, but it's essential to remember that before contemplating any surgical procedure there are a number of factors which should be considered:

- Is the operation really necessary? Are alternatives to the operation available?
- What are your expectations and are they realistic?
- Are you completely aware of the limitations, possible complications and post-operative care required?
- Do you fully understand the risks involved (including the anaesthetic risk)?
- Have you discussed the procedure with your sexual partner and is he/she fully informed?
- Have you sought other opinions where appropriate?
- Are you sure that surgery will provide the proper solution to your problem?
- What is the true cost of the operation — in terms of medical and hospital fees, loss of income and social restrictions?

LETTERS

Sex change

I am a gay female who badly wants to have a sex change. I don't know how to get in touch with a doctor who will do this for me. I don't care how far I have to travel or how much money the operation will cost. This is very important to me and I would really appreciate any help you can offer. — Ms C.K., Charles-town, NSW

Your letter indicates that while you may be gay, this is secondary to your real concern which is transsexualism. The surgery you are interested in is one which requires several stages. The breasts are removed and a hysterectomy follows with removal of the uterus, tubes and ovaries. Then there is a complicated plastic surgery operation which constructs a penis and scrotum containing plastic balls (which provide the right testicular effect). This penis will not work like nature's production; that is, we cannot build one that becomes erect and ejaculates. Prostheses of the type used for medically impotent men have to be used.

This type of surgery has, to my knowledge, not been attempted in Australia. It is, however, being done at a number of the large university hospital complexes in the US, including the Gender Clinic at Cornell Medical Centre in New York state and the Gender Dysphoria Clinic at John Hopkins University in Baltimore.

If you decide to go to North America to seek out this sort of treatment, give small, obscure clinics a wide berth. That especially applies in regard to clinics in Mexico. Quite apart from the frauds and the rip-offs, their level of surgical competence is most doubtful.

On the other hand, the reputable university clinics usually require psychological testing and evaluation as well as physical and hormonal studies. The whole procedure, to say the least, is very expen-

sive and time consuming.

Cowboys and testicles

I have read many articles on the importance of the excretions of the glands for the well-being of the human body. I also read an article about the cowboys in the old days of the American West who felt fit and alert because their testicles received a kind of massage during the many hours they spent in the saddle.

I know the testicles are very important glands and so for quite some time now I have been massaging my testicles for several minutes each morning and evening. Sometimes I do it in the middle of the night until I fall asleep again. I do this by taking both testicles in my right or left hand and gently kneading and massaging them. I have not noticed any adverse effects up to now, but I would very much like to know if there is any health hazard in this activity and if I should discontinue it. — R.L., Queanbeyan, NSW

You have adopted a vicarious form of masturbation. The handling of your testicles will produce, as you must know, a form of orgasmic release even though it does not produce the same kind of erotic sensation you would experience by fondling or massaging the penis.

No harm will come to you provided you handle your testicles gently. A painful haematoma could develop if you were to be harsh and submit your testicles to heavy handling. This type of genital play, if done correctly, is soothing and relaxing. It is not, in my opinion, a health hazard.

Protruding cervix

My wife is 43 years old. For the past three or four years her cervix has protruded past her vaginal opening, and this condition causes an occasional problem during intercourse. Her cervix also will stick to her panties and cause her pain if she is not careful how she re-

moves them.

Her doctor did tell her before this condition worsened that there was no problem with her cervix being at the vaginal opening. But then it wasn't actually protruding; it is more of a problem now.

What can she do to correct the problem? Could the Kegel exercises improve the condition? — Name and address withheld

Uterine prolapse usually results from obstetric trauma to the muscles and ligaments that provide pelvic support. The Kegel exercises are very helpful in increasing the strength of the pelvic muscles. They are also more effective the more faithfully they are practised. However, these exercises may not help much once the uterus has prolapsed to the point that the cervix is protruding from the vagina.

Encourage your wife to visit her physician and have a gynaecological examination as soon as possible. Since the cervix is protruding and sticking to her panties as well as causing pain, this cannot be considered a normal variation and it deserves prompt, expert attention.

You do not mention any pain on intercourse, but this could also be a problem for your wife, especially if the uterus (and cervix) are not pushed back into their normal position before intercourse begins. Together your wife and her doctor may decide that surgery is the best treatment or they may decide to go with a pessary or exercise.

Can't face her friends

I am a 21-year-old sexually active female. I am an attractive dark blonde with hazel-green eyes. I have a problem which I hope you can help me with.

I constantly hold my head down because of the "beard" on my face. As far as I know this is hereditary, since some of the other women in my family have it too, although mine is the worst. I don't bother with

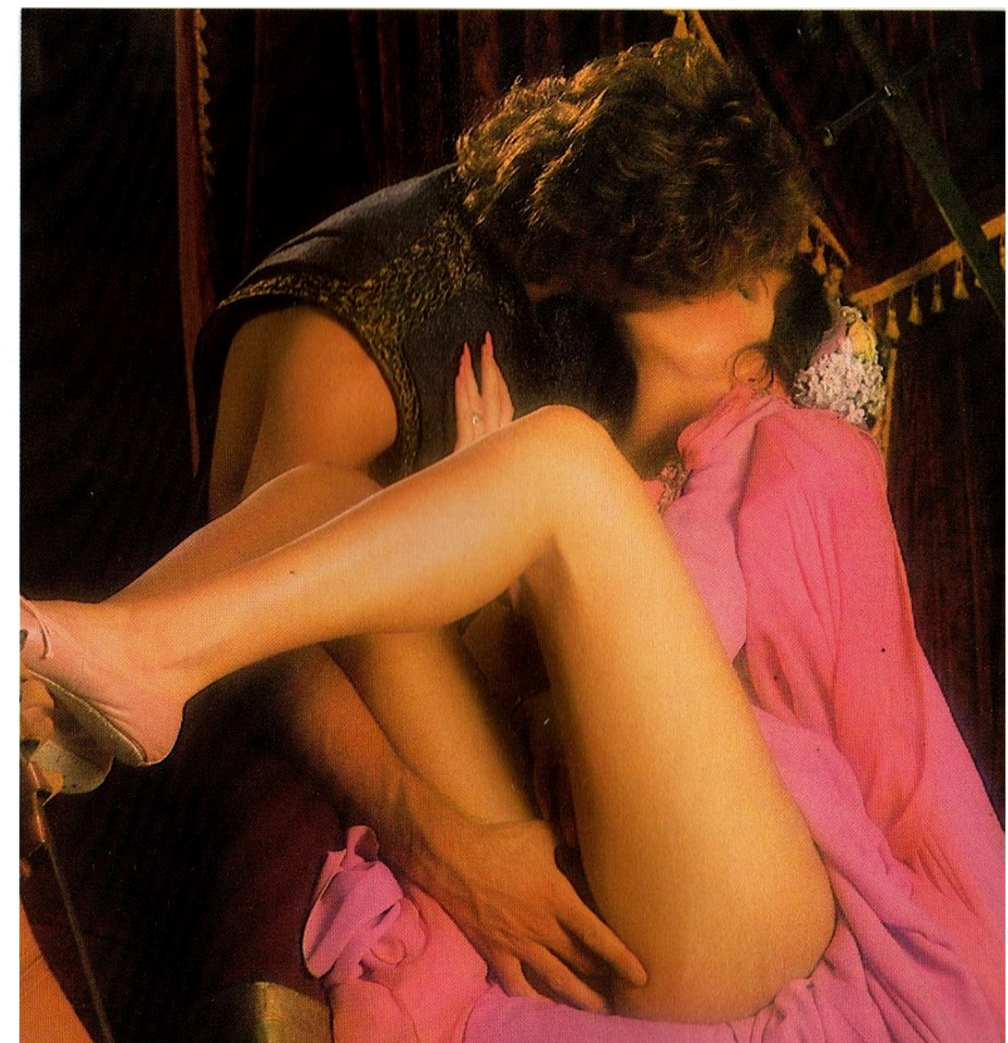
my moustache, in the hope that it won't get any darker or heavier, but the beard-like hair on my cheeks has to be shaved every morning. I also get that horrible 5-o'clock shadow in the evening.

I started electrolysis a couple of years ago, but this did nothing but cause pimples where the hair had been removed. A few days later the hair was back again. I tried it for three months, but finally got tired of paying for bad results. Is there something wrong with me? — Name and address withheld

The abundance and distribution of body hair are primarily determined by androgenic hormones and genetic (hereditary) factors. Although both males and females have quantities of the hormones testosterone and oestrogen being produced in their bodies, the male androgenic hormone is higher in concentration in males and lower in females. Abnormal body hair or facial hair in females can be due to unknown hereditary factors or androgen-secreting tumors usually originating from the ovaries or the adrenal glands.

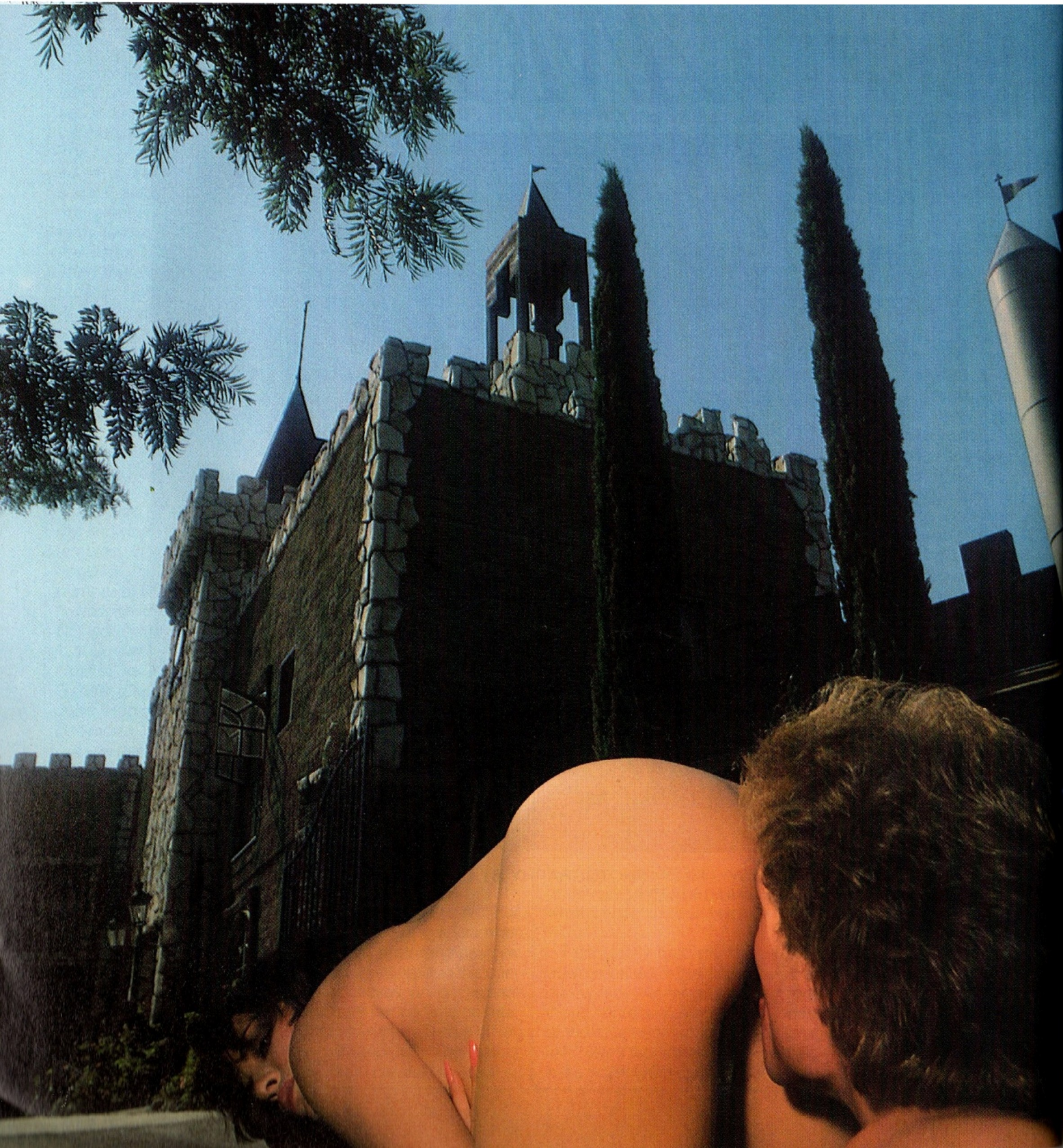
In order to find the cause of a "female beard", you should consult an endocrinologist. If the problem is a tumor, the abnormal body hair usually regresses or disappears when the tumor is removed. However, if the body hair growth cycle has been well established for years, removal of the tumor or cure of the disease process may not reverse the situation.

If no disease process is found, the condition is probably hereditary. One can consider plastic surgery, but this treatment sometimes leaves ugly scars. Anti-androgen pills can be tried, but are not always successful and can make a woman take on more masculine characteristics. A combination of oestrogen-progesterone (birth control) pills with electrolysis may be the last resort.

NIGHT IN
AMOUR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

Forget the village-green tournaments, forget dragon-slaying. Who cares if he'll be missed on the battlefield and banished from the Round Table? Chivalry? Dead right! This knight has realised the Holy Grail is right under his nose . . .





A helpless damsel in distress? Far from it. This maiden knows exactly what she wants — and she aims to get it tonight. She hasn't been practising her Kegels for the last five years so she can ride side-saddle.





Swap a kingdom for a horse? You must be crazy. "Give me a rogue anyday," she whispers. "All my other subjects can go and jump in the lake . . ."

○+■



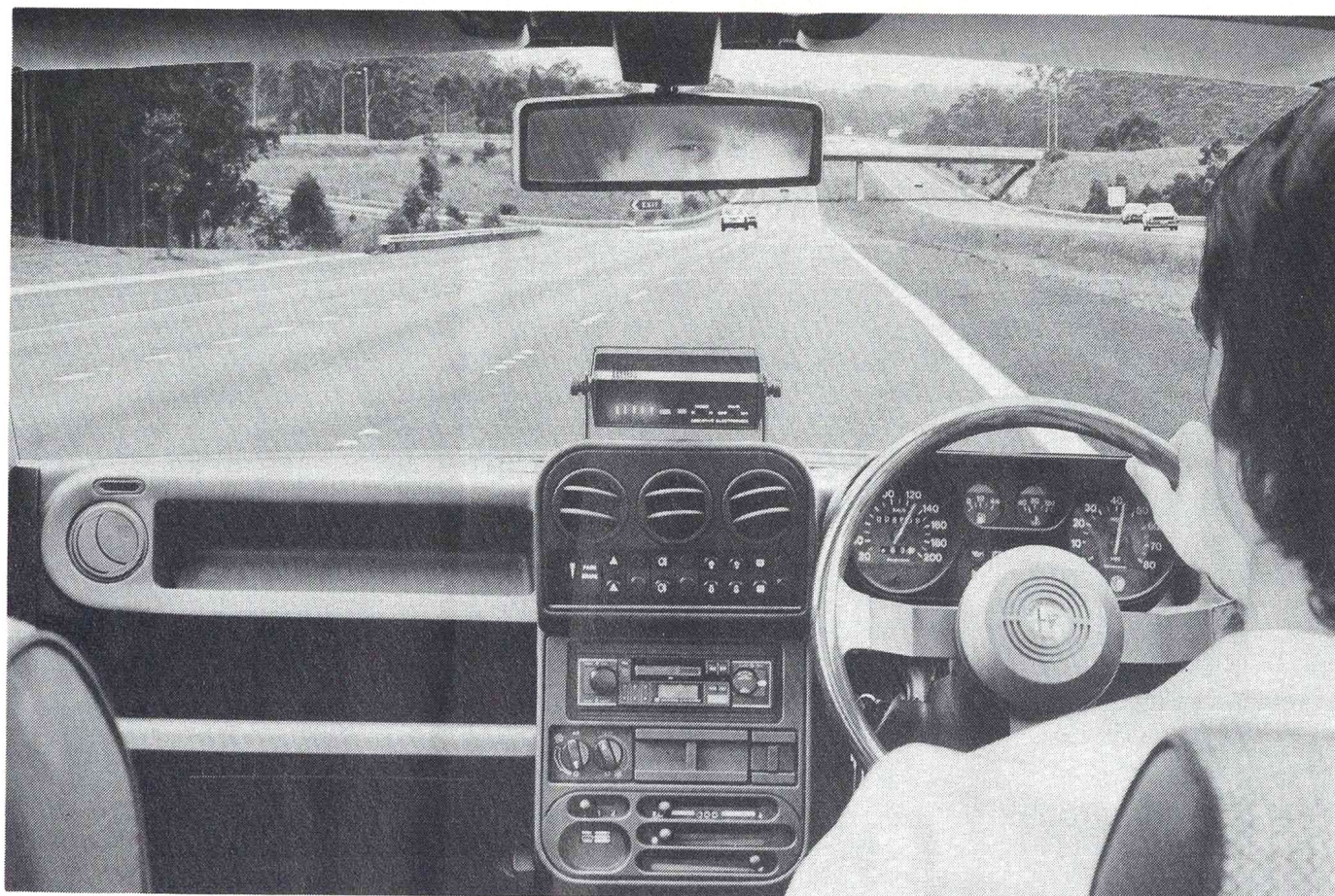
It's the Nissan Navara breakthrough. On or off the road. For work or weekends, there's never been a truck like it. Navara offers comforts once found only in luxury sedans. Including features like power steering and, on 4 x 2, 4-speed auto with overdrive. Navara is super strong. Remarkably rust resistant. Navara is gutsy, moving with 2.4 litre petrol or 2.5 litre diesel power. Economical, too, also available as a 2 litre petrol workhorse. To the driver who appreciates superior ride and handling, Navara is a revelation. In King Cabs, Dual Cabs and Standard Cabs. The best reasons yet to own a truck.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE

NISSAN
KNOW-HOW

NEW NISSAN NAVARA

THERE'S NEVER BEEN A TRUCK LIKE IT.



What's the point of owning a car if you don't have a licence to drive?

As you may have already discovered it doesn't take much to attract a speeding fine these days.

All you have to do is just edge above the speed limit by travelling down an incline.

Or as it is so easy to do in the vehicles of to-day, exceed the speed limit on one of the many kilometres of long, straight safe roads we have in Australia.

Especially if you spend a lot of time on the road, you can soon become the target of simple speeding fines which just tend to build up until suddenly you're without a licence for anytime up to a year or more.

Speed-Safe realise this and tip the scales in your favour, with Australia's most comprehensive range of radar detectors and

jammers. Boasting all detectors available on the Australian market and the pick of the new ones from overseas. Thus making sure you don't spend the next 12 months sitting in a bus, instead of behind the wheel.

And naturally with Speed-Safe's great range comes the service to back them up.

When previously looking for a detector, the only advice you could obtain was from the manufacturer or importer, and of course they would naturally say their's is the best.

But now you can contact one of Speed-Safe's trained consultants who will offer you experience, expertise, and an unbiased brand opinion on which detector is right for you.

By carefully examining where, how often, and how fast you drive, Speed-Safe can determine if it's a long-range, medium-range, city/inner urban or short-range detector that is the best for your needs.

For information on any of these services which undoubtedly give you that extra bit of insurance in keeping you and your car on the road, contact Speed-Safe now.

Speed-Safe 791 Princes Highway, Tempe, NSW 2044, on (02) 558 4004 or (02) 558 4450



SPEED-SAFE
Licence Saving Solutions.
Australia's foremost
radar detection consultants.

Concept Greene & Associates SS1128

LOOSE ENDS



A LOT OF HOT AIR

Hands up all those who know what a soup cooler is? Or a knicker render? How about an SBD? Now try a foghorn for size...

If you answered "fart" to all of the above, go to the top of the class. A soup cooler is, of course, one of those quiet rushes of wind that gives the impression that the perpetrator has an anus the circumference of a railway tunnel. A knicker render is a high piercing wail, with a frightening hint of a follow through. An SBD is the Bhopal of the fart world. Here there is no siren to warn the all clear or indicate the culprit, just an overwhelming cloud of noxious fumes — Silent But Deadly. As for a foghorn, I won't insult your intelligence by explaining.

Maybe you knew the answer straight off — after all you went to school, and farting was almost an elective study at school. But perhaps, now, as a mature adult, you couldn't bring yourself to say that word. Come on, don't bottle it up. Just open up and let it out. F-A-R-T. There, that's better. Recall those simple pleasures of youth when a fart really was a fart, and a real ripsnorter could earn the manufacturer a sort of schoolyard superstardom.

I know well that in the annals of polite conversation the subject of flatulence ranks somewhere below that of genital warts. But I'm not making any apologies. For crying out loud, there are ads on the television asking us to diligently inspect our stools before flushing. Showing nightly in my lounge room are reassuring messages that

such and such a panty pad guarantees added confidence on "heavy days." There are commercials extolling the virtues of super-absorbent pilches in disguising geriatric incontinence. Did I hear any apologies last year when I saw serious interviews conducted with the man who became famous for

a few days because he operated on Ronald Reagan's arsehole? All this is adjudged fit to present while I'm eating my dinner. If someone farted in a sit-com it wouldn't put me off my food any more or less than any of the above. Yet have you ever seen or heard someone let off in prime-time — even a

cute socially conscientious drug and alcohol free no nukes little dag rattler? That would be in bad taste.

So it is with no qualms that I mention I have just read a book all about farting, and now consider myself something of an expert. *Reports From Behind* was written by British scribes Colin Spencer and Chris Barlas with the aim of quelling some of the social ignominy surrounding the bodily function that dare not speak its name. Everything you ever wanted to know about farting but were too polite to ask is contained within this volume, and some of these fart facts are astounding.

For instance, who would credit that the average person produces two litres of gas a day and will break wind an average of 15 to 18 times in any 24-hour period? When I read that I thought to myself, I'll be buggered if I do it so often, even on "heavy days." Maybe three or four times, but 18? Then I got to thinking that maybe they're counting those ones that sometimes escape and you hardly even notice, and maybe I toss off a few in my sleep. But that little effort in my rationalisation was nothing compared to what it took out of me to imagine Her Majesty the Queen lifting one buttock and letting fly 15 to 18 times a day. I may never again be able to look at a *Women's Weekly* in quite the same way.

Then I got to wondering if the Queen's farts were flammable. I suppose you thought everyone's farts were flammable, right? Wrong, you silly chook. Methane is only produced in one-third of the population, and consequently only

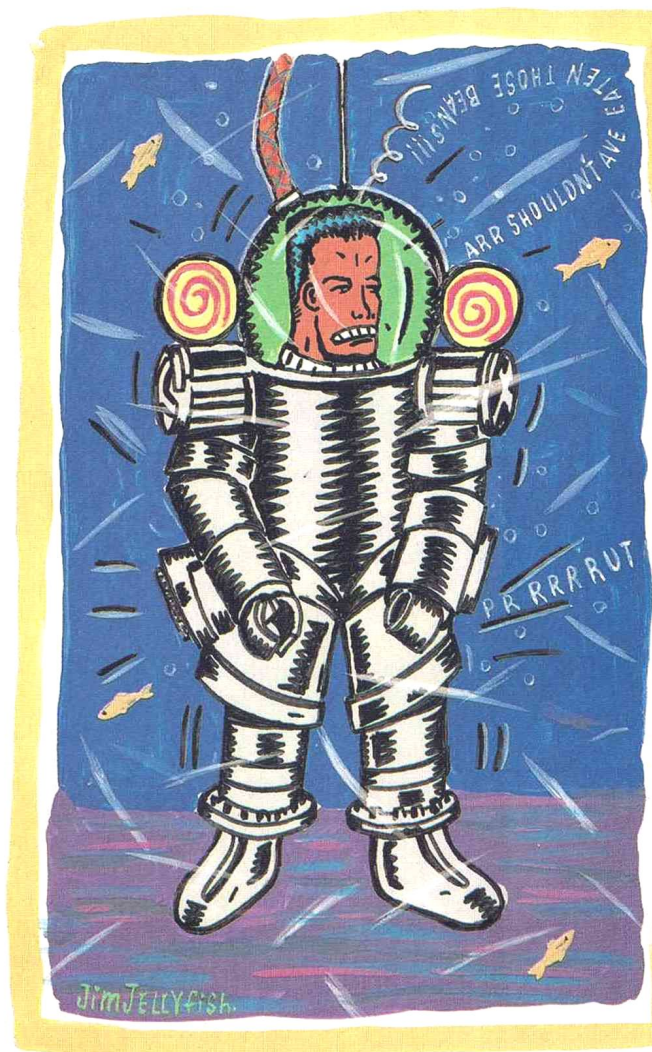


Illustration by Jim Mitchell

LOOSE ENDS

one person in three can get fireworks when they flick a Bic at a flatulent emission. Genetics plays a role here. If both your parents can light their farts, you have a 95 percent chance of being a methane producer, you lucky devil. In children under the age of eight, the bacteria which will eventually produce methane in the gut is immature, so this is another reason children shouldn't play with

matches. What's the point?

Any questions? What are the five most flatulent beans? That's a cinch. In order of wind-producing quality, from the top we have soy bean, black beans, pinto beans, small haricot beans and borlotti beans. The most famous farter of all time? He was Frenchman Pujol, better known as Le Petomane. This talented chap could fart the *Marseillaise*, and any number of

other tunes. He was a *cause celebre* at the Folies Bergeres at the turn of the century and once gave a private performance which captivated the Prince Of Wales. Controversy surrounds his talent, however, as the wind he used was drawn from below rather than produced internally. But no-one contests that he owned the most talented ring in history.

I could go on and on but I won't.

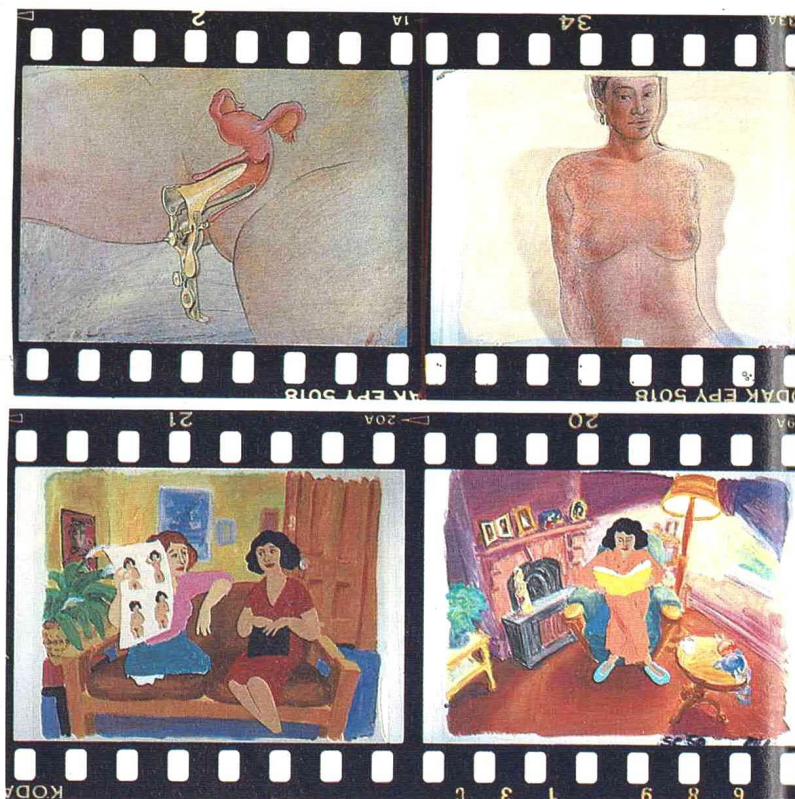
However, it is interesting to note that we are actually farting a lot more these days thanks to the dietary swing to more fibre, fresh fruits and vegetables and the fashion in mineral water. But are we farting more and enjoying it less? I'll leave that for you to decide, but I do hope I've done my bit to clear — whoops! Seven. — C.J. Mackay ■

DOWN THERE

On the surface it's easy to think that the current generation of adult Australians is well informed on matters of sex. Having weathered the sexual revolution of the Sixties and Seventies, it's hard to imagine an adult alive who is ignorant of the mechanics of intercourse. But when it comes to a sound knowledge of our reproductive systems and the best methods of contraception and disease prevention, the ignorance in the adult community is widespread. For so many, sex education has been insufficient, remote from human experience or — particularly in some sections of our migrant population — non-existent.

To counter the dearth of informative and non-patronising sex education material available, the Australian Family Planning Association three years ago commissioned an educational film from Film Australia. The result, *Down There*, is a refreshing break away from the coy and often dated American films used until now in schools and family planning clinics.

Down There presents its clear non-judgemental sex information using superb animation by Pamela Locks (see stills), intercut with interviews with women from different cultural backgrounds. The film is a gentle and most accessible source of information about women's bodies, reproductive systems, choice of contraceptives and preventative health care. *Down There* has been translated into nine languages and will be widely available through clinics, hospitals and will also be shown in secondary schools. Parents may also rent the film from selected video outlets later this year. ■



GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Late last year the news came through that the Trivial Pursuit boom was leading to an inordinate number of relationship break-ups. It seems that couples indulging in the game were coming to see just how dumb or down-right smart-arse their partners were and taking the evidence as a cue to exit stage right.

Now along comes a game to patch things up, based on the ethic that you don't have to be smart to be good at sex. Dr Ruth's Game Of Good Sex is designed to be played by two to four couples who share a willingness to try anything once no matter how ridiculous it seems. Basically, players roll their dice and move around four oval tracks, chancing such provocatively marked spaces as Blue Balls, Calling Her The Wrong Name and Dancing In The Dark. As the game progresses, players face the delights of See Through Nightie, Grab His Buttocks and Garter Belt or the libido-crushing dangers of Yeast Infection, Pet Jumps On Bed, Forget The Birth Control and Land On Wet Spot.

The first couple to survive Go To Bed Angry and Penetration and achieve the inner circle of Mutual Pleasure wins the game (and among the more open-minded, the other guy's wife.) The game's creator, Dr Ruth Westheimer, is an American media sexologist in the Dr Joyce Brothers mould. She has littered the game with multiple choice question cards with the aim of educating players and encouraging them to examine their own attitudes towards sex, all the while having a good time. Dr Ruth's Game Of Good Sex sells for around \$25. ■

WANNA BUY AN ISLAND?

Stand by for a US invasion of our idyllic islands. Island real estate specialist William Hamilton predicts that islands will be the next boom market for rich investors who know that while no man is an island, he can sure as hell own one.

Hamilton, 42, who runs his business selling cays, islands and islets from Berkeley, California, says that a well-priced island is as good a real estate investment as anyone can ever make. One buyer recently offered \$1 million for an island Hamilton had sold in 1979 for \$362,000. He says that all around the world there are islands for sale. A few cost less than some cars, while others go for as much as \$20 million.

Investment is the most common reason for island buying, according to Hamilton, though many large companies are buying islands to use as corporate retreats and some very rich individuals buy islands for a place to get away

from it all. The Rockefellers, the Onassis family and Shirley MacLaine have all owned islands. Marlon Brando bought one so he and his family could be self-sufficient. John Lennon bought one and gave it to a group to use for an experiment in communal living. One super-rich American businessman bought one of the Thousand Islands, renamed it Heart Island, had it made heart-shaped and presented it to his wife as a present.

The Fiji island made famous in the film *Blue Lagoon* is currently up for grabs with a price tag of \$US10 million, according to Hamilton. This is a top of the line property: only 30 percent of the islands he sells come with living facilities, running water or electricity.

Currently the hottest island investment markets are the Caribbean, the South Pacific and both coasts of Canada, and Australia looks like being the next cab off the rank, he says. ■

HOT DOGGIE!

To more than a billion people the idea of tucking into a chunk of cheese is enough to bring on nausea. Most East Asians can't stand the smell of cheese, much less the taste of it, and it beats them why anyone would want to eat putrefied milk curds. For millions of others the idea of eating a ham sandwich has a similar effect, and then there are hundreds of millions to whom the act of chucking a beefsteak on the barbie is as good as consigning yourself to the eternal barbecue below.

But from our side of the fence, the alien hordes are condemned for their penchant for puppy dog, roast rat, snake chowder and fillet of feline. Say, when was the last time you tucked into a Fido fillet, marinated Mehitabel, hering sperm surprise or rack of rat? Your problem up to now may have been that you never had a recipe for such delicacies. If so, consider placing Dr Calvin Schwabe's cookbook *Unmentionable Cuisine* (University Press of Virginia) alongside your Margaret Fultons and Bernard

Kings.

Dr Schwabe is a professor of epidemiology in the schools of veterinary medicine and medicine at the University of California. His unusual recipe collection is the result of 30 years of adventurous taste-testing and exploring foreign cuisines. To soften the blow his dog, cat, snake and horse recipes may have on animal lovers, he prefaces the book with this sentiment: "It is meant to be a practical guide to help us and our children prepare for the not-too-distant day when the world's growing food and population problem presses closer upon us and our overly restrictive eating habits become less tolerable." He also points out the "senselessness" of 13 million dogs and cats being put to sleep in the States each year, thus "wasting" 120 million pounds of potentially edible meat.

Dr Schwabe's book contains recipes for such mouthwaterers as Lamb's Eyes Baked With Truffles, Fried Crickets, Deep Fried Turkey Testicles and Barbecued Rattlesnake. ■



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

We're looking for a winner in this month's *Penthouse* Polaroid Photo Competition. The photograph above was submitted by Mr Vic Farley, an erstwhile resident of Hornsby in NSW, and there's a great prize from Polaroid waiting for him when he presents proof of identity at our offices in Cammeray, NSW. The proof of Mr Farley's photographic skill is evident in this superb entry that employs artistic creativity for a high quality result.

We're looking for truly imaginative photographs of the female form or associated aspects of sensuality in our new photo competition. Don't just point your camera and click, take a cue from the professionals and take account of color, lighting, composition and subject matter. You'll hone your own camera talent and you could be in line for a prize if you send us examples of your best work.

Submit photos taken on any film, Polaroid or otherwise, for a chance to win a Polaroid Sun 670 Autofocus QS camera or the 35mm AutoProcess System which allows you to develop your own slides at home. Complete the coupon below and mail it to *Penthouse* with your photo entries.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) _____ of _____ am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: _____ Date: _____

Signature of witness: _____ Date: _____

LOOSE ENDS

MUST HAVES ▼

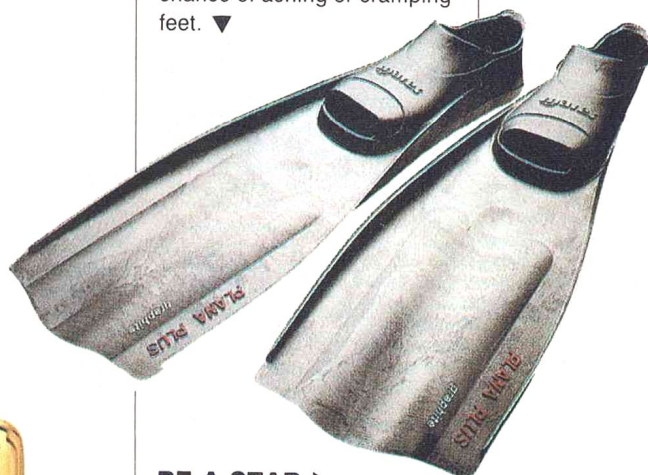
The discreet charm of a Cartier timepiece is exemplified in The Must Watch. Defying all passing fashions, The Must Watch has all the elegance of vermeil, solid silver plated with gold, sapphire winder and saddle-stitched lizard strap. Cartier watches are sold exclusively through Cartier boutiques and authorised retailers.



DIVE, SHE SAID ▲

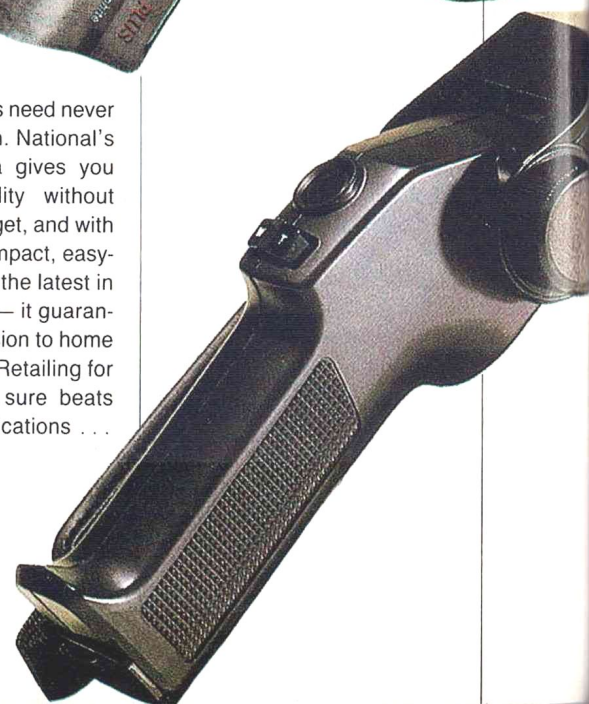
Diving is a sport enjoyed for its spectacle, so it's no surprise that there are now spectacles for the diver. For those who require correction for their vision, ranges of optical lenses are now stocked by dive shops and can be simply fitted to the Prima mask by Mares. Meanwhile the face seal has been enlarged to spread the tension and ensure extra comfort.

If you're the diving type, you'll know that an extra burst of speed can come in handy. The graphite composition of Plana Plus fins by Mares give you that kick along with their extra rigidity, while advanced foot design minimises the chance of aching or cramping feet. ▼



BE A STAR ►

Home movie nights need never be the same again. National's G1 video camera gives you professional quality without blowing out a budget, and with its lightweight, compact, easy-to-use features — the latest in video technology — it guarantees a new dimension to home "entertainment." Retailing for around \$2400, it sure beats censorship classifications ...



WARM AND WET ►

The Sports Suit was a new concept in neoprene wetsuit when first released three years ago, combining color, comfort, light weight, neutral bouyancy and tough protection into the one outfit. Since then, thousands of divers have discovered its superior qualities, including the fact that it can be worn underneath regular wetsuits for extra warmth. It's stocked by leading dive shops — matching gloves and booties are also available.



MIXING IT

For audio enthusiasts and would-be Phil Spector the Vesta Fire MR10 Portable Studio is a box of tricks to look out for. Distributed in Australia by Rank Electronics, this mini-studio package is a 10-channel mixer/4-track recorder that allows the muso to create and record soundtracks, employing professional procedures like overdubbing, punch in/out and sound mixing. A dbx Type II noise reduction system ensures clean, quiet recordings and the mixer section has 10 inputs. Costs around \$750 at audio specialist dealers.



SPORT SPECS ▲

Carrera sunglasses offer optimum vision and safety for those who like to play around sailing, windsurfing, skiing, hang gliding and all the rest of those hairy-chested pastimes. The new Carrera Alpine — for men and women — features snap-on leather nose and side pieces in brown, white, red and pink with shatterproof C100 mirrored-lenses and super lightweight frames. At around \$77.50 Carrera Alpines are available nationally from optical outlets, department stores, ski shops and boutiques.



ON TARGET ▲

Here's a little something that is definitely *not* for everyone — thankfully. The raw power and hi-tech precision of modern bows and arrows, along with their associated tradition, impart a spine-chilling feeling when handled by a novice. But with archery an Olympic sport, and bow-hunting a popular pastime, the Martin range — imported from the US by Abbey Archery in Sydney — is definitely a more interesting way of expanding the pecs than tugging a Bullworker.



Sydney's Karen Lyle

COMING IN JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Postcards From Brisbane — What happens when you place a *Penthouse* Pet in front of several of Brisbane's most sacred public institutions — in broad daylight — and settle back with a camera to capture the fun? The concept: outrageous. The execution: brilliant. Get set for the most provocative *Penthouse* pictorial ever.

Snow Blindness — Following the controversial disappearance of expert skier Steven Crean in August last year, *Penthouse* set out to discover just how many lethal traps are waiting for novices in the boom sport of cross-country skiing. The conclusion: there's a popular new way to kill yourself in Australia, but you have to work hard at being stupid to do it. Don't miss this timely report.

Violence On The Right — "Blacks are members of a primitive 'mud race.' The government, the banking system and the media have been subverted by communist Jews. The country will be engulfed in a cleansing fire." America's new breed of ultra-rightists aren't just preaching the politics of hatred and vengeance — they're putting their automatic weapons and hand grenades where their malevolent mouths are. *Penthouse* investigates a terrifying social trend that could soon have repercussions on Australian shores.

Robbie Francevic Profile — He's the outrageous Kiwi extrovert who has manhandled the unlikely Volvo into favoritism for the 1986 Australian Touring Car Championship. Francevic produces some cutting comments on rival drivers, Aussie racetracks and why he wants to be number one.

The Sikh Terror Plot — Part II — Last month a *Penthouse* exclusive revealed how the operator of a mercenary training camp teamed up with the FBI to smash a Sikh terrorist plot directed against the people of India. In the second and final instalment of this incredible story, the counter-terrorists close in for the kill — but their bungling results in a tragedy that creates headlines around the world.

Pet Of The Month — Nineteen-year-old honey blonde Karen Lyle has structured her wildest fantasies around the suburban Sydney office where she works as a secretary. She brings them all to life in a soul-stirring pictorial in next month's *Penthouse*.

FERAL

Continued from page 58

into a trailer to repair holes in his track, and stopped to help.

"How noble!" he sneered.

Later, standing near our hire vehicle, he called to the feral children: "What's the difference between a Budget car and a hedgehog? A hedgehog has its pricks on the outside!"

"Bad vibes," muttered Mostead, still smarting from an encounter with a vegetarian woman who was rude about his beer-gut. The bad vibes seemed to spread. When I tried to interview the Fruit People, their leader turned up his cassette player to prevent me recording. When I persisted, he stalked off and hung inverted in a mango tree until I went away.

Then one of the naked Fruit People threw a running handstand so close to me his manhood threatened my ear. Still shaken by that experience, I was confronted by a young Aboriginal woman in terror of Croft's half-wild stallion. Probably bored, the horse had been amusing itself all day by frightening hippies.

"Get it away from me!" begged the woman, whose eyes suggested a further case of mushroom paranoia. I decided to vent my anger and impress this girl by driving off Croft's unpleasant horse. But when I rushed it, screaming, the animal didn't give an inch. It dipped its head and seized my *entire elbow* in its jaws, sucked meditatively for a moment, then sauntered away.

The mango party was a trifle . . . slow. A certain aimlessness seemed to mar its potential, as if no-one was sure about the reason for celebrating. Skilful fiddlers and guitarists gathered here and there, but were never quite safe from the blue-eyed would-be flautist, who appeared at moments crucial to listening pleasure and began tooting disruptively.

I wasted a lot of time that night trying to find out more about the furtive young man who first appeared like a flighty deer during our initial conversation with Croft. We'd seen him a few times since, rushing elf-like through the jungle, but when I located him at the party he wouldn't say a word, staring at me in wide-eyed, fearful silence.

Rain Forest John, with a female companion, turned up carefully groomed, wearing clothes instantly recognisable as those which a young music store salesman would wear in the late Sixties — even down to the beads and wrist chain. He must have lovingly maintained those glad rags for almost 20 years, through bushfires, drug raids, tempest and famine, showing that man removed from civilisation needn't be uncivilised.

We left the next morning, and when we emerged from Auravale's darkened jungle track the light seemed unusually and pleasantly bright. ☐

Introducing the first Program SLR with a Sixth Sense.



The Olympus OM-40 with ESP.

If you normally associate ESP with psychic phenomena take a look at the OM-40 with its revolutionary new exposure system using our exclusive Electro Selective Pattern metering or ESP for short.

Instead of simply taking one overall average light reading ESP simultaneously uses measurements of every key area of your picture to compute the optimum final exposure.

Because it intuitively knows what the mind is seeing through the eye, ESP

automatically adjusts for light intensity and contrast, all the way from backlit to overlit.

So when the lighting gets tricky, the OM-40's powers of ESP take control at the press of a button.

Of course, ESP is only an added dimension for difficult light, so if you want to stick to centre-weighted average metering, you can do that too simply by switching off the ESP.

With the Olympus OM-40 Program, you call the shots utilising its six different

functional modes to achieve brilliant computerised simplicity, or precisely controlled creativity.

If you thought perfect pictures under any light conditions were impossible, perhaps you need a little ESP.

OLYMPUS
OM-40 Program
Beyond a Computer.

Distributed by R.Gunz (Photographic) Pty. Ltd. PO Box 690, Darlinghurst. NSW 2010.

...anyhow*
have a
Winfield 25's



Five
smokes
ahead of
the rest

Winfield
25

WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD